

EBBIE IS YOUR GOLD MEDAL WINNER!

PHOTOPLAY

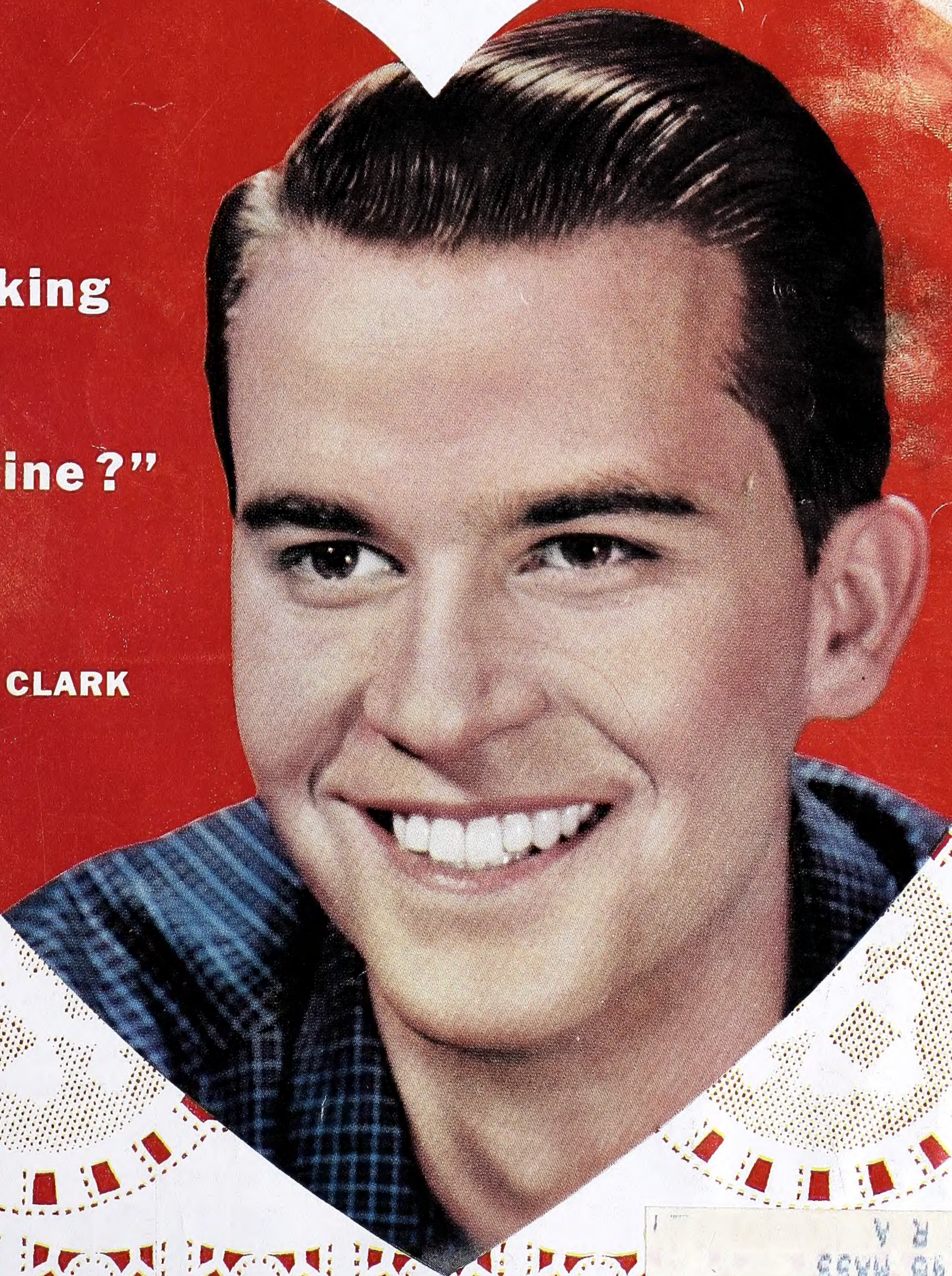
at Boone: "The one day in my life I'm ashamed of"

MARCH

25¢

**"looking
for a
valentine?"**

DICK CLARK



MRS C SLOANER
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 66 MASS
P 28/EB BY R A

That's using your head!

*using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo
and a dandruff treatment at the same time!*



**New—
it's all clear!**
Wonderfully effective
ENDEN now in clear
golden liquid, too!
No alcohol in ENDEN!



Also, popular
lotion or cream



Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you're through with dandruff problems. *Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo!* Gentle medications in ENDEN's rich, penetrating lather work between shampoos to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective.

Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.

Helene Curtis **ENDEN**[®] dandruff
treatment
shampoo

Don't try to brush bad breath away—reach for Listerine!

Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste!

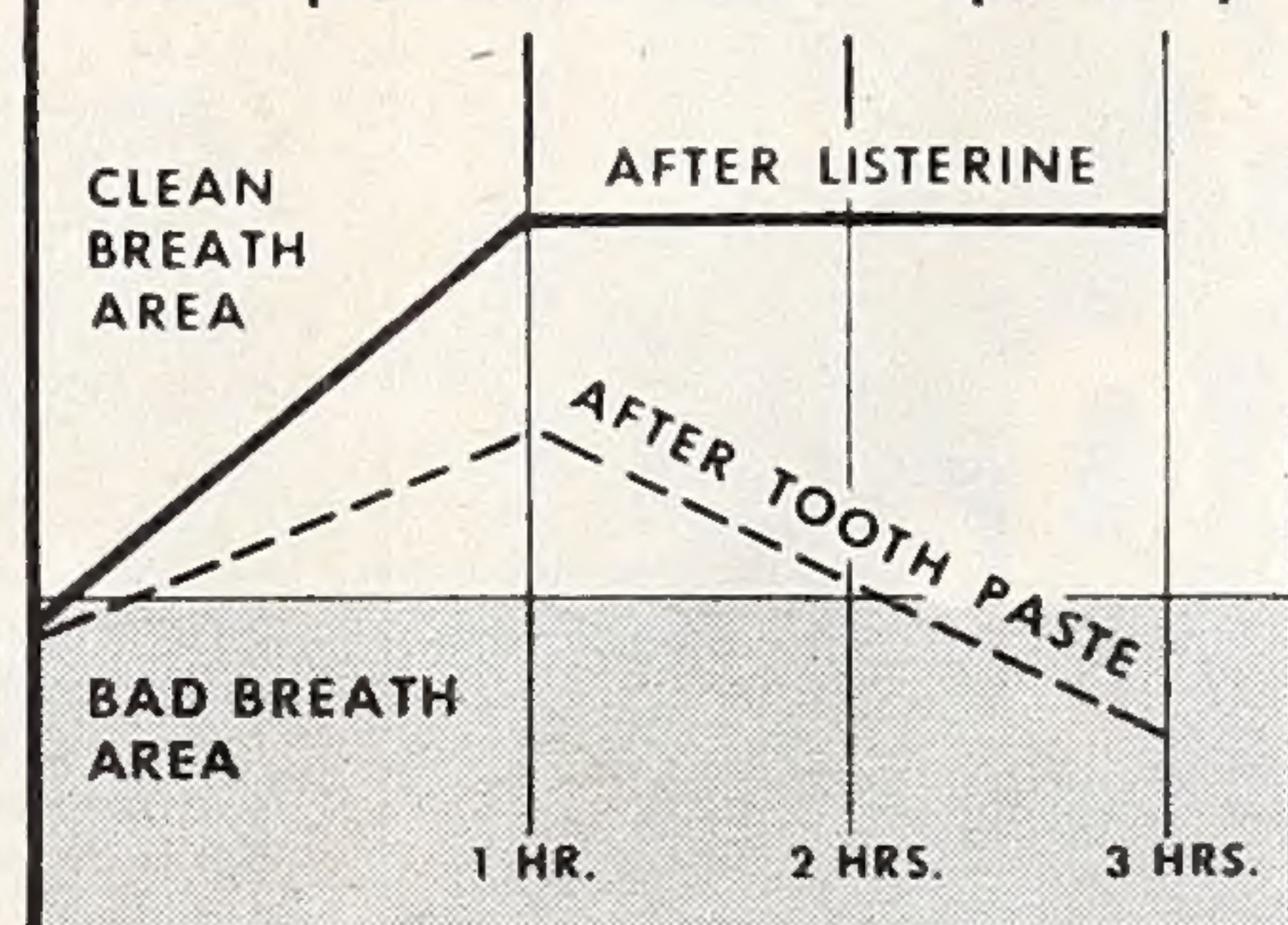


Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions. **Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste**—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

DON'T TRY TO BRUSH BAD BREATH AWAY Chart proves Listerine's superiority



... Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

AMERICA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
WOMEN
APPLAUD...



WESTMORE®
Tru-Glo®
Liquid Makeup



only
39c
PLUS TAX
also available in giant
deluxe size 59c plus tax

Available at leading variety
and drug stores everywhere.

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • MONTREAL

MARCH, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PHOTOPLAY SPECIAL

35 Your 1958-1959 Photoplay Gold Medal Award Portfolio

EXCLUSIVE

- 54 Elvis Kissed Me By Margrit Buerger
60 Dave and Rick Nelson in Dave's New Home By Marcia Borie

VALENTINE BONUS

- 42 The 10 Most Sure-Fire Ways to Lose a Valentine By Dick Clark
44 Six Valentines, in Color, For You

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

- 40 The One Day in My Life I'm Ashamed Of By Pat Boone
46 The Day Johnny Saxon Cried By George Christy
48 Joanne Woodward's My Baby-Sitter By Bobby Prensky
50 Jerry Lewis: This Thermometer Tastes Awful By Jim Hoffman
52 My Name Is Tuesday Weld
57 Gosh, I'd Like To Be Different By Lorraine Jo Greer
66 God Has Not Forgotten Me (Susan Hayward) By Hildegard Johnson
68 Molly Bee Asks: "What Does Your Figure Measure Up To?"
72 Lawrence Welk: It Hurts When People Laugh At You By Maxine Arnold

YOUNG IDEAS

- 4 The Monthly Record By George
10 Readers Inc.
16 They Won a Present From a Star
31 Becoming Attractions
74 This Page Is Yours By Angela Busoni
76 Your Needlework
90 Who Are Your Favorites?
96 Where To Buy Photoplay Fashions

NEWS AND REVIEWS

- 17 Sara Hamilton's Inside Stuff
22 Go Out to a Movie
28 Casts of Current Pictures
28 Now Playing (Brief Reviews)
30 Hollywood for You By Sidney Skolsky

COVER: Color portrait of Dick Clark courtesy of ABC-TV

EVELYN PAIN, Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

CLAIRE SAFRAN, Managing Editor
ANDREE AELION, Story Editor
DICK CLARK, Contributing Editor
JIM HOFFMAN, Contributing Editor

PAMELA LAW, Fashion Editor
HARRIET SEGMAN, Beauty Editor
ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer
RICHARD ADELSON, Art Assistant

MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributor

Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand on March 5th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1959 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.

IT'S
GIRL-AND-BOY
JOY IN THE
SPRINGTIME!

M·G·M presents

Debbie Reynolds

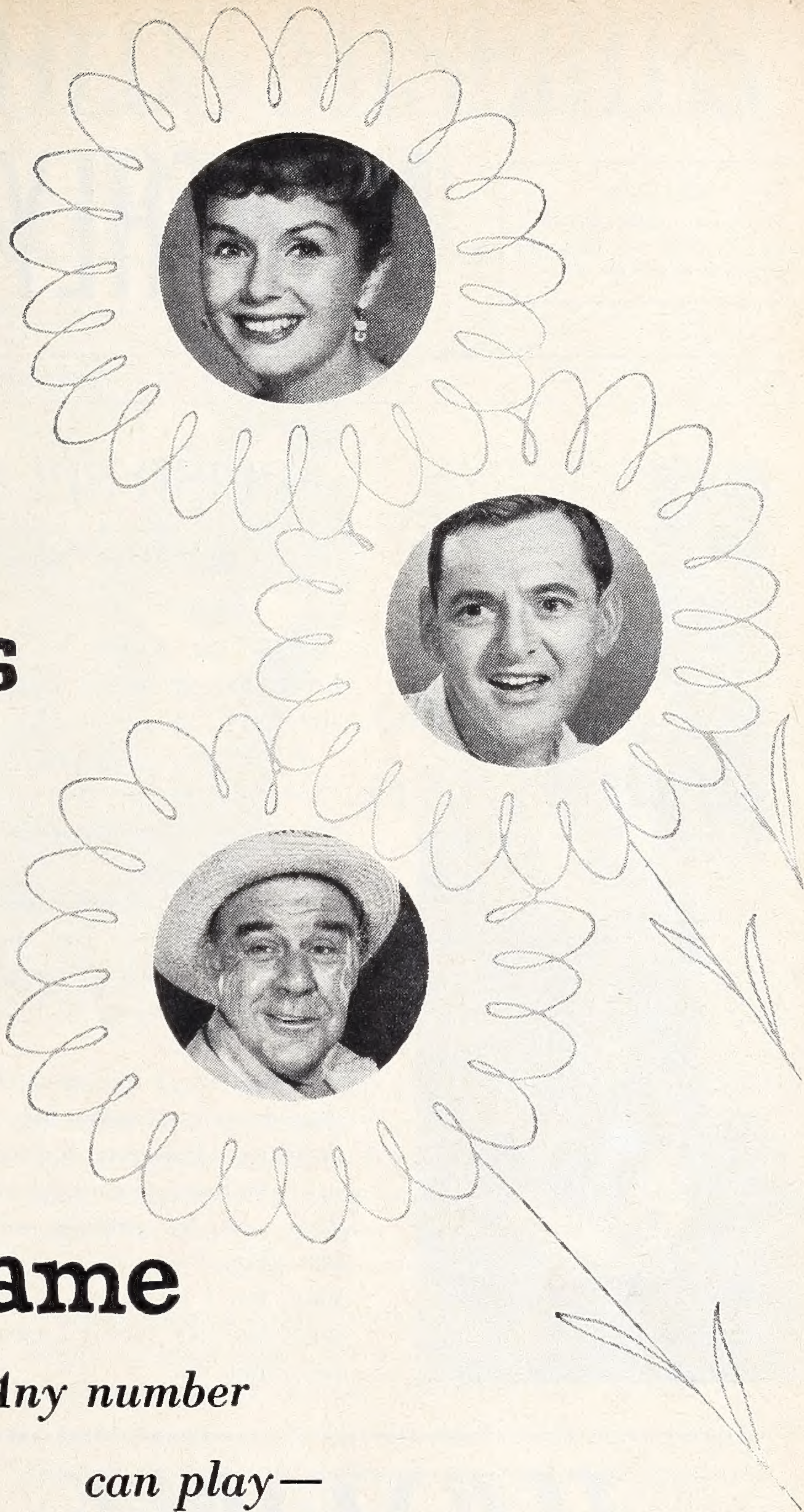
HER HAPPIEST ROLE!

Tony Randall

HIS MADDEST ANTICS!

Paul Douglas

HIS BIGGEST HIT!



The Mating Game

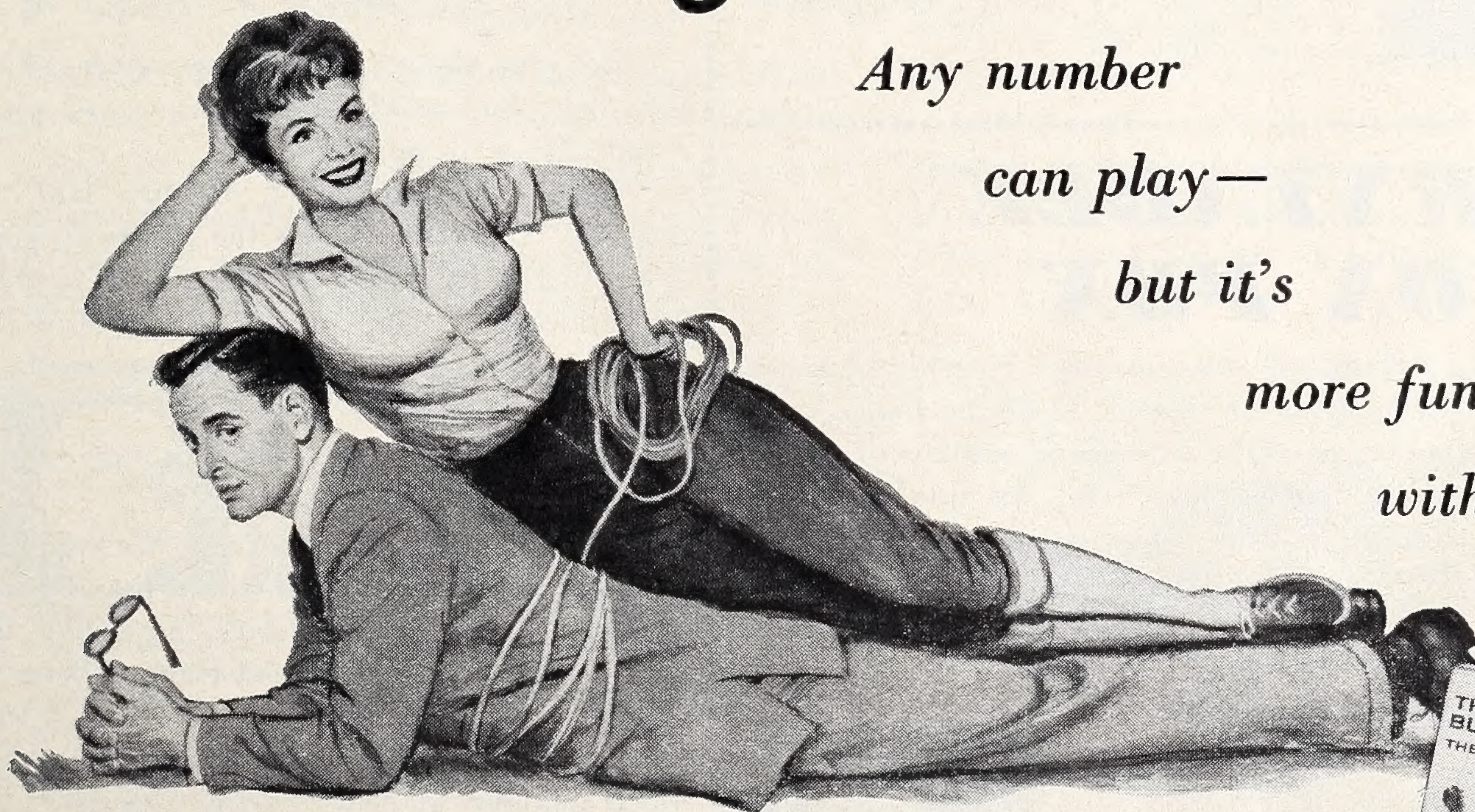
Any number

can play—

but it's

more fun

with two!



co-starring

Fred Clark with **Una Merkel** • Screen Play by William Roberts

Directed by George Marshall • Produced by Philip Barry, Jr. • An M-G-M Picture



From the Novel
"The Darling
Buds Of May"
by H. E. Bates

THE MONTHLY RECORD

WEATHER

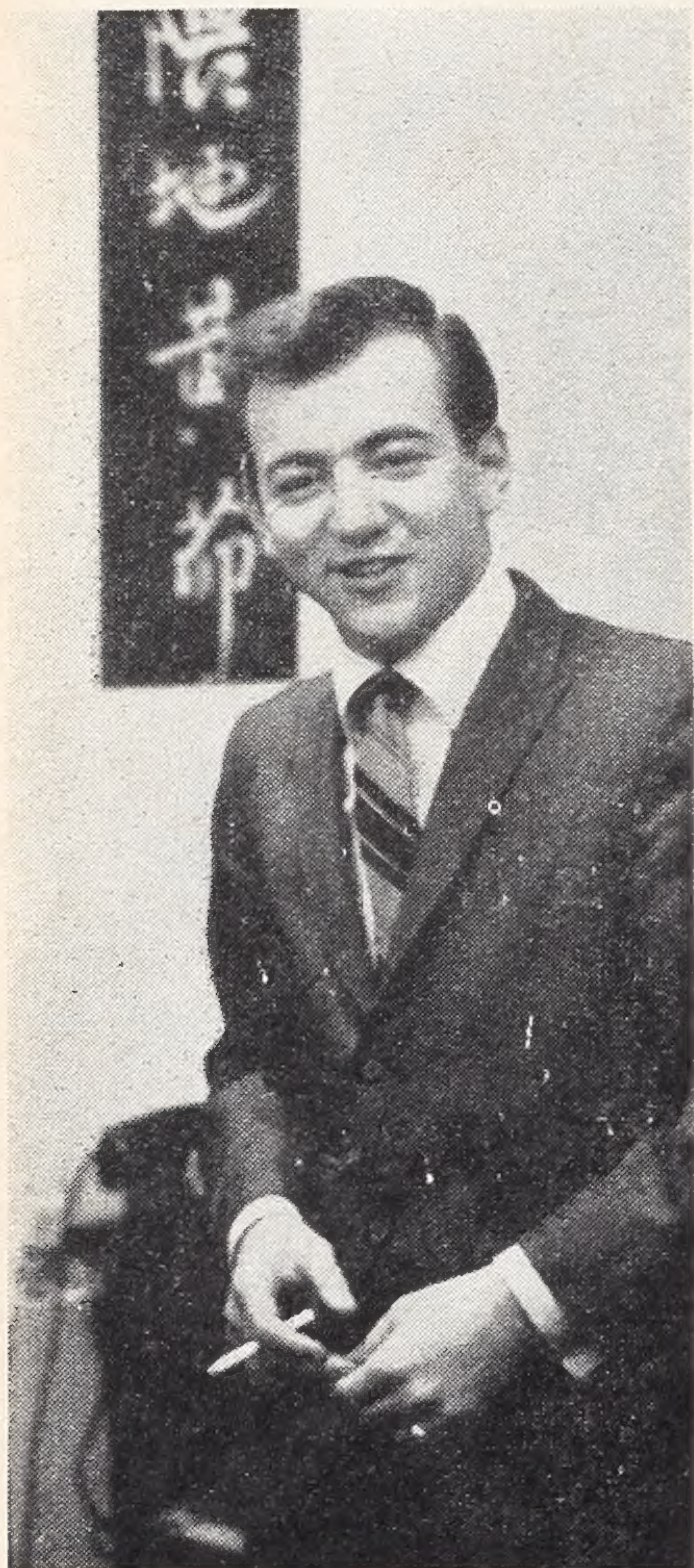
Who cares about Groundhog shadows so long as Valentine winds are warm?

By GEORGE

VOL. 1

FEBRUARY 1958

NO. 1



SPLISH SPLASH FOOTNOTE

"I'm not a star," brown-eyed, brown-haired Bobby Darin emphasizes. "I'm an asterisk."

Bobby Darin and I were having cheeseburgers and milk in the beanery across from the Photoplay offices.

Bobby's real name is Walden Robert Cassotto, and he admits what he likes best about his success is being able to buy his folks a home in the country.

"What do I like to do?" he repeated when we asked him about his pastimes. "Eat, sing and date! I like my to be hero-sandwiches king-sized. That goes for singing, too. And I like gals who make me feel like a king, but I think this is true of all guys, isn't it? And if a gal can cook, too—look out!"

TURNTABLE VOX POX



Album of the month: ✓✓✓✓ Capitol's "Swingin' at the Cinema," with the Jonah Jones Quartet handling a swingin' variety of movie music. Jonah's here with his jump-with-joy trumpet, and his happy swingers fly high with such cinemattractions as "All The Way," "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Tammy."

✓✓✓✓ Looking for a party-pile of rock music for a St. Valentine's Day shindig? You can't go wrong with ABC-Paramount's "Dance With Dick Clark" album. Dick's roundup of rock 'n' roll isn't only cool; it's chilly. You'll flip for "Willie and the Hand Jive," "Love is Strange" and "Long Tall Sally."



are you a gopher?

Tommy Sands and I were talking the other day in our New York Photoplay offices. Outside, the winter winds howled and yowled, and we were in a huddle about our favorite subject: gophers.

What's a gopher? Well, Tommy and I decided a gal's a gopher if she goes for guys.



"But there are distinctions," Tommy said. "There are gophers and gophers and gophers."

He went on to elucidate. "There's the rah-rah gopher," he said, taking a deep breath, "who busts out all over when she

sees a guy. She's like a cheerleader, ready to lead off with a locomotive soon as she spots a fellow across the street. The trouble is that the rah-rah gophers are a little too hard to reach. They're too busy cheering!"

"But what about," says I, "the gophers all guys like best, the one who kind of comes up on you gently like a spring breeze?"

"They're the greatest," Tommy said, "the greatest! But then, there's the shy-away gopher who worries me a little. The shy-away gopher is so faraway that she's in out-of-this-worldville—and I'm all for bringing her back to earth."

"But how do we do it?" says I.

"How about a club," Tommy suggested, "a special club for *all* gophers?"

"Not a bad idea," counters I. "We could have a special membership card with a list of gopher-pointers from bachelor stars, guys like Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter and Hugh O'Brian and Johnny Saxon and Tony Perkins. Gophers would have a secret password, and every month, in these columns, we could send out special Gopher bulletins that only Gophers could decode!"

"Great," Tommy said, clapping his hands.

Gophers, what do you think? Let's hear from you if you're interested.

for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...

Revolutionary
3-layer tablet
HELPS DRAIN
ALL 8
SINUS CAVITIES



*CRITICAL
AREAS
OF COLDS
INFECTION*

- ▶ **Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion**
- ▶ **Works Through the Bloodstream**
- ▶ **Reaches all Congested Areas**
- ▶ **Shrinks Swollen Membranes**
- ▶ **Restores Free Breathing**
- ▶ **Reduces Fever**
- ▶ **Controls Postnasal Drip**

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for

relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

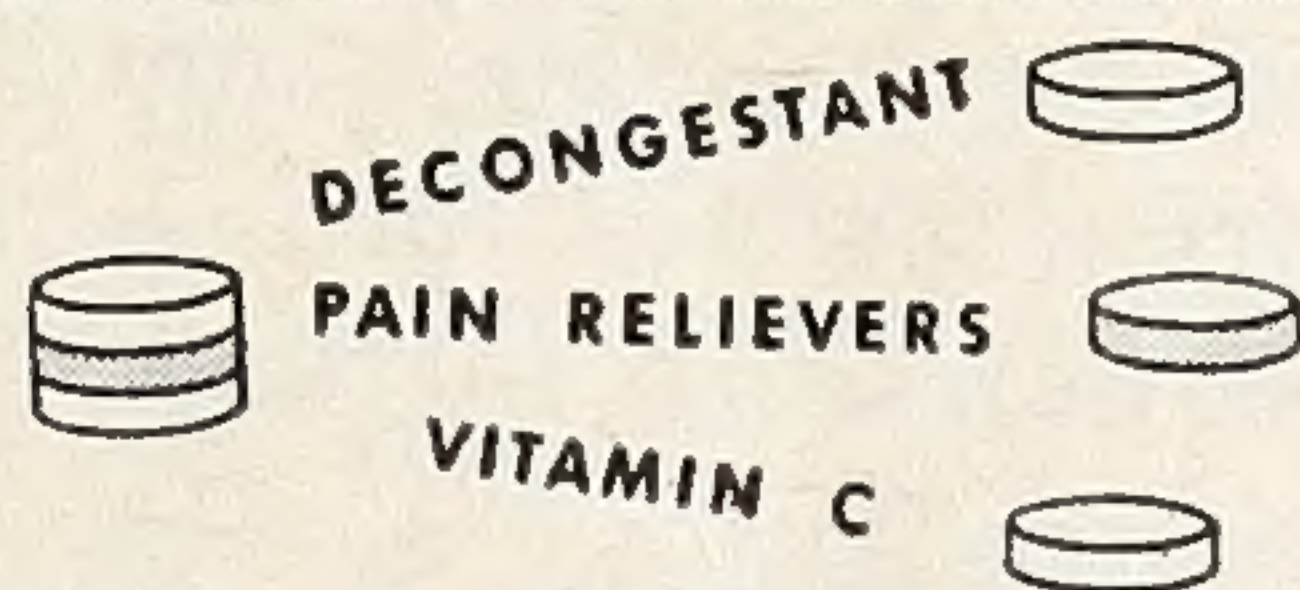
No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.

AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained...free, comfortable breathing restored.



EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.



There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** Decongestant Tablets!



BECAUSE PERSONAL DAINTINESS IS SO IMPORTANT...

Choose mild "Lysol." Millions of women know that douching with "Lysol" assures feminine cleanliness. So why settle for less?

It's far more effective than home-style douches, including vinegar. For "Lysol" brand disinfectant stops odor at its source—actually kills odor-causing germs!

And "Lysol" cleanses gently. Won't harm your delicate insides. Leaves you wonderfully fresh and sweet—sure of your personal cleanliness! Why not try "Lysol" soon. Use it regularly!

Now available—
Pine-Scented "Lysol"
as well as Regular.

For free booklet
(mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to:
"Lysol," Bloomfield,
N.J., Dept. TSP-359.



Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada

THE MONTHLY RECORD *(continued)*

TURNTABLE VOX POX *(continued)*

✓✓✓Dixieland diggers will want to catch the Riverboat Five coming down the street with their high-trottin' New Orleans brand of music. These cats are worth rooting for when they bayou-bounce with "I Ain't Got Nobody," "Tiger Rag," and "Some-day Sweetheart," plus lots of other old-time finger-snappers. The album? Mercury's "Ma! They're Comin' Down the Street!"



✓✓✓Warning: Don't dare listen to this music alone—ABC-Paramount's "Shock Music in Hi-Fi." If you shock easily, have a Shocktail Party, a cozy, lights-out get-together with everyone figuring out a story for each of the sequences. There's enough atmosphere here to launch at least a dozen blobs, flies and teenage Franksteins. Listen to galloping heartbeats, thundering storms, groans and voodoo drums.

✓✓✓These globe-trottin' Everly Brothers, Phil and Don, called us to tell us about their new Cadence album, "Songs Our Daddy Taught Us," and we listened to a playback of their tape the other day, and I'll go on record as saying that one of the sweetest songs these boys sing is "Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?" an ancient ballad from the highlands of Loch Lomond. This is a for-keeps album.



✓✓✓"Politely" features the one and only Keely Smith and her storybook imagination. With each song on this Capitol album, Keely reveals a different pixie personality. Keely'll add a sophisticated turn of phrase to the simplest lyric or a lingering blues note to a bouncy-bright melody. But whatever the song or lyric, Keely's own special smoky-voiced quality is there to delight her listeners. Other "Politely" selections Keely sings with a wink—"Sweet and Lovely" and "I Can't Get Started."

hemidemisemiquavers

"A Gene Vincent Record Date" with the Blue Caps features "Five Feet of Lovin'" and "Hey Good Lookin'," two songs Gene seems to come by naturally. . . . "Folk Songs for Babies, Small Children, Parents and Baby Sitters" is chockful of ballads for the small fry. When you're busy with a math problem and baby starts to coo from his crib, turn on the turntable and let him listen to "Bobby Shafto" or "Daylight Train." . . . In "The Things We Did Last Summer," the Four Preps spin a platter full of romantic tales from "Makin' Love Ukulele Style" to "Love Letters in the Sand." . . . Nat King Cole's "The Very Thought of You" is a smash—twelve beautiful ballads dedicated to your very special love. Nat's rich voice is at its most intimate. . . . "Smoochin' Time" with the Ames Brothers includes "Just Squeeze Me But Please

Don't Tease Me" and "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" Interesting bit from jacket notes: A smooch is a smudge but a smouch is a smooch—according to Webster. . . . "N. Y. Export: Op. Jazz" from "Ballets U.S.A." is the modern jazz score by Bob Prince that took the Brussels Worlds Fair by storm. Free-wheeling jazz fans will listen to it for hours. On the flip side: Leonard Bernstein's ballet music from the Broadway musical, "West Side Story." . . . Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Dancing Party" will please dancers of all ages. "These are the good old songs," the maestro says, "that people just naturally like to dance to, songs like 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' and 'Lullaby of Broadway' and 'Do You Ever Think of Me?'" You know something? He's right. Listen to his album and your toes begin tapping.

To introduce you to the RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

**ANY FIVE OF THE
24 ALBUMS BELOW
FOR ONLY \$3.98**

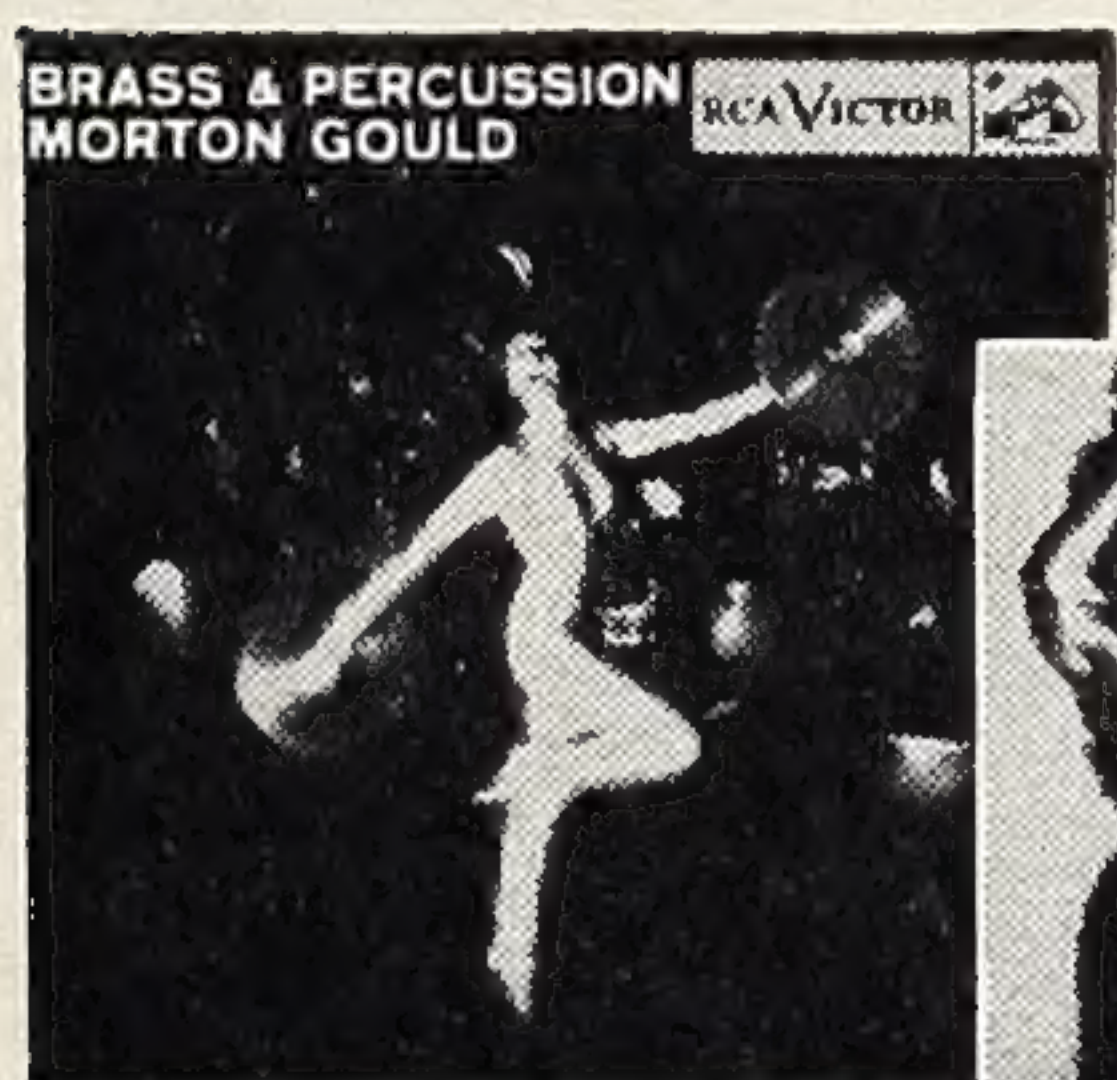
[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
PRICES TOTAL UP TO \$24.90]

... if you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 to be made available

THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music... and, once and for all, takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. **YOU PAY FAR LESS FOR ALBUMS THIS WAY** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. **THEREAFTER YOU SAVE ALMOST 33 1/3%.** After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a **free** 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A WIDE CHOICE OF RCA VICTOR ALBUMS** will be described each month. One will be singled out as the *album-of-the-month*. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or *nothing at all*—you can make your wishes known on a form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge).



ALL ALBUMS ARE
12-INCH 33 1/3 R.P.M.
LONG-PLAYING



**SINGING STARS • BROADWAY MUSICALS • JAZZ
DANCE MUSIC • MOOD MUSIC • COLLECTOR'S ITEMS**

CHECK THE FIVE ALBUMS YOU WANT. DO NOT DETACH FROM THE COUPON

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> WE GET LETTERS Perry Como sings 12 standards. | <input type="checkbox"/> TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS Louis Armstrong all-star collector's item. | <input type="checkbox"/> LET'S CHA CHA WITH PUENTE Latin dance fare; modern, big-band style. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BELAFONTE Folk songs, ballads, calypsos. | <input type="checkbox"/> LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Forty show tunes, standards. | <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE STARR Kay Starr sings and swings torch songs. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKIE CARLE'S SWEETHEARTS Dancy piano, twelve "girl" songs. | <input type="checkbox"/> SOUTH PACIFIC Original movie sound track. | <input type="checkbox"/> THE EYES OF LOVE Hugo Winterhalter's lush orchestra in 12 standards. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Ray McKinley, 12 dance items. | <input type="checkbox"/> THE FAMILY ALL TOGETHER Arthur Fiedler, Boston Pops, light classics. | <input type="checkbox"/> THINKING OF YOU Eddie Fisher's top 12 all-time hits. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BRASS & PERCUSSION Morton Gould Symphonic Band, 17 hi-fi marches. | <input type="checkbox"/> MUSIC FOR DINING Melachrino strings in hi-fi mood music. | <input type="checkbox"/> MOONGLOW Artie Shaw. <i>Begin the Beguine, Frenesi, Star Dust</i> , etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA | <input type="checkbox"/> TOMMY DORSEY: YES INDEED! <i>Marie, Star Dust</i> . | <input type="checkbox"/> DUKE ELLINGTON: IN A MELLOTONE 16 gems from the Duke's golden era. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARIO LANZA — STUDENT PRINCE. | <input type="checkbox"/> SWEET SEVENTEEN Ames Brothers. <i>Little White Lies, I Don't Know Why, Seventeen</i> , etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> VICTORY AT SEA Richard Rodgers' stirring score for the NBC-TV program. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BOUQUET OF BLUES Dinah Shore, torch songs. | | <input type="checkbox"/> PORGY AND BESS Gershwin highlights. <i>Rise Stevens, Robert Merrill</i> . |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BING WITH A BEAT A Crosby jazz lark with Bob Scobey, 12 evergreen hits. | | |

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

P190-3

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., New York 14, N.Y. Please register me as a member of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club and send me the five albums I have checked at left, for which I will pay \$3.98, plus a small mailing charge. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album **free**.

Name

Address

City Zone State

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

Dealer's Name

Address

Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.

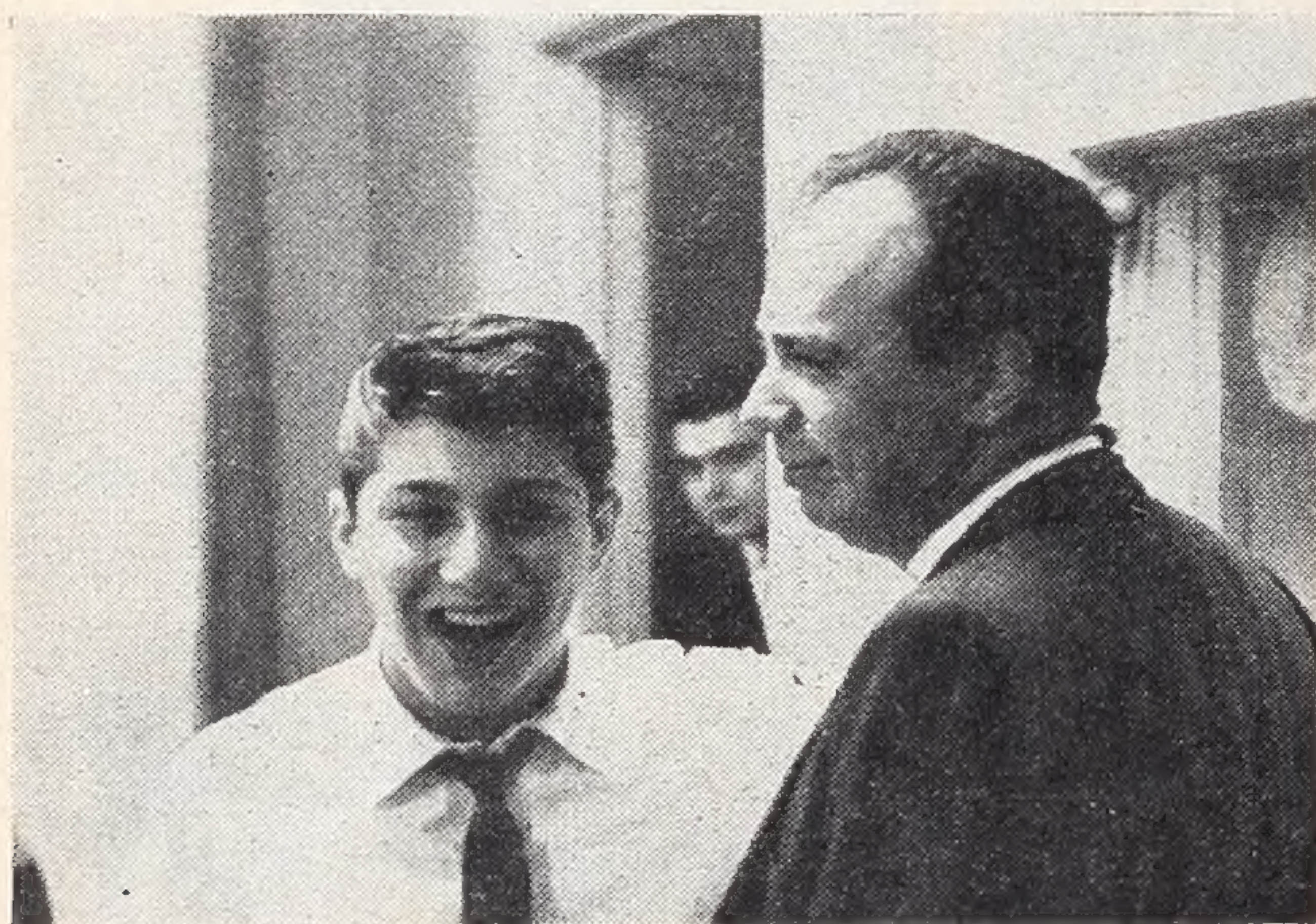
STARDOM ROAD IS EASY

Young Don Costa, ABC-Paramount's musical talent scout who discovered Paul Anka and Eydie Gorme, George Hamilton IV and Johnny Nash, met with us one brisk January day and gave us the lowdown on stardom.

First thing we asked: "How can a young singer break into the big time?"

"One teenage team," Don told us, "sent me a twenty-five cent record they made in a penny arcade. One of the guys beat on the side of the wall, tom-tom style, while the other strummed a guitar. Both of them sang their hearts out, and they made a great 'demo' (demonstration record)."

But, Don adds, a singer or a composer must offer something original if he wants the "inside" people, the behind-the-scenes starmakers, to take



notice. "That's where a lot of the trouble is," Don says. "So much of the stuff everyone sends me is common. But the guys and gals who 1) think up fresh ideas on old themes, 2) dream up unusual titles (such as 'Yakety-Yak') and lyrics or 3) put a song together with a lot of bounce are the ones that click!"

Don prefers teenagers writing music for the big teenage market. "Some of the big-name song-writers," Don says, "often write down to the teenager, and this just doesn't go. Teenagers are more responsive to new music. They don't have the taboos or prejudices of older folks. They're willing to give a new musical idea a fair chance."

An up-and-coming Don Costa discovery is a twelve-year-old girl composer from White Plains, New York, who's penned "Boom-Butta-Snap-Snap" or What Happens When Somebody Pulls At Your PonyTail Band?

IVY LEAGUE NEWCOMER

One neat dresser we ran into at the Columbia Pictures' screening room where thirty high school newspaper editors were previewing his new film, "Senior Prom," was Paul Hampton, all decked out in a red wool blazer jacket with gold coin buttons, gray flannel pants and a slim black tie.

Paul, a Dartmouth grad, got into show business via a blind date!

On his first night out with Susan Adams, he sang her his song, "Love Me So I'll Know," when they got back to her home after the movies. Susan was so impressed with Paul's singing she called her Mom. Her Mom listened and called in Susan's Dad. Suddenly the four of them began plotting our Paul's career. Mrs. Adams knew Mitch Miller, who heads Columbia Records' pop music department. She made the introduction, and Mitch signed Paul to a contract soon as he heard Paul sing.

Then, Paul waxed a couple of records, made a cross-country tour of personal appearances, found himself a fan club—to boot.

Paul tells me he hero-worships the singing of Frank Sinatra and Pat Suzuki. Frank has been Paul's inspiration.

Paul admits to being an avid reader, favors fiction ("old-fashioned novels with happy endings"). He's fond of chicken cooked with black cherries, eats lots of fruits and drinks No-Cal like crazy. ("I'd be a bouncing butterball otherwise.")

Here's a capsule review of Paul's film from high-school editor, Betty Aberlin of Staten Island: "Senior Prom" is fun. It's got a bunch of typical characters running wild on a typical college campus, and the yak-yaks and clowning never stop. Teenagers'll flip for the new Ivy League beat!"



friendship jingles

With St. Valentine's Day not far off, Frankie Avalon tells me he's blue because he's without a steady. But he's thankful, he says, that he has so many wonderful friends.

"They've done so much for me," Frankie told me in a telephone call from his home in Philadelphia. "I could never have done it without them."

He was speaking, of course, of his sensational, overnight climb up the ladder of show-business success.

In honor of friendship and St. Valentine's Day, Frankie would like to offer a friendship ring to the girl who sends in the best four-line jingle on friends or friendship.



Deadline is February 28th. Address all jingles to Frankie Avalon, c/o Photoplay.

The prize? A gold pinky band with a little ding-a-ling bell (it has a seed pearl for a clapper) and a dangling heart enamelled with rose petals.

From this very moment...

Fresh New Beauty begins with

Zest

...that
radiant,
glowing clean,
naturally
lovely look!

AND TO HIGHLIGHT YOUR NEW BEAUTY
ZEST OFFERS THIS ELEGANT EXTRA—

Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact

WITH PRESSED POWDER (85¢ VALUE)

From the very first moment Zest's mild, complexion-soft lather touches your skin, your complexion feels radiantly aglow—satin smooth—free from dulling soap film. Zest washes away skin bacteria to keep your complexion protected—fresh, clear, naturally lovely all day. *Now* discover Zest while you can get the elegant pink and gold Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact with pressed powder.

Copyright 1959, The Procter & Gamble Company



Send 2 Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to defray expenses for your Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact. Offer limited!

SPECIAL OFFER

Compact Department E-2
P. O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to defray expenses. Please send me the Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact. My skin tone is: Fair _____ Medium _____ Dark _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii.
Offer expires July 31, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.



The Forgotten Men?

Movies always seem to have the same themes: western, sex or musical. Wouldn't it be nice to produce a different story—say one about young interns of today? These doctors spend hours in a grim, thankless task. Wouldn't their work make a wonderful story for a movie?

VIRGINIA SCHWABEL
St. Paul, Minn.

We think you must have missed "Not as a Stranger" and the whole of Dirk Bogarde's "Doctor" series . . . and there are many more.—Ed.

That Boy Byrnes

I think "77 Sunset Strip" is the best show on TV this season and the cast can't be beaten. Edd Byrnes, aside from being very good-looking, is exceptionally talented. I have seen him in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Darby's Rangers" and "Life Begins at Seventeen," and in these he really displayed his acting ability. I adore hearing him talk in his pleasing bop style.

JOYCE HALPER
Chicago, Ill.

P.S. The back-flips he sometimes does on TV really swing me.

. . . I watch Edd Byrnes every Friday in "77 Sunset Strip." I know a lot of people would like to read about him; me included.

TOM LEWIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Did you see Edd on page 39 this issue?—Ed.



A fan digs the way Edd Byrnes flips.

Eek! It's Dracula Again!

I'd like to send an answer to Jo Anne Jensen who wrote in January:

Dear Jo Anne . . . I read your wonderful letter concerning Christopher Lee's interpretation of the very evil Count Dracula. I'm in complete agreement with you. He is "the coolest." I'm clipping your letter and sending it to Chris who is a very close friend of mine. He'll appreciate it very much.

ANN SHEARING
Brooktondale, N. Y.

. . . I wrote you before on Bob Evans. Now I have fallen in love with vampires. Please don't think I'm crazy. I really love them. My mother thinks I'm really crazy. I sleep, eat and drink vampires. My favorite is Count Dracula. I was wondering if you could give me some information on him. I'm reading the book and would like to know who played the part in the picture. I wish I were a vampire. I've been studying them all year.

JOANNE MILLER
Frackville, Pa.

Monroe and Mrs. Arthur Miller, I wish her success and happiness.

H. R. WICKLAND
Bothell, Wash.

Who's That Girl Barrie?

I thought Barrie Chase was great in "Mardi Gras." She electrified the screen. How about some information about her? What has her studio planned for her in the future?

PURDUE STUDENT
Lafayette, Ind.

Believe it or not, her real name's Barrie Chase! Born in New York City, she stands 5 ft. 7 in. in her stockinged feet. A slim 121 lbs., she has brown eyes and auburn hair. She's made one other picture, "Silk Stockings," and she was Fred Astaire's partner in his TV special. Watch for her next in 20th's "Can-Can." Does this satisfy the student?—Ed.

Great People

I enjoyed the January issue of Photoplay very much, especially the story of Debbie



I understand, reader tells Marilyn. I, too, thought I'd never have a baby.

The latest Count Dracula (as mentioned in Ann's letter) was played by Christopher Lee in Universal's "The Horror of Count Dracula." But perhaps you mean Bela Lugosi, who portrayed him in earlier movies.—Ed.

Open Letter to Marilyn

I just read your article in Photoplay and it was the most heartwarming story I ever read that actually happened to a real person. I understand how much you want a baby. You see, my doctor told me chances were I couldn't have one when I married, but the dear Lord was merciful. I did have a beautiful baby boy. He's now nine months old. I realize now what I was missing before. He is so wonderful and everything seems so beautiful now.

I want to say, Marilyn, please have patience. The Dear Lord will be good. God bless you, and I want to wish you all the luck in the world—you'll be filling that crib soon. How soon is up to the Lord. I wish I could send you a picture of my baby. I thank the Lord he's mine; I love him so much, so very much. Marilyn, please have faith.

A HAPPY MOTHER
Syracuse, N. Y.

He Digs MM

Thank you for the Marilyn Monroe story by Radie Harris. Personally I think Miss Monroe is in a class by herself. She is a real delight on the screen and becomes better in each picture. Both as Marilyn

Reynolds and the one about Jerry Lewis. I just about cried.

I also liked the contest article "Win a Present From the Stars." I think the stars are wonderful to do things like that. I sent my entry blank in and I hope I win . . . but even if I don't, I think the stars are great. Some people say some stars care only for themselves but I think this contest proves they don't.

M.K.P.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sad Loss

As a fan of his for many years, I'd like to pay tribute to a great star—Tyrone Power. His death is a grievous loss to Hollywood and his many fans. He could not be equaled for handsomeness, charm, and sex appeal. He was a fine actor with a vibrant speaking voice. It was with great sadness that I read of his passing.

MARY NOBLE
Chicago, Ill.

To John Saxon

The greatest of all young stars is he,
And greater still in years to come he'll be.
Handsome is not the word for him,
He's tall and terrifically prim.*
His acting proved what he could do,
He keeps his fans from feeling blue.
He'll go ahead and never will shirk,
And come out tops in his good work.

PHILOMENA PRIM*
Bombay, India

Continued on page 14

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**

Tina Louise

co-starring in
"THE TRAP"

A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



TINA LOUISE, one of Hollywood's most glamorous new stars, keeps her hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage with Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't YOU try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

*Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!*



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



FOR
THAT
MAR
GRAS FEELING

GOSSARD'S

answer®

What fun to frolic... and figure right in your fashions, too! **Answer** is the original design* with inner elastic bands that gentle you in. Try on Answer. See how this boneless wonder glamorizes *you*.

Left: Answer pantie girdle

Supports your most active life. So comfortable it can even be worn while bowling. Detachable garters. \$12.50
With zipper \$15

Center: Answer Deb pantie

Featherweight style to put fun in function for debutante figures. Pantie with detachable garters \$8.95
Matching girdle \$7.95

Right: Original Answer girdle

Takes a countdown on inches to make you svelte 'neath your splinter fashions. \$10.95. With zipper \$12.50

Bra in embroidered cotton, contoured with foam rubber \$3.95

©1959, THE H. W. *Gossard* CO., CHICAGO

*U.S. PAT. #2,803,822



Continued from page 10

International Acclaim

I happened to see the film "The Brothers Karamazov" on a recent trip to Athens, Greece, and enjoyed it very much. Could you please give me the name of the small boy who gave such a wonderful performance? Do you think we will ever see him in another picture and what is his age?



Hugh O'Brian is the boy you all want to read about. His fans think he's great.

The acting of the child was outstanding and I think he will have a big future.

You cannot imagine how much we enjoy your magazine here in Turkey. We can hardly wait for the new copy each month.

MIKE STAUDACHER
Istanbul, Turkey

We think you must mean Miko Osgood, 10, who played Illusha Snegiryov, the captain's son. We'd like to see him again, too.—Ed.

The Best for O'Brian

The best person you can put into the best magazine is Hugh O'Brian. Perhaps you could find room for him on a cover. Hugh is a superb actor as well as a wonderful person. How about it?

LOU HENSLEY
Culpeper, Va.

... I hope you will feature a story on Hugh O'Brian. Hugh is very likable with a nice personality and I know that there are lots of his fans who would like to read a story on him.

STELLA SALAMIDA
Northport, N. Y.

Watch for him next month!—Ed.

He Caught My Eye

One night while watching TV
A cute boy caught my eye.
His voice was soft and tender,
His looks were cute and shy.
And ever since I saw him,
I was a poor fool born too late.
And only if dreams come true
Rick would be my steady date.
Ricky's that boy with a certain smile,
But I guess things happen that way.
And it really would be a thrill for me,
If he'd make my dreams come true today.

SANDIE HYJEK (13)
Buffalo, N. Y.

Three Cheers!

I just read the last issue and boy, was I pleased! It was great; especially Dick Clark's column. Before I read this edition of Dick's column, I was never too sure what really happened to Pat Molitieri—now I know she had an appendicitis attack during the show. I think the column is very interesting and makes for real good reading. Reading about our Bandstand favorites helps to bring us closer to them. Three cheers for Dick Clark and his monthly column. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANITA FOX
St. Louis, Mo.

A Terrific Guy

Thank you for the article on Sal Mineo called "Me and the Other Kids Feel Saddest at Christmas." Being the president of Sal's Fan Club, I am always looking for articles concerning him. This one shows what a terrific guy he is and how fond he is of his fans, regardless of their age. I know all Sal's fans are looking forward to seeing more of him in future issues.

EDIE WOODCOCK
Sal Mineo's Fan Club, Chapter 20

Dear George Nader:

I read your article "Are you the girl I'm looking for?" and liked it very much. I decided to write to Photoplay because I wanted you to know how wonderful it was for me.

I was happy when I knew what great ideas you had about love. Now there aren't "4688 Girls Who Said Yes." There's one more, me!

ELISA R. PARIS
Rosario de Sante Fe, Argentina
P.S. Please excuse my English.

We thought it was excellent!—Ed.

Mark Damon

I enjoyed Mark Damon's story in the January issue of Photoplay. I have subscribed to Photoplay for many years but seldom have I come across such a stirring story. Keep printing stories like that!

PHYLLIS VARDELL
Biggs, Calif.

... Just read the story on Mark Damon and I enjoyed it very much. I am very interested in this actor and I think he will be very successful. He has looks, talent, and personality. Most of all, though, I am very interested in knowing if this story was true or was it just for publicity? If it is true, can you tell me the name of the girl and why it was so hushed?

LILLIAN
Waterbury, Conn.

Mark's a gentleman and he didn't want to embarrass the girl. We hope he sees her again.—Ed.

Popular "Down Under," Too

I live in New Zealand and every month I eagerly await the arrival of your magazine. My favorite star is Henry Fonda. I was wondering if you could run an article about him and, perhaps if I'm lucky, a pin-up photo. I have seen two pictures of his lately, "The Tin Star" and "The Wrong Man." His acting in the latter picture was simply superb. I also saw him in "Mr. Roberts" and again his acting was Oscar material.

JOCELYN SHORTRIDGE
Northlands, New Zealand

Did you know that it was Marlon Brando's mother, Flora, who first persuaded Henry to become an actor!—Ed.

Don't Forget the Old Ones

It's interesting to note how the foreign and teenage stars have crowded many old favorites into the background. It's been ages since I read about Maureen O'Hara in your magazine. How about giving everyone a break? There are a great many of us older (I'm 23) readers who I'm sure would enjoy a story about her.

VIRGINIA L. STANFORD
Boulder, Montana



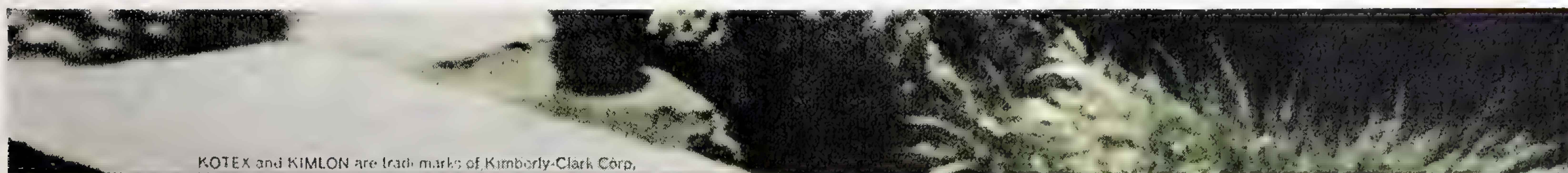
Henry's photo for a New Zealand fan.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



Wherever you are, whatever you do
new Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center

protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!

No irritating deodorants!



You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather — fragrance — color — wrapper

THEY WON

A PRESENT FROM THE STARS

Look down this list carefully. Do you know any of the Photoplay readers who won a present from a star? Or were you one of the lucky ones yourself? The postman should have called by now.

PAT BOONE

*Carole Iatarola
2605 Massey St.
Philadelphia, Pa.*

JERRY LEWIS

*L. K. Van
1023 Underwood Place
Cincinnati 5, Ohio*

ELVIS PRESLEY

*Betty Jo Gills
337 N. W. 37th St.
Miami 37, Fla.*

VAN CLIBURN

*Mrs. H. J. Roemer
828 E. Thurston
Spokane 36, Wash.*

TONY CURTIS

*Linda Mintz
Day Hall, Box 277
Syracuse University
Syracuse 10, N. Y.*

TONY PERKINS

*T. Cooper
Williamsburg, Pa.*

GEORGE NADER

*Pearl Lichtman
150-03 88th Ave.
Jamaica, L. I. N. Y.*

DAVE and RICK NELSON

*Helen A. Waterman
N. 6714 Smith St.
Spokane 51, Wash.*

DICK CLARK

*Sharon Niell
1811 Pullman Ave.
San Pueblo, Calif.*

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF



When I see Esther Williams, I know Jeff Chandler's not far.

What chance does a happy marriage have in Hollywood? That's the question Photoplay asked last month. My own answer to it has always been an emphatic yes, but after those fifteen-minutes of tear-filled testimony that ended **Pier Angeli's** four-year marriage to **Vic Damone**, I can't blame too much the people who would argue with me. Pier, who won custody of their three-year-old son Perry, charged Vic was "insanely jealous."... **Tony Curtis's** imitation of **Cary Grant** on the set of Universal's "Operation Petticoat," is a screamer. A little of Tony's old Bronx cheer mixed with Cary's ever-so-slight cockney even fooled **Betsy Drake** during a long telephone conversation.

Strictly Inside: **Yul Brynner's** young Viennese admirer failed to visit him in Spain while Yul was replacing the late **Tyrone Power** in "Solomon and Sheba." At least no one on the set glimpsed her. . . . All wrapped up in cotton wool ready to be shipped home is **Elvis'** new hand-made "geetar," purchased in the small guitar-making town near the Czech border. El writes we'll love its "caressing" tones. And I'll bet we will. . . . **Lauren Bacall** is entertaining her friends in London with those **Sinatra** records ordered from Raf's record bar in Beverly Hills. The **Oliviers**, Sir and Lady, go for the **Sinatra** style in a big way. . . . **Kim Novak** and **Fredric March** are knee-deep in 20th's "Middle of the Night," but if today's vamp, who's dyed her hair brown for this role, doesn't stop those insecure fidgets, she may end up over her head. This Mr. March is some actor. . . . Those out-sized men's sweaters **Sophia Loren** brought back from Europe are shooting up the eyebrows of Hollywood's nosey set. "They hide my bosom," Sophia explains. But Hollywood wonders if maybe—oh well, you know old nebbly us. Always wondering. . . . Nothing personal, I hope, but producer-director **Josh Logan** wants **Liz Taylor** to play **Edna St. Vincent Millay**, who penned the line, "My candle burns at both ends." Did you know that Miss Millay wrote some of her most famous poems when she was still a teenager? Why not give them a

look-see? . . . That was a cozy compromise **Rick Nelson** made with his dad. Rick, who refused **Ozzie's** plea to enter college this year, now has a private tutor to keep him up in his freshman studies. Just in case, you know.

Friendship: At its first glimpse of **Diane Varsi** and **Don "Red" Barry** together, the town literally tripped over its tippet. But the "Red" Barry who was so unpleasantly involved in scandals is no more. A new man today through faith in his Science of Mind Religion, Red's imparted something of his life-saving philosophy to Diane. . . . **Ava Gardner** confided to friends in Australia, while filming "On the Beach," that when (and if, may I add?) she weds Italian actor **Walter Chiari**, she wants her best friend and ex-husband, **Frank Sinatra**, to be with her. Frank, who dropped everything to fly to Ava's side when an accident in Spain threatened to scar her beautiful face, is now thoughtfully squiring about Hollywood the widow of his late friend, agent **Bert Allenberg**, seeing to it that she is not left alone. A real son of a gun to those he has no use for, Frankie can be a friend indeed to those he likes. . . . I hate to say this but the truth is **John Saxon** regards **Sandra Dee** as a sort of teenage nuisance. The deeply philosophical Mr. Saxon smiles indulgently at Miss Dee, little dreaming that day by day the wise little blonde is more and more becoming aware of the power of those fatal feminine charms. Look out, Johnny Saxon! Wiser men than you have been caught in that oh, so tender trap.

New Girl in Town: When the **Jean Harlow** story is brought to the screen, **Stella Stevens** seems the girl most likely to play the role. And all because of Fate, Stella insists. . . . For instance, the first day the platinum blonde beauty began a modeling job in a swank Memphis, Tennessee shop, in walked the brother of Hollywood agent **Bill Shrifin**. "Mr. Shrifin telephoned his brother about me and," Stella told me, glancing around the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room, ". . . and here I am." . . . Stella had Little Theater work behind her, which, of course, helped to promote her right (continued)



Wonder how Eleanor Parker, Carolyn Jones, Frank Capra and Thelma Ritter kept the secret from both Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson when they gave a twin party?

INSIDE STUFF

continued

into a showgirl role in "Say One for Me." But despite Fate and success, Stella has one big regret. Living most of her life in Elvis' hometown, she never once glimpsed the singer. "Which makes me something of a wash-out in Hollywood," she moans.

Parties of the month: **Debbie Reynolds**, who's been hurling herself into movie and record making, keeps busy with her pet charities, too. She buzzed from the Waif to the Thalian ball, a glitter, a glamour, a pocket full of clamor, that delighted **Gail Storm** with husband **Lee Bonnell**, **Kim Novak**, back with **Mac Krim** before a New York visit, **Terry Moore** and **Cesar Romero**. And my oh my, the way people gaped at the Waif affair when Debbie, in a cute hair bow, danced and prattled with handsome **Jacques Bergerac** on "loan" for the evening from **Dorothy Malone**. **Ronnie Burns** gave Debbie a breather by attracting the stares to himself when he waltzed with **Princess Sophia**, who then guided Ronnie through the presentation to guest of honor **Queen Frederika** of Greece. . . . As chairman of the Thalian Charity Ball a few weeks later, Debbie once again fluttered among the tables of the **Dean Martins**, **Milton Berles**, **Shirley MacLaine** with husband **Steve Parker**, and **Doris Day**, a dream in her white satin coat, with husband **Marty Melcher**. And this time Dorothy Malone herself, wearing dark glasses, arrived with her handsome Monsieur Bergerac. . . . Can it be that **Rick Nelson** was too shy to fix up his own date? He escorted pretty, blonde **Barbara Loren** through the courtesy of his agents, Music Corporation of America, who "arranged" it all. Sharing a table with **David Nelson** and slim, trim **Venetia Stevenson**, Rick and Barbara seemed to have a ball at the ball. With a skullcap wig, à la **Yul Brynner**, **Donald O'Connor** and the three **Crosby** boys, Dennis, Philip and Gary, supplied the formal entertainment. But it was Debbie who really starred. . . . When I trekked to New York for a snappy few days to attend the wedding of MCA chief **Jules Stein's** daughter, Jean, I had to look twice to make myself believe that really was **Princess Grace** and her husband **Prince Rainier** at the reception. Grace, in a white angora tam covering her blonde hair, behaved royally but I couldn't help remembering when Grace was one of us in Hollywood, working together, attending parties together.

TV Jottings: I personally, could do with less of the **Everly Brothers** and more of **Johnny Mathis**. All right, so sue me! Or better yet, why not write and tell me *your* favorites? . . . Put me down as one of those who feels **Tommy Sands** is muffing his promising singing career with all this yen for a dramatic acting career. Tommy, who had a good chance of catching up with **Pat Boone** or maybe **Eddie**

Fisher, has let his singing career slide, and to my way of thinking, that should come first. Tell me, am I wrong in this? . . . **Lindsay Crosby** flips from a "Yancy Derringer" episode to a guest shot on "77 Sunset Strip." And if Lindsay makes the grade—watch out, TV, here comes another Crosby. . . . Incidentally that pretty girl you've wondered about on the "Yancy Derringer" series, as a frequent guest, is none other than **Charley McCarthy's** step-mother, Mrs. Edgar Bergen. Next season



Shirley MacLaine's happy, too, now that Steve Parker's home.



Gloomy days over, Janet gets a buss from Tony's Pal, Dino.

Frances Bergen may do a series with husband Edgar. And Charley, of course.

Tales of Hollywood: Did you know **Al Hedison**, **Joanne Woodward** and **Steve McQueen** were all students together at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse? "We all landed in Hollywood about the same time," Al moans, "but look what happened. Joanne became an Oscar winner, I became 'The Fly' and Steve became 'The Blob.'" My bet is that with Al's humor and good looks, he'll become a star one of these days soon. His "Son of Robin Hood" role is a stepping stone. Al dates both **Terry Moore** and **Venetia Stevenson** but his heart really belongs to a pretty reader at Warner Bros. studio. Al doesn't like to talk about it—yet. . . . England's popular star **Kenneth More**, who co-starred with **Jayne Mansfield** in "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," claims he'd rather play opposite the Titanic, as he did in "Night to Remember," than make another picture with Jayne. "I don't know why," retorted Jayne, taking time-out from cooing over baby Miklos. "The Titanic met up with an iceberg and no one can accuse me of being an iceberg."

Set of the Month: **Debbie Reynolds** was wearing a few stray beads for her chorus girl role in "Say One for Me" when I arrived on the set at **Bob Wagner's** special invitation. "Come and get a load of me as a song and dance man," Bob had telephoned and off I trotted to sit on the sidelines with **Natalie Wood** and enjoy the fun. . . . "Now make like a singer," director **Frank Tashlin** ordered Bob. "Here, let me show how a singer stands," Debbie offered, going into a perfect take-off of who else but **Eddie Fisher**! . . . During a long take, with Bob taking a singer's stance, I caught his look of petition directed toward Natalie. "Am I doing this right? Is it okay?" his eyes seemed to ask. "And I do the same with him," Natalie confided. "I constantly need his assurance." Which should give you an idea of just how happy this marriage is. Bob's sudden drop in weight, fifteen pounds, due to those dance rehearsal routines for the picture, had Mrs. Wagner worried. "We're having liver, mashed potatoes with butter and dessert for dinner," she warned Bob, "and you eat." . . . On my way out, a faint tapping sound coming from one of the rehearsal rooms caught my attention. Cautiously opening the door, I peeked in and there, all by himself, was **Bing Crosby**, practicing a little dance step for his role in the "Say One" movie. As a priest caught up in the Broadway whirl, it seems Bing enjoys a bit of fancy feet tapping.

Bits and Pieces: **David Nelson** will spend six months with the Air National Guards, but first, he and **Rick** hope to make a movie together. . . . **Taina Elg** and **Keith Larson** are a constant, serious twosome. . . . The serious hernia operation on their baby daughter Jaimie had **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** depressed and worried.

Coming so soon after the death of Tony's father, it spread a pall of gloom, now lifted, on the Curtis manse. . . . **Marlon Brando** thinks **France Nuyen**, now in Broadway's "Susie Wong," is the prettiest thing since **Anna Kashfi**. But, as friends point out to France, look what happened to Anna. . . . **Anthony Steele**, **Anita Ekberg's** husband and a once favorite star in England, may try it alone in Hollywood. And everyone in town is pulling for him to rebuild his tottering career.

Around Town: **James Darren** lost little time bemoaning his separation from wife and child after they were gone. At least James looks awfully pleased these days with **Evie Norlund** of Denmark, a young and pretty starlet—and with the success of his song "Gidget." . . . **Sal Mineo** was amused at those first few fan letters raving over his latest film. "And Tonka very much," the letters ended. But now Sal has had it. So, please, no more. And Tonka very much. . . . It was a return shower **Debbie Reynolds** gave **Lita Calhoun**. And Rory's cute wife, who "showered" Debbie before the arrival of Todd Fisher, is so excited over the prospect of her second child— "Well, I can't eat," she cried. "Only like a small horse," Rory grins. . . . If **Sue** and **Alan Ladd** aren't the most excited, adoring grandparents in town, don't tell me about any others. I wouldn't believe it. In fact, the glow that radiates from the Ladds over the birth of their grandchild to daughter **Carol Lee** and husband **John Veitch**, makes dark



Barbara Loren is Rick's date, Dave's with Venetia Stevenson.

the Curtises are buying furniture only as they can afford it, and going slowly to insure against those repent-in-leisure mistakes. . . . Tony and Janet sleep in twin beds in one large room, with Tony using his office-den-bath as a dressing room, but every once in a while Tony frowns like a thundercloud as Janet loses her head in a grand rearranging and shoving around of furniture. . . . All afternoon, Janet kept peeping in at Jaimie, reassuring herself that the baby was really all right after that operation. Kelly, in a black-and-white check blouse, red pleated skirt and red bows in her blond hair, made elaborate efforts to tiptoe and not waken her baby sister sleeping in the yellow nursery. When Tony arrived home from the studio, his first move was to bound up the stairs for a long, tender look at Jaimie. Tony looks completely happy and he doesn't care who sees it. As for Janet, there's a new maturity about her these days that has nothing to do with those becoming grey hairs that Tony loves.

Flying Chips: When "Maverick's" **Jack Kelly** and his wife **May Wynn** part, they say "I love you." When they meet again, they greet each other with the same words. Kinda wonderful, isn't it? . . . The way to have a ball when visiting Hollywood is to look like a star. When blond lovelies **Dorothy Johnson** and **Betty Holland** arrived from Texas to spend a few days while husbands Kirk and Gage hunted tiger in India, tourists instantly fastened on them with "Aren't you **Eleanor Parker**?" "Aren't you **Deborah Kerr**?" or "Aren't you Mrs. **Kirk Douglas**?" Intrigued, the girls stayed on an extra week. . . . One Broadway show they really should run excursions to will be **Tony Perkins'** proposed play about his experiences as a babysitter in New York. "I worked at the job for a year and a half in order to earn money," Tony says, "and one time I even sat with a Great Dane dog." . . . When **Audie Murphy** was married to **Wanda Hendrix**, both were young, immature and unhappy. Yet Audie, who has grown since those bad days, was the first to reach out a helping hand to Wanda after her recent divorce from **Jim Stack**, actor Bob's brother. Heartsick, Wanda wept with gratitude as Audie told her, "Don't worry, I'll help you get started again." And he will. . . . After happily waving farewell to Fort Ord and the Army, **Ben Cooper's** back in Hollywood and his many friends couldn't be more pleased to see him once again. Do you remember Ben in "The Rose Tattoo"? I wonder what smart producer will be the first to sign him up again.

(continued)



Debbie thanks Dorothy Malone for "loan" of her Jacques.

glasses a must. Even young **David Ladd** is beaming like crazy.

That Happy Curtis Family: You can have your jamborees. I spent an afternoon playing peek-a-boo with two-year-old **Kelly Curtis**, who peeked in and out of the bedroom draperies at her mother and me, and I found it much more fun. **Janet Leigh**, Kelly's beautiful mother, invited me to inspect the new Curtis-Leigh manse and was I ever impressed by that large entrance hall! The den, living room, dining room, master bedroom and Tony's office suite are all on the first floor, all carpeted in white and furnished here and there with semi-modern pieces Tony and Janet selected themselves. Like most young couples,



All eyes were on Debbie at the Thalian Ball till the brothers Crosby went onstage spoofing "The Brothers Karamazov."

NOTHING DOES SO MUCH AS

Gayla®

HOLD·BOB®

BOBBY PINS

finest quality...inexpensive, too!



THEY SET WHILE YOU SLEEP

...no pressure to bear



HOLD WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT

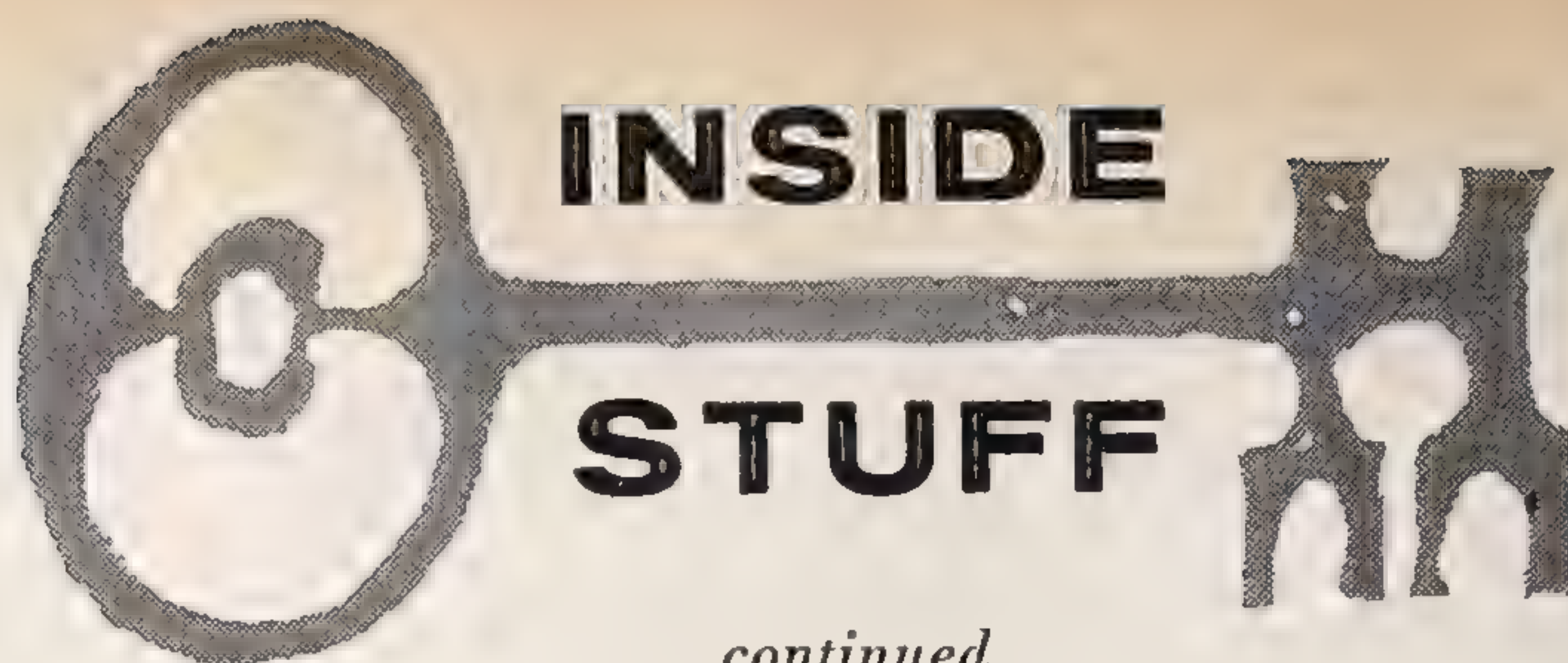
...no hardware to detract



HIDE WHILE YOU'RE OUT

because Gayla Bobby Pins are engineered with Flexi-Grip and gentle holding power... they're the world's largest selling.

**GAYLORD
PRODUCTS,
Incorporated
Chicago
©1958 G.P.I.**



continued

Cal York's Jottings:

They go, go, go! **Barry Coe** hied himself off to Oregon to meet **Judi Meredith's** family. . . . **Sheree North**, on a cloud anyway because of her marriage to **Dr. G. Summers**, decided to fly to New York for a honeymoon, 'cause that's where his family lives. . . . **Ingrid Bergman** married quietly, then honeymooned in Paris with **Lars Schmidt**. She was toting a Swedish passport, made possible for her once again by **King Gustav** himself. . . . The **Don De-fores** will make it five in April. . . . Wonder how many people recognized eighteen-year-old **Juliette Payne** as **John Payne's** daughter when she made her debut on TV recently? . . . **Jody McCrea**, who exits the Army in May, will start the career wheels turning before he marries **Jennifer**

Lea. . . . **Eddie Fisher** gained ten pounds. . . . **Mel Ferrer** predicts **Stephen Boyd** will be "Mister Actor in 1959." Do you agree? . . . **Lee Remick** expects her first child this month and doesn't care if it's a boy or girl, just as long as it's followed by three more. . . . Men don't like women who are too outspoken or argumentative, says **Roz Russell**, who learned this the hard way. . . . **Susan Kohner** and **John Saxon** like the same health food. And have you had a look at Susan's new short haircut? . . . A college injury, from the days when **Johnny Mathis** was a high jumper, will keep him out of the service. . . . **Phil Silvers**, who's making a career out of being TV's Army sergeant, became a daddy. . . . **Clint Walker** finally made up with his studio. . . . It's off betwixt **Lance Reventlow** and **Jill St. John**. . . . **Joan Collins** an intellectual, "but not a practicing one."



When Debbie gave a baby shower for Lita Calhoun, little Todd Fisher just couldn't be left at home. After all, it was Rory's wife who was hostess at the shower for Todd himself. Grandma Reynolds was along, too, but that didn't stop Todd's swaddling himself in ribbon.

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".



The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting



The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU
ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Journey

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ After going their separate ways too long, Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner of legendary "King and I" fame are reunited for this romantic drama in a modern setting. Deborah plays the sensitive, civilized lady again; Yul is the magnetic barbarian; and it's the Hungarian revolt that brings them together. With other travelers of many different nationalities, Deborah, an Englishwoman, is trying to get out of the country. Yul is a Soviet officer who stops their escape, because he suspects that one of them is really a Hungarian patriot, wounded in action. This mystery man is Deborah's lover, played by Jason Robards, Jr., an important new actor who has been rousing critics and playgoers with his powerful performances on Broadway. Deborah pretty nearly gets thrown into Yul's arms when the group of travelers takes a vote and asks her to soften him up. Her passion inspired by patriotism soon turns into the real thing, which just goes to show that Yul plus Deborah equals love in any language, be it Siamese or Hungarian. At times the deep tragedy of the Hungarian revolt may be glossed over with a bit too much melodrama, but generally this is an expert and entertaining film.

ADULT

Auntie Mame

WARNERS; TECHNICOLOR, TECHNIRAMA

✓✓✓✓ We've been hearing about Rosalind Russell's big stage hit, and here it is on film—every slap-happy, soft-hearted, delightfully funny moment of it. It's a fine homecoming for Roz (bottom, left). After all, she's one of Hollywood's own. It was in movies that she learned all her smart comedy tricks, and she wears her dazzling clothes with the same dash that fans remember. Because she is ours, I wish this looked a little more like a movie and a little less like a long series of scenes from a play. But each one of them gives Roz a chance to make you laugh—or choke up. She's a lovable eccentric, not exactly the motherly type. But when little Jan Handzlik, her orphaned nephew, is turned over to her care, she does her best to bring him up. By the time he reaches college age, the part is taken over by Roger Smith, a handsome newcomer you've seen on TV. It's hard to imagine what he sees in Joanna Barnes, a pretty but gawky debutante, especially when Pippa Scott (bottom, left, with Roz and Fred Clark), a nice, cheerful working girl, is around. But Roz takes a hand in the situation. You'll like Forrest Tucker, as the Southern gentleman who marries Roz, and you'll chuckle at Peggy Cass. She's the ugliest duckling you ever saw. Roz tries to turn her into a swan, but that only gets Peggy into trouble (the old-fashioned kind). For *Auntie Mame*, it's one hilarious fight after another, with money problems, snobs in the South, narrow-minded social climbers in the North. Through it all, Roz goes right on loving life and her fellow human beings.

FAMILY

The Doctor's Dilemma

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ While Photoplay's readers are applauding "Gigi," their Gold Medal picture for 1958, Leslie Caron comes back again as a charmer of half a century ago. She's costumed by the same talented designer, Cecil Beaton, but this time she's dressed in a casual, bohemian style, because she plays the model and wife of a young artist. Dirk Bogarde, England's most popular romantic idol, shows you the reasons for his high rating. As the artist, he's graceful, good-looking and very sharp with a sly line of dialogue. Leslie thinks her husband is an unrecognized genius. He is—but he's also a scoundrel, with absolutely no use for everyday morals. And he is dying of tuberculosis. When Leslie hears that John Robinson has invented a miracle cure, she appeals to him to make use of the new cure to save Dirk. A very successful doctor, John happens to be (*continued*)



"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

"I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better."



*A doctor's
notarized report
confirms the
weight loss of
Miss McElhone.*

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn't stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—inches disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

ELOISE McELHONE, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

**You pay nothing if you're
not satisfied with your
weight loss . . . as much
as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs.
the first week!**

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 *amazing ways* for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat the foods you like, *without* overeating.

2. They force you to lose weight *automatically* by removing excess "fluid weight".

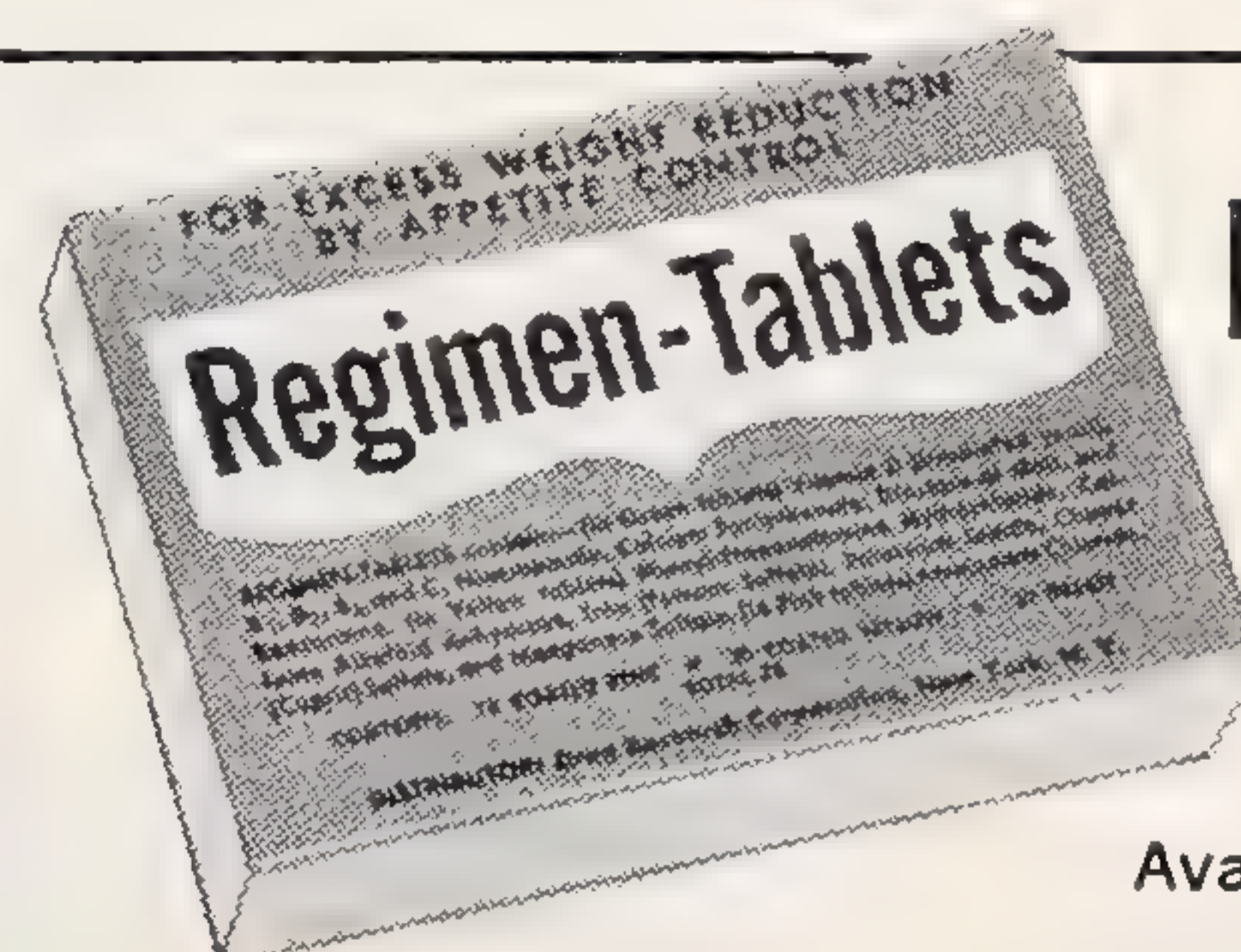
3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No super will power. YOU FEEL COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED

So start reducing the REGIMEN TABLET way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you *must* be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. REGIMEN TABLETS are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

CLINICAL TEST PROVES REGIMEN TABLETS FOR "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the SEVERE 1000-calorie diet group.* This is *clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can eat the foods you like and *still* lose weight!



Regimen Tablets

10-day supply, only \$3
20-day supply, only \$5
(You save \$1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.

Have Your Pie —Eat It, Too!



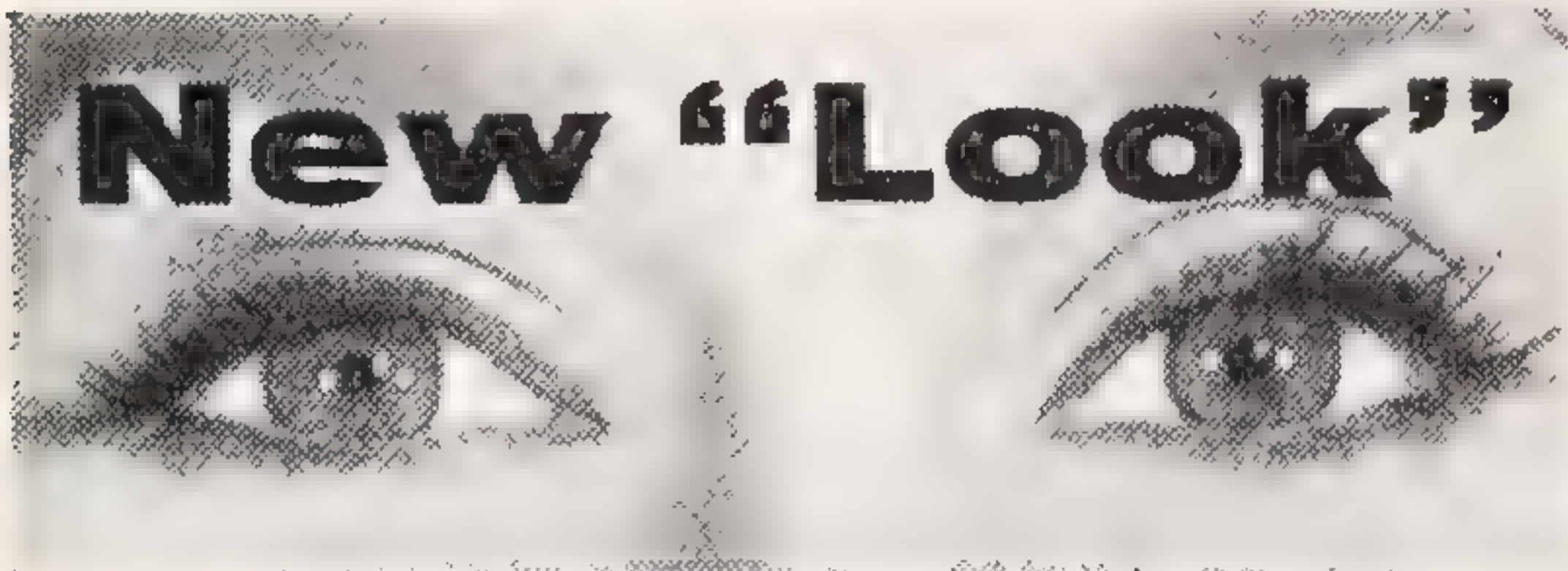
Enjoy sweets
in ANY form
—yet control
your weight!

Save Up To 121 Calories
in a piece of pie, for example, when
sweetened with PEARSON SAKRIN
LIQUID SWEETENER instead of sugar!

Nothing could be easier. You simply switch from sugar to PEARSON SAKRIN LIQUID SWEETENER to sweeten your coffee, tea, food, fruit, baking, etc. Your taste can't tell the difference—NO bitter after-taste as with so many sugar substitutes. Contains NO calories...NO sugar...NO salt...NO sodium...Absolutely non-fattening.

One tiny drop of PEARSON SAKRIN equals the sweetness of a whole teaspoon of sugar. Only 69¢. At Drug Stores and Supermarkets. Write for FREE Recipe Book P-3, Box 38D, Miami, Fla.

Pearson sakrin®
LIQUID SWEETENER



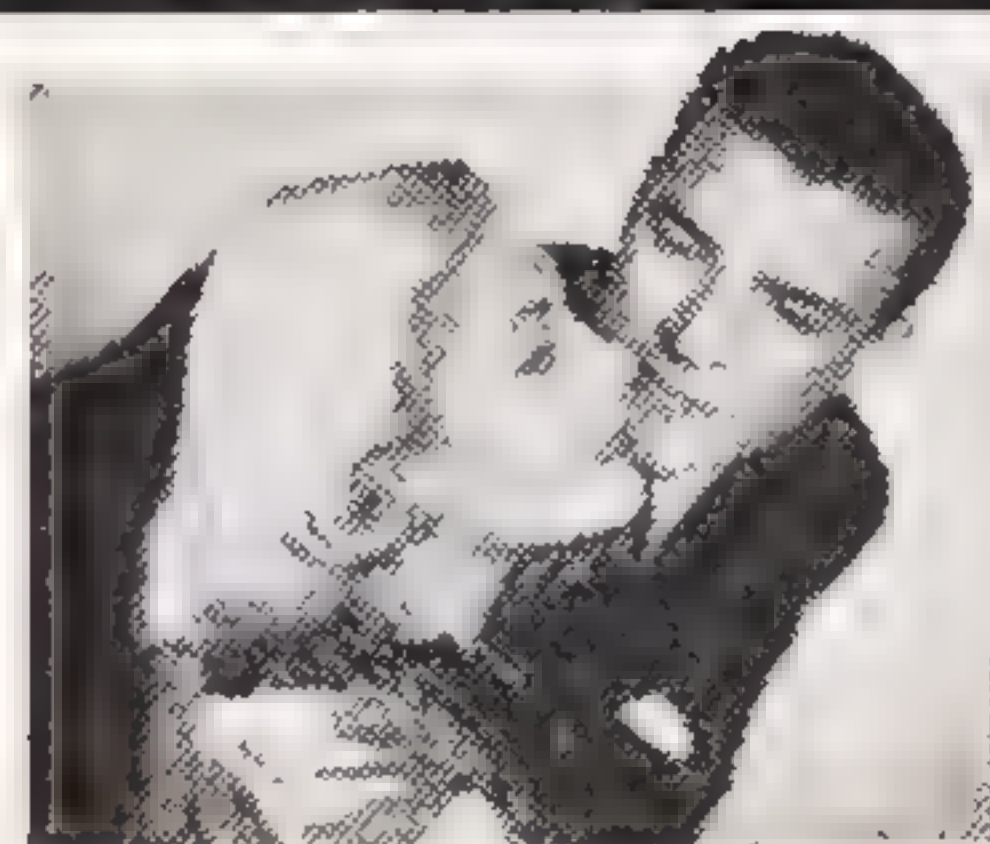
New "Look"

**Eyes Sparkling Bright
and Rested in SECONDS!**

Just two drops of safe EYE-GENE in your eyes—and presto!—gone is that tired, irritated look and feeling due to smoke, glare, dust, lack of sleep, TV, etc. Use every day. 75¢ and \$1.25 sizes in handy eye-dropper bottles.

Safe EYE-GENE®

Stops Bad Breath INTERNALLY!



**You Simply
Can't Offend**

No other method
dares make
this claim!

For quick, safe, sure, 'round-the-clock freedom from odors of strong food, alcoholic beverages, smoking, etc., take wonder-working, pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" Tablets containing the miracle extract, Daratol®.

"ENNDS" act internally where sprays, mouthwashes, toothpastes simply can't reach. Can't upset the stomach. Trial size at Drug counters only 54¢.

"ENNDS"®

MOVIES *continued*

a lonesome bachelor, much more interested in Leslie than he is in her rascal of a husband. So the doctor's in a dilemma! George Bernard Shaw, who wrote the play this picture is based on, is long on talk but the talk is bright and witty, and Leslie and Dirk (below, right) add the human warmth that Shaw sometimes left out. ADULT

Nine Lives

DEROCHEMONT

✓✓✓ It isn't often that movies give you a chance to share such a stirring true adventure as this. The Norwegians made it, as a tribute to one of their heroes of World War II, a freedom fighter who gave the Nazis the slip across miles of snow and ice and rugged mountains. But it's more than a thrilling chase story, more than a strong saga of patriotism. It's an unforgettable picture of courage and deep loyalty among all sorts of people. As the man on the run, Jack Fjeldstad is helped by a young farm couple, an old man, a group of husky teenaged boys, a tribe of Laplanders with their huge herds of reindeer. Fjeldstad's stubborn fight to live is played out against a breathtaking backdrop, beautifully photographed and sensitively acted, making this one of the year's memorable films.

FAMILY

He Who Must Die

KASSLER

✓✓✓ The beauty and the power of this French-made film make it worth going out of your way to see. Shot on the island of Crete, it's about Greek villagers there who plan a Passion Play, to show the last days of Christ. A young shepherd, unable to speak without stuttering, bullied by his boss, is cast as Jesus. There's no argument over who'll play Mary Magdalen; it will be an easygoing blond widow who follows the same profession. As these two and other villagers prepare for their sacred roles, their characters slowly begin to change, and it's this slow unfolding of new personalities out of the old that makes for the picture's special fascination. ADULT

Some Came Running

M-G-M; CINEMA-
SCOPE, METROCOLOR

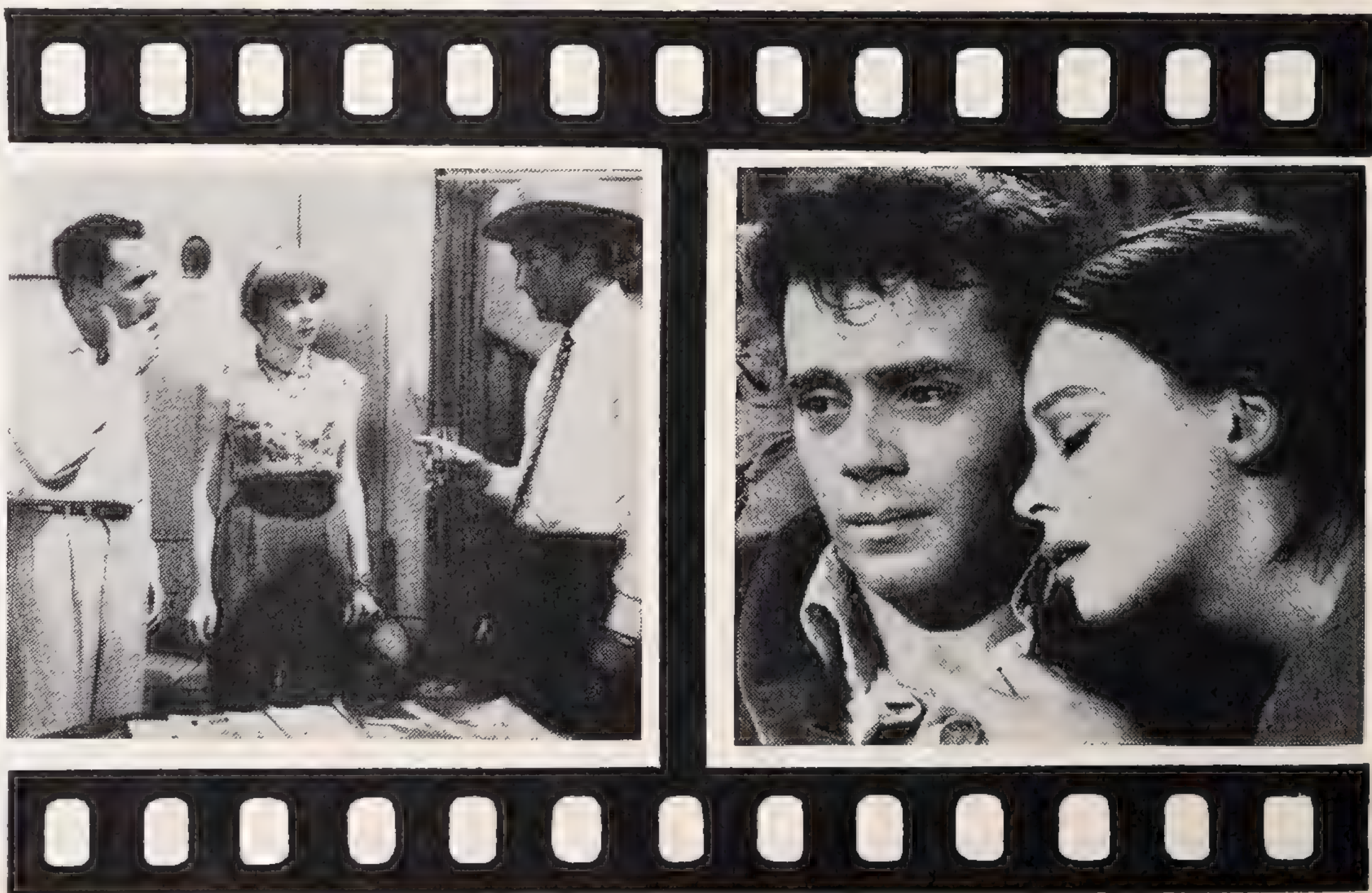
✓✓✓ By the same writer as "From Here to Eternity," this picture seems to have a message, but it takes a bit of unscrambling. It's not clear exactly why Frank Sinatra (below, left, with Shirley MacLaine and Dean Martin) is mad at everybody—he's a little too smooth for a "beat" type. He's just out of the regular Army—hated it. He's come back to his hometown—can't stand that, especially his well-to-do older brother (Arthur Kennedy). He used to write novels—got disgusted with literary people. He feels most at home with disreputable types like Dean Martin, who is relaxed and likable as a hard-drinking gambler, and Shirley MacLaine, who is both funny and pathetic as a flashy bad girl. But Frank gets twinges of respectability when he falls in love with Martha Hyer, a terribly nice girl. And he plays stern uncle when he finds his niece (Betty Lou Keim) off on a teenage toot. The acting is so honest that you feel close to these people and to all of their problems.

ADULT

The Buccaneer

PARAMOUNT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Who hasn't had a soft place in their heart for swashbuckling pirates ever since childhood days, wrapped up in "Treasure Island." And Yul Brynner—with a fine head of hair!—makes a magnificent buccaneer, as Jean Lafitte, the pirate who helped Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and the War of 1812. Playing Andy for the second time, Charlton Heston also can wear old-style costumes without looking foolish. Charles Boyer is debonair as ever, as Yul's second-in-command. Love interest? The picture has that, too, though Inger Stevens makes a pretty chilly heroine, as the governor's daughter, who isn't sure it's quite proper to love an outlaw. And Claire Bloom, the beautiful British actress, lops off her hair to play a rowdy pirate wench. (continued)



BEWARE! The shiny film your cleanser leaves contains dirt
...invites clogged pores...and blackheads!



BE SURE to use the cleansing lotion that deep-cleans
...moisturizes...then rinses off completely!

That greasy film your facial cleanser leaves on your face after tissing off invites trouble! It contains dirt and make-up...collects more grime...breeds bacteria!

Facial Bath created by Max Factor deep cleanses your pores...then rinses off completely with water — leaves no greasy after-film! Your skin is clean...clean...tingling clean! Refreshed and young looking! Facial Bath is enriched with precious moisturizers to soften your skin!



NEW *facial bath*
by **MAX FACTOR**



© 1959, MAX FACTOR & CO.



Olga

CORSETRY®

PADDED FRENCH SECRET, big photo, adds curves via soft-as-life stitched-in foam contours, feels like it belongs. Nylon lace 5.95. French Secret, top, molds a's fuller, c's firmer, molds b's to perfection via foam frames. Nylon lace 5.95. White and colors. For store name, free figure booklet write Olga, Dept. PH39, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Calif.

MOVIES *continued*

C. B. De Mille, who supervised the film, introduces it with a map and a pointer, and the atmosphere of the schoolroom lingers on. The ruffians aren't tough enough; the love scenes are lukewarm; the battles rarely hit a roaring climax. Anthony Quinn starts his directing career with this movie, but he forgot to bring along the terrific gusto and virility he shows as an actor.

FAMILY

Tonka

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Disney has been going to the history books for his stories, too; but most of the pictures he produces have a delightful freshness, as if the material had just been newly discovered. He has an eye for young players and knows how to present them. Here, Sal Mineo (below, right) comes across well as a young Indian brave. Maybe Sal doesn't look much like a Sioux, but he's a good enough actor to make you forget it. His co-star is *Tonka*, a splendid wild horse he captures, trains—and has to give up. The stallion eventually becomes a U.S. cavalry mount, owned by officer Philip Carey. All three—Sal, *Tonka* and Phil—are involved in the fight at the Little Big Horn. That's Custer's Last Stand, from a new angle—with Custer as a bad guy.

FAMILY

Lonelyhearts

U.A.

✓✓ When you read the advice column in your newspaper, have you ever wondered about the people who write these letters asking for help? What about the person who has to answer them? In this bitter drama, it's Montgomery Clift (below, left, with Dolores Hart). He doesn't want to be "Miss Lonelyhearts," but after the job is forced on him he finds his sympathy and curiosity aroused by the unhappy letters. Monty is well-cast as the idealistic writer but missing are the quick, sensitive reactions that used to make a Clift perform-

ance special. On the other hand, Robert Ryan seems much *too* convincing as the cynical editor, who tells Monty that people are all fakers. He's so whole-heartedly nasty that his last-minute conversion just doesn't ring true. The argument between the two men is the center of the story, but the actresses in the cast make the most of what they're given. Dolores Hart is Monty's sweetheart, fresh and appealing; Myrna Loy is Ryan's browbeaten wife; Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer.

ADULT

The Last Blitzkrieg

COLUMBIA

✓✓ In the tragic news stories about the Battle of the Bulge, the German's last big attack in World War II, one alarming sidelight stands out: Nazis in U. S. uniforms, speaking perfect American, were infiltrating our lines. Now a good, lively war thriller has been built on these true incidents, with Van Johnson as a German posing as an American, handsome Kerwin Mathews as an all-out Nazi, and Dick York as a genuine GI. But at the finish comes another of those sudden changes of heart (Van's this time), yet its abruptness doesn't spoil the effect of this adventure tale.

FAMILY

House on Haunted Hill

A.A.

✓✓ After all those creatures from outer space and mad scientists' laboratories, it's a pleasure to meet some plain old-fashioned ghosts. Vincent Price issues the invitation, as owner of the haunted house. He is reminiscent of an emcee on a late-late TV horror show, making fun of the movie while he asks us to shudder. Vincent and his wife (Carol Ohmart) offer a miscellaneous group of people \$10,000 apiece if they'll last out the night in the mansion where several gruesome murders took place. One objection: When ghosts are promised, let's have real ghosts; this it-was-all-a-trick stuff makes a body feel awfully let down.

FAMILY



Keepsake® DIAMOND RINGS



... for a Lifetime of Love

It's a great, wide wonderful whirl . . . with stars in their eyes . . . and love in their hearts for all the years to come. To symbolize this love, she wears diamond engagement and wedding rings by custom—Keepsake Diamond Rings by choice.

The choice is traditional, for Keepsake assures the finest forever—a *perfect* diamond. Only a gem of this flawless clarity, fine color and magnificent cut can reflect a diamond's full brilliance and beauty. This is the center diamond in *every* Keepsake engagement ring—your treasured symbol of love forever.

Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings are *not* sold by all jewelers—only by authorized Keepsake-Starfire Jewelers (*listed in the yellow pages*). Choose from many distinctively beautiful styles, each permanently registered and guaranteed for your protection. From \$100 to \$10,000.

Dating is really fun . . . when you know

THE ART OF DATING

by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. Regularly \$2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for only 50¢ at any Keepsake-Starfire Jeweler's store. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages of telephone book, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N.Y., for his name. *Do not send money please.*

Gown by Pandora



Rings from left to right: ~ JULIET Ring \$575. Also 500 to 2475. Wedding Ring 175 ~ CAMBRIDGE Ring \$500. Wedding Ring 125. ~ VISTA Ring \$250. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50. ~ OLYMPIC Ring \$150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-mark registered.

A. H. POND CO., INC.—PRODUCERS OF KEEPSAKE AND STARFIRE DIAMOND RINGS



BETTY RISSE, Senior, Princess Anne High, Norfolk, Va., says: "I was troubled and embarrassed by blemishes. I tried almost everything, without it making any real difference. Then, a girl friend told me about Clearasil. It worked wonderfully, and soon my skin was nice and smooth."

Betty Risser

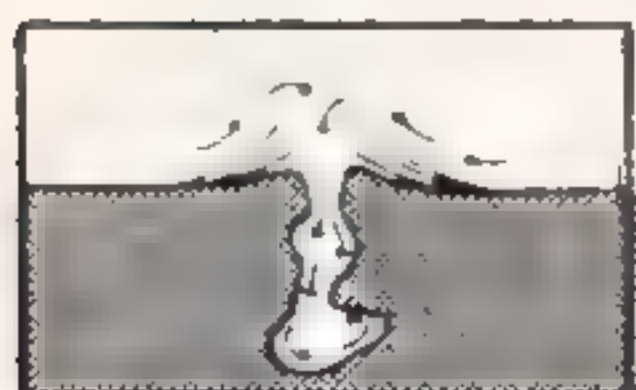
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

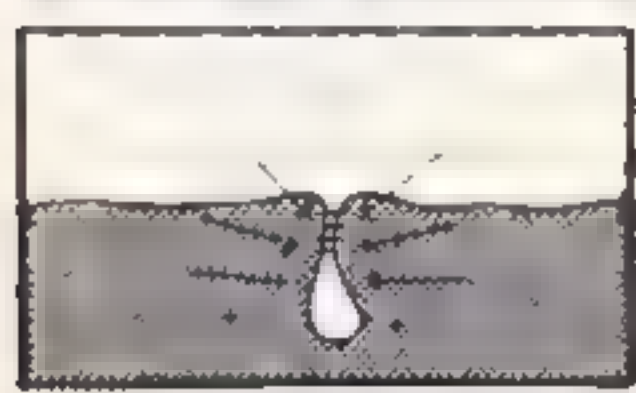
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. Penetrates pimples. 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



**LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS**

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Powerful but slow. (A) February

✓✓ BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Columbia, Technicolor: Hilarious in spots, but wavering from comedy to drama, a story of modern witchcraft puts Jimmy Stewart under Kim Novak's spell. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ GEISHA BOY, THE—Paramount: Jerry Lewis was never funnier! He's a butter-fingered, big-hearted magician on a Far East USO tour. Even Sessue Hayakawa turns comic. (F) February

✓✓✓ HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Superb work by Alec Guinness as an eccentric painter raising general havoc. Delightfully nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A.: The true story of a California woman executed for murder is hard to take but well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant portrait of moral abandon and heartbreak. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: An inspiring dramatic experience, crowned by Ingrid Bergman's performance as an English missionary to China. The late Robert Donat is magnificent. (F) January

✓✓✓ PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Winningly wacky. Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Paris fling, with Janet Leigh as a pretty but prissy WAC. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: All out for laughs! A new missile base and a jet-propelled siren create funny woes for suburban couple Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) December

✓✓ REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage romp goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. The recipe sounded yummy, but the cake sank. (F) February

✓ SENIOR PROM—Columbia: Watch newcomer Paul Hampton, rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer, romances Jill Corey in a campus musical. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) January

✓✓✓ SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Kenneth More is uproarious as an English tenderfoot in the wild West. Jayne Mansfield's role hampers her. (F) February

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

AUNTIE MAME—Warners. Directed by Morton DaCosta: *Auntie Mame*, Rosalind Russell; *Patrick Dennis*, Jan Handzlik (at ten), Roger Smith (grownup); *Vera Charles*, Coral Browne; *Ito*, Yuki Shimoda; *Acacius Page*, Henry Brandon; *Dwight Babcock*, Fred Clark; *Beauregard Burnside*, Forrest Tucker; *Agnes Gooch*, Peggy Cass; *Brian O'Bannion*, Robin Hughes; *Pegeen Ryan*, Pippa Scott; *Gloria Upson*, Joanna Barnes; *Lindsay Woolsey*, Patric Knowles; *Mr. Upson*, Willard Waterman; *Mrs. Upson*, Lee Patrick; *Nora Muldoon*, Connie Gilchrist; *Mrs. Burnside*, Carol Veazie; *Sally Cato*, Brook Byron.

BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount. Directed by Anthony Quinn: *Jean Lafitte*, Yul Brynner; *Gen. Andrew Jackson*, Charlton Heston; *Bonnie Brown*, Claire Bloom; *Dominique You*, Charles Boyer; *Annette Claiborne*, Inger Stevens; *Ezra Peavey*, Henry Hull; *Gov. Claiborne*, E. G. Marshall; *Mercier*, Lorne Greene; *Capt. Rumbo*, Ted de Corsia; *Collector*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Capt. Brown*, Robert F. Simon; *Scipio*, Sir Lancelot; *Cariba*, Fran Jeffries; *Deacon*, John Dierkes; *Young Sentry*, Ken Miller; *Pyke*, George Mathews.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Asquith: *Mrs. Dubedat*, Leslie Caron; *Louis Dubedat*, Dirk Bogarde; *Cutler Walpole*, Alastair Sim; *Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonington*, Robert Morley; *Sir Colenso Ridgdon*, John Robinson; *Sir Patrick Cullen*, Felix Aylmer; *Dr. Blenkinsop*, Michael Gwynn; *Emmy*, Maureen Delany; *Minnie*, Gwenda Ewen.

HE WHO MUST DIE—Kassler. Directed by Jules Dassin: *Pope Fotis*, Jean Servais; *Lukas*, Carl Mohner; *Agha*, Gregoire Aslan; *Patriarcheas*, Gert Froebe; *Hadji Nikolos*, Teddy Bilis; *Yannakos*, Rene Lefevre; *Kostandis*, Lucien Raimbourg; *Katerina*, Melina Mercouri; *Pannayotaras*, Roger Hanin; *Manolios*, Pierre Van- eck; *Ladas*, Dimos Starenios; *Mariori*, Nicole Berger; *Michelis*, Maurice Ronet; *Pope Grigoris*, Fernand Ledoux.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL—A.A. Directed by William Castle: *Frederick Loren*, Vincent Price; *Annabelle Loren*, Carol Ohmart; *Lance Schroeder*, Richard Long; *Dr. David Trent*, Alan Marshall; *Nora Manning*, Carolyn Craig; *Watson Pritchard*, Elisha Cook; *Ruth Bridgers*, Julie Mitchum; *Mrs. Slykes*, Leona Anderson; *Jonas*, Howard Hoffman.

I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE—NTA. Directed by John Guillermin: *M. E. Clifton James*, Himself; *Maj. Harvey*, John Mills; *Col. Logan*, Cecil Parker; *Col. Matthers*, Patrick Allen; *Col. Dawson*, Patrick Holt; *Maj. Tennant*, Leslie Phillips; *Governor*, Michael Hordern; *Neilson*, Marius Goring; *Hester*, Barbara Hicks; *Wing Com. Bates*, Duncan Lamont; *Sgt. Adams*, James Hayter.

JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anatole Litvak: *Diana Ashmore*, Deborah Kerr; *Maj. Surov*, Yul Brynner; *Paul Kedes*, Jason Roberts, Jr.; *Hugh Deverill*, Robert Morley; *Harold Rhineland*, E. G. Marshall; *Margie Rhineland*, Anne Jackson; *Billy*, Ronny Howard; *Flip*, Flip Mark; *Csepege*, Kurt Kasznar; *Simon Avron*, David Kossoff; *Teklel Hafouli*, Gerard Oury; *Françoise Hafouli*, Marie Daems; *Eva* (Freedom Fighter), Anouk Aimee; *Borbala*, Barbara von Nady.

LAST BLITZKRIEG, THE—Columbia. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss: *Richardson*, Van Johnson; *Wilitz*, Kerwin Mathews; *Sgt. Ludwig*, Dick York; *Ennis*, Larry Storch; *Monique*, Lise Bourdin.

LONELYHEARTS—U.A. Directed by Vincent J. Donohue: *Adam White*, Montgomery Clift; *William Shrike*, Robert Ryan; *Florence Shrike*, Myrna Loy; *Justy Sargent*, Dolores Hart; *Fay Doyle*, Maureen Stapleton; *Pat Doyle*, Frank Maxwell; *Gates*, Jackie Coogan; *Goldsmith*, Mike Kellin; *Mr. Sargent*, Frank Overton; *Older Brother*, Don Washbrook; *Younger Brother*, John Washbrook; *Mr. Lassiter*, Onslow Stevens; *Edna*, Mary Alan Hokanson; *Bartender*, John Gallaudet; *Jerry*, Lee Zimmer.

NINE LIVES—deRochemont. Directed by Arne Skouen: *Jan Baalsrud*, Jack Fjeldstad; *Agnes*, Henry Moan; *Martin*, Alf Malland; *Grandfather*, J. Holst-Jensen; *Midwife*, Lydia Opoien; *Teacher*, Edvard Drablos; *Shoemaker*, Sverre Hansen.

SOME CAME RUNNING—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: *Dave Hirsh*, Frank Sinatra; *Bama Dillert*, Dean Martin; *Ginny Moorhead*, Shirley MacLaine; *Gwen French*, Martha Hyer; *Frank Hirsh*, Arthur Kennedy; *Agnes Hirsh*, Leora Dana; *Dawn Hirsh*, Betty Lou Keim; *Edith Barclay*, Nancy Gates; *Prof. French*, Larry Gates; *Raymond Lanchak*, Steven Peck; *Jane Barclay*, Connie Gilchrist.

TONKA—Buena Vista. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *White Bull*, Sal Mineo; *Capt. Keogh*, Philip Carey; *Lt. Nowlan*, Jerome Courtland; *Strong Bear*, Rafael Campos; *Yellow Bull*, H. M. Wynant; *Prairie Flower*, Joy Page; *Gen Custer*, Britt Lomond; *Capt. Benteen*, Herbert Rudley.

NOW! Another beauty "plus" from LANOLIN PLUS!

New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!



GUARANTEED
Long-Lasting Results...

**even with children's
soft, fine hair**

**...or your
money back**

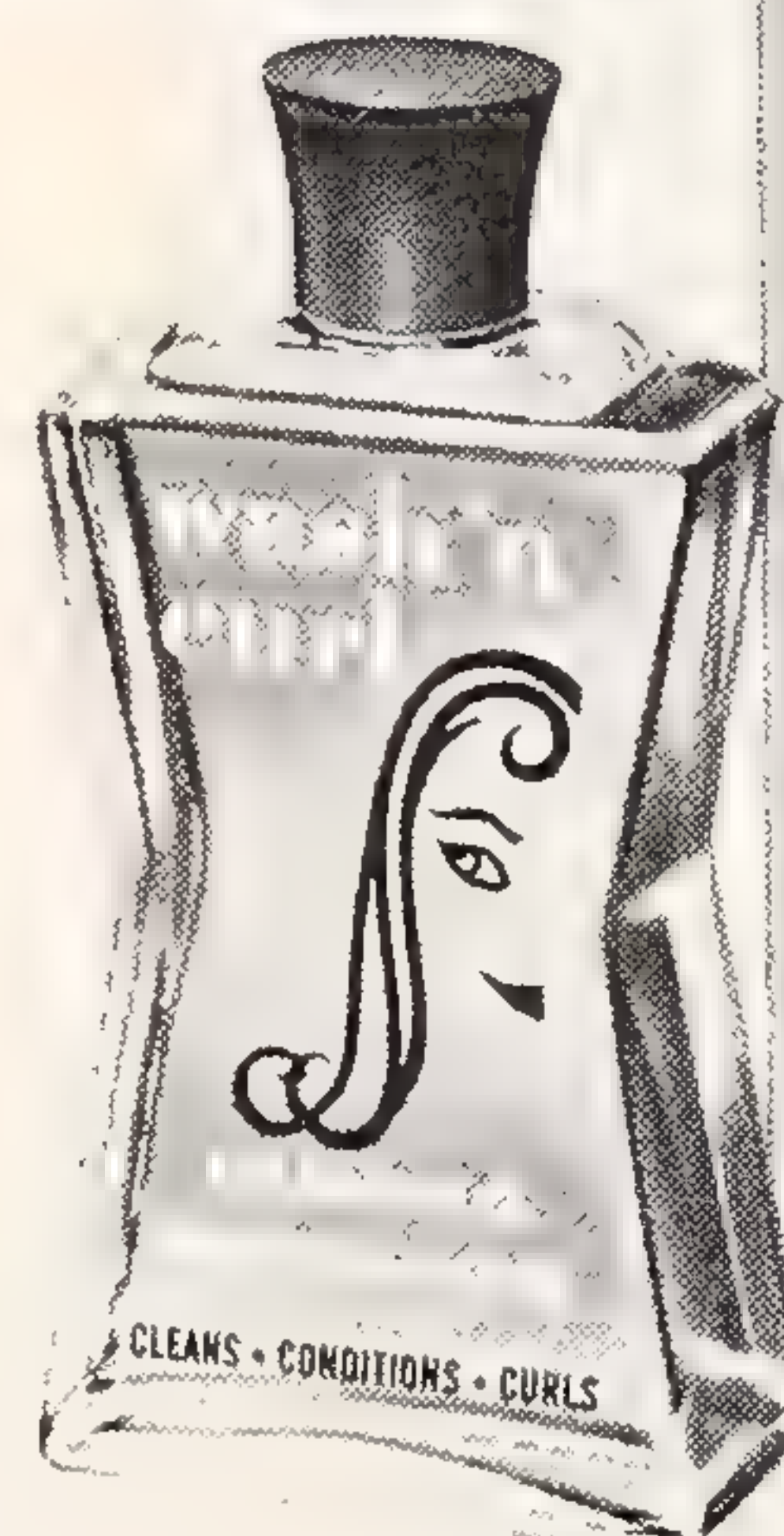
New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You *can* have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves *today!* Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don't bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!



Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

\$1.50
+ TAX

*on sale at cosmetic
counters everywhere*

No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over

NEW

wash 'n curl

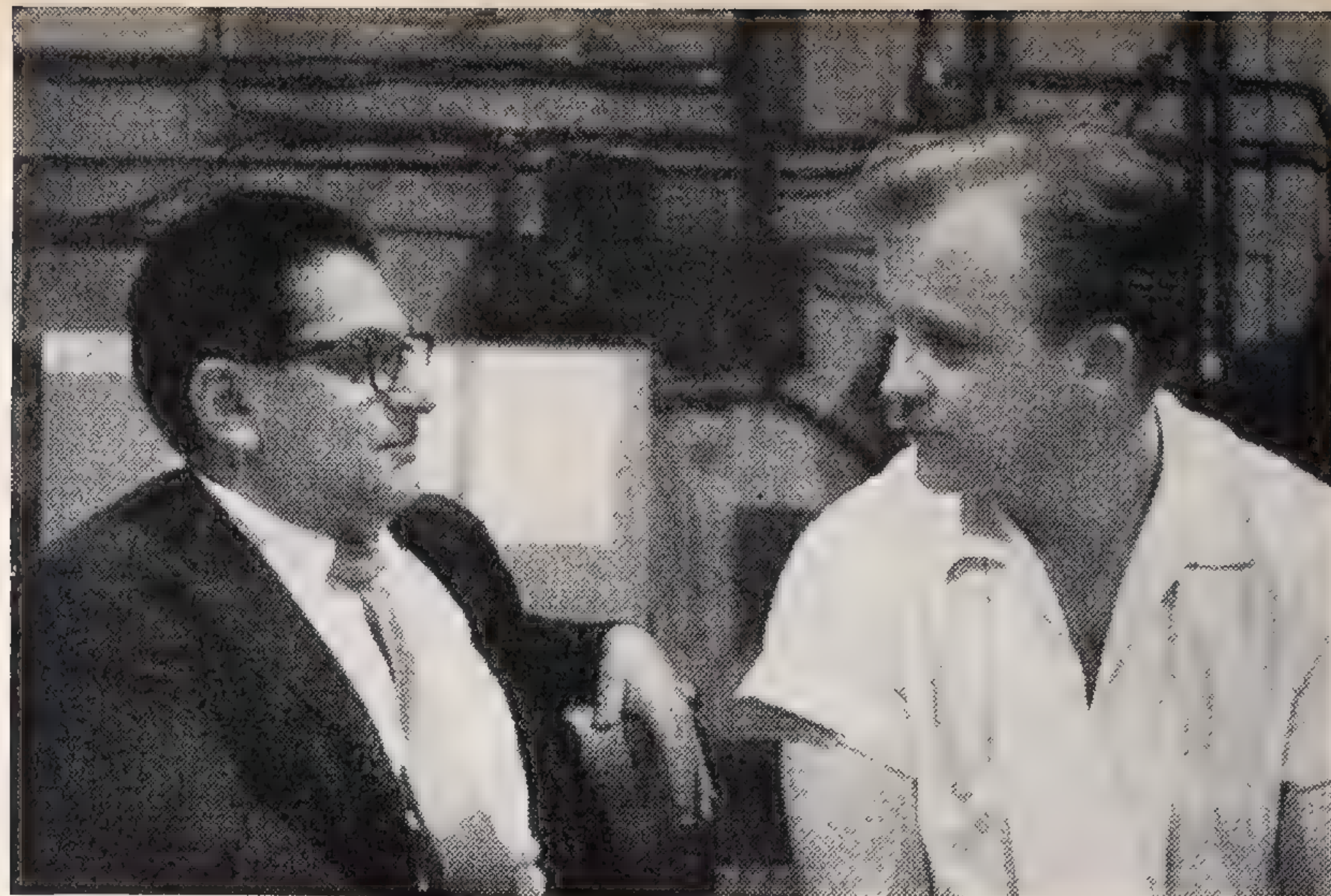
TRADEMARK

WAVING SHAMPOO

*by Lanolin
Plus*

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



If you ask me, Gary looks as promising as Bing did.



Wonder if Kim looks glamorous and smiling when she wakes up?

I'M certain if Elvis Presley had used a hula hoop when he sang and wiggled, there wouldn't have been objections. . . . Brigitte Bardot hasn't been labelled like "the vamp," "the It girl" or "oomph," because she is plain sex. . . . It seems every actor is trying to be another Marlon Brando. I wish Brando would. . . . I think Gary Crosby shows as much promise as Bing did when he was that age. Promises—always promises. . . . The mention of Charlie Chaplin always recalls my childhood to me. . . . All people are either guests or hosts, but Zsa Zsa Gabor tries to be both. And sometimes at the same time. . . . Evelyn Rudie should run some of Shirley Temple's old movies. . . . I wish those comedians Steve Allen, Ernie Kovacs, etc. would stop writing articles explaining humor and how to be funny and be funny. . . . I have a yen to see Kim Novak when she wakes up in the morning. I mean I'd like to know her disposition and how she looks without the Max Factor. . . .

I think Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood are having fun play-acting like movie stars. . . . I always stop and talk with Robert Taylor and Charlton Heston, two nice fellows. But after we say "Hello" and "What's new," we haven't a thing to say to each other. . . . I wonder if Sandra Dee will grow up to be Debbie Reynolds. . . . I always believed that Elizabeth Taylor would (Continued on page 32)



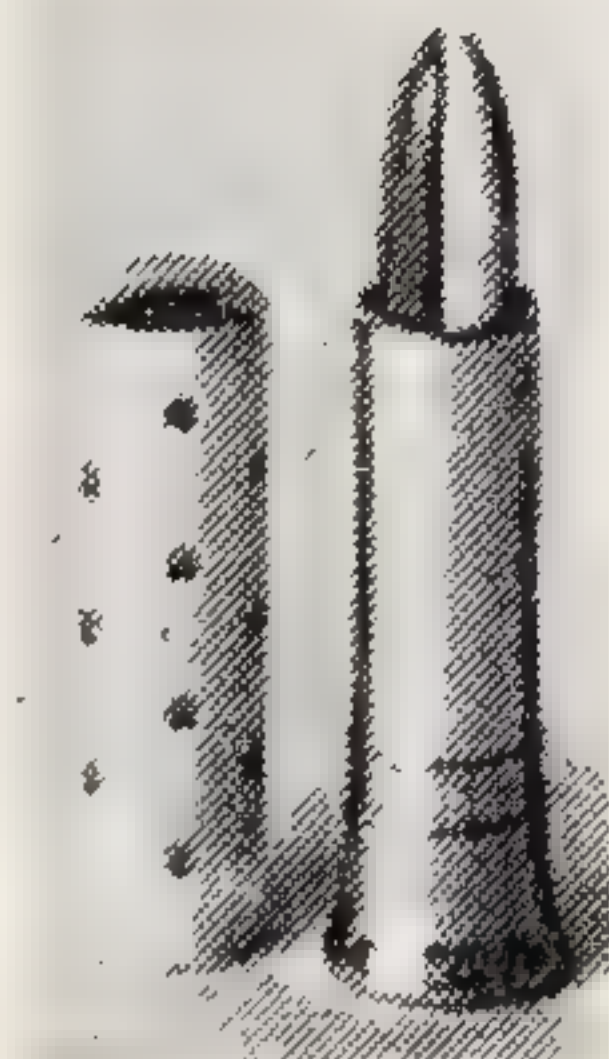
Don't get me wrong, but three reasons why I love Hollywood are Bob Hope, Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster.

becoming attractions

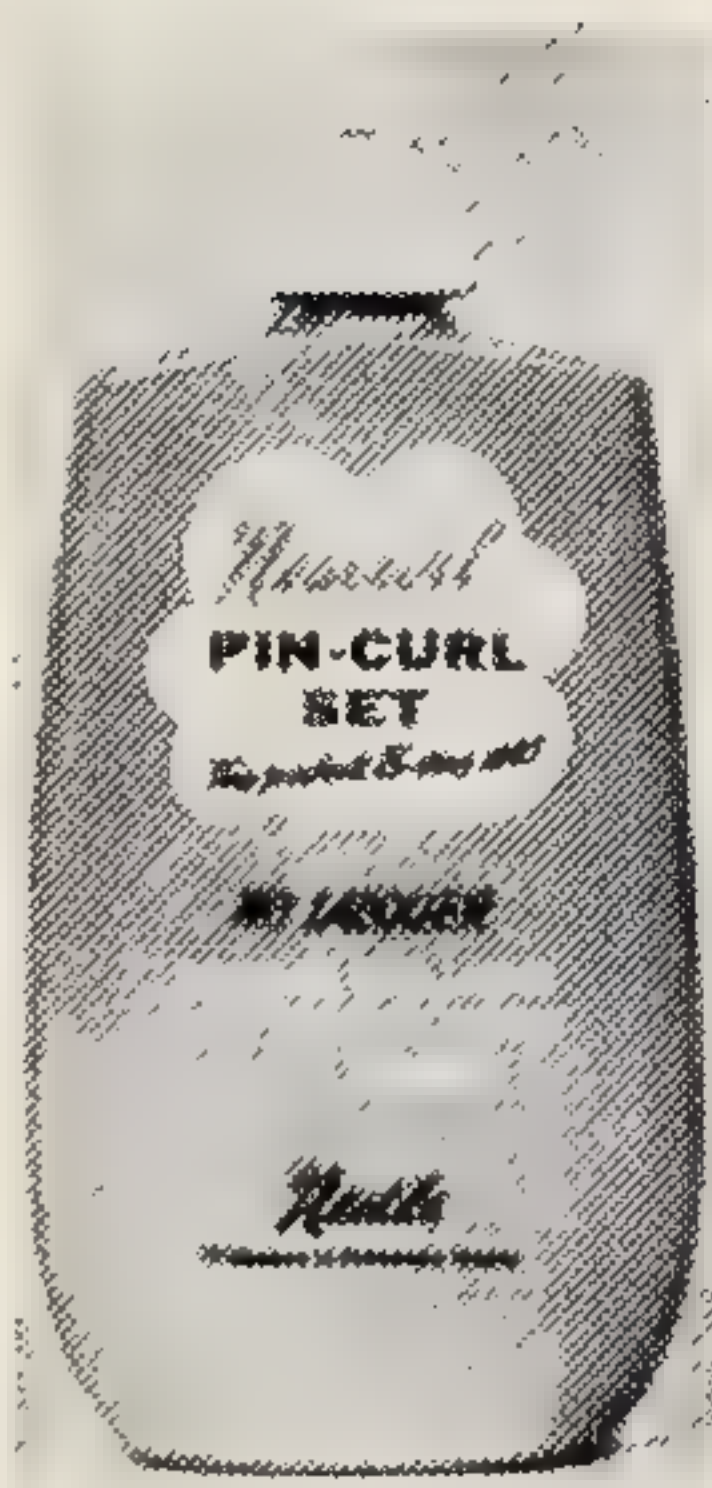
A



B



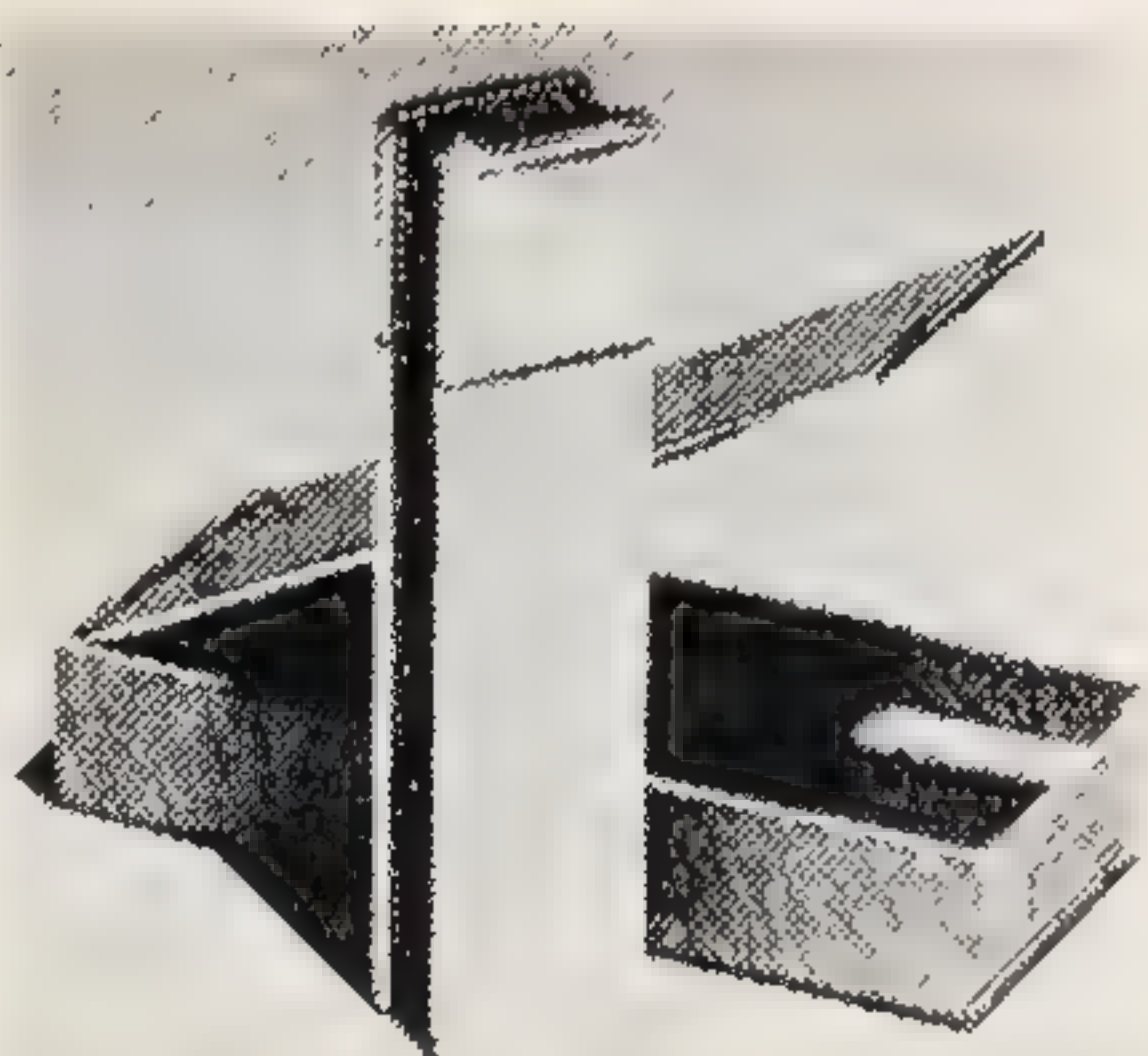
C



D



E



A. Lady Sunbeam controlled heat electric hair dryer now comes with new larger size adjustable cap in flower pattern. Choice of pink, blue, turquoise.

B. Ronné de Paris Twinstick features two lipstick shades in same tube, white plus a regular color. The white may be worn either as base or frosting. \$1.75*

C. For pin-up girls: Nescurl hair set by Nestle, designed to give firm, long-lasting curls, cut down on between shampoo settings. In plastic bottle, 79¢*

D. Good way to come clean: Clearasil soap for complexion and bath is formulated to reduce excessive oiliness and remove blemish-causing bacteria. 35¢

E. Fabergé's jewel-like golden purse perfumer comes with 2 drams of "Aphrodisia," "Woodhue," "Tigress," "Act IV" or "Flambeau." Refillable. \$5.50*

* plus tax

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

mad about this
new jewelry fad!

CORO

JANGLE BANGLES

JINGLE RINGS



JANGLE BANGLES \$2 each

JINGLE RINGS at \$1 and \$2 plus tax

Great news in fashion—great news in fun! Match the charms to your mood. Dreamy wishbones, cute cupids, golden hearts, pearly four-leaf clovers, and so many more—they all tinkle, twinkle and glow from new bangle bracelets and jingle rings. What a pretty sight . . . what a pretty sound! Everybody's in a tingle over them! Hurry to your favorite store for yours!



HOLLYWOOD

continued



Steve makes Van Cliburn—and me—laugh. But must he explain how?

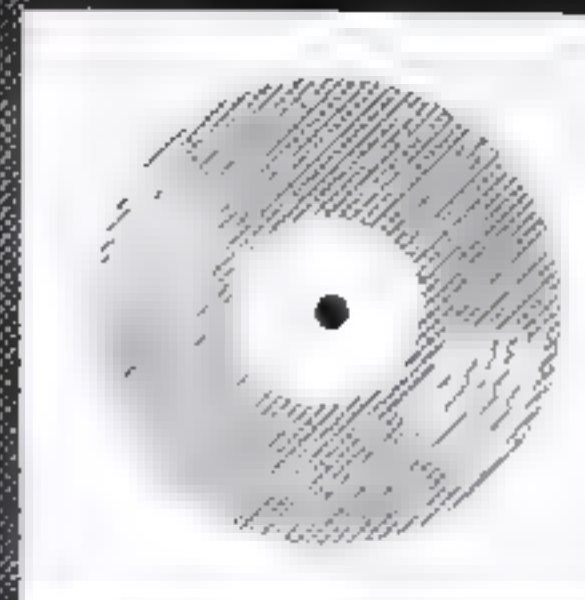
grow up to be another Hedy LaMarr. . . . Katharine Hepburn didn't win as many Academy Awards as she deserved. . . . I never see Ava Gardner in a movie that I don't want to rush backstage and visit her in her dressing room. Which is impossible of course. . . . I wish Kim Stanley and Judy Holliday would hurry and make another movie. And that someone would find a way to use Mike Nichols and Elaine May properly in a picture. . . . Fred Astaire trains for a dance like a boxer.

Bette Davis now gives the best impersonation of Bette Davis. . . . I think the best of the new light comedians is James ("Maverick") Garner, if they only gave him a comedy. Jim has the makings of the new Cary Grant. . . . I admire Rock Hudson because he keeps improving.

I saw Robert Mitchum on Wilshire Blvd. with his eyes wide open. He was incognito. . . . I'm of the opinion that Nick Adams can't believe he's as good as he says he is. . . . Doris Day's description of herself: I'm a girl who looks as if she stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry to get here." . . . Liz Taylor discussing why she has so few acquaintances these days, said, "I don't like friends—they're my worst enemies." That's Hollywood For You!



Bob Wagner and Nat Wood, here with Dennis Hopper, like being stars.

*M*

new

SWEET MUSIC*

by
maidenform*

I dreamed
I set
a record
in my

maidenform bra*

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...*new* Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special "lifts" in the under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band *under* the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll *love* the difference Sweet Music makes! 2.50 *And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16 N. Y.



Look for
this package
everywhere.

P

MAX FACTOR

is sweeping the country with

Hi-Society



It's a tiny case...



with a mirror...
and a lipstick...

all in one!

Together at last, in a tiny refillable oval case...the mirror *and* lipstick you used to search for in the depths of your purse! No wonder 'Hi-Society' is sweeping the country! It's a brand new idea in lipstick fashion — another Max Factor first! Your dainty 'Hi-Society' case holds your favorite shade of new creamy-moist 'Hi-Society' Lipstick...the high sheen for your lips so fashionable now. Cases with lipstick, from 1.50*. Lipstick refills, 1.00*

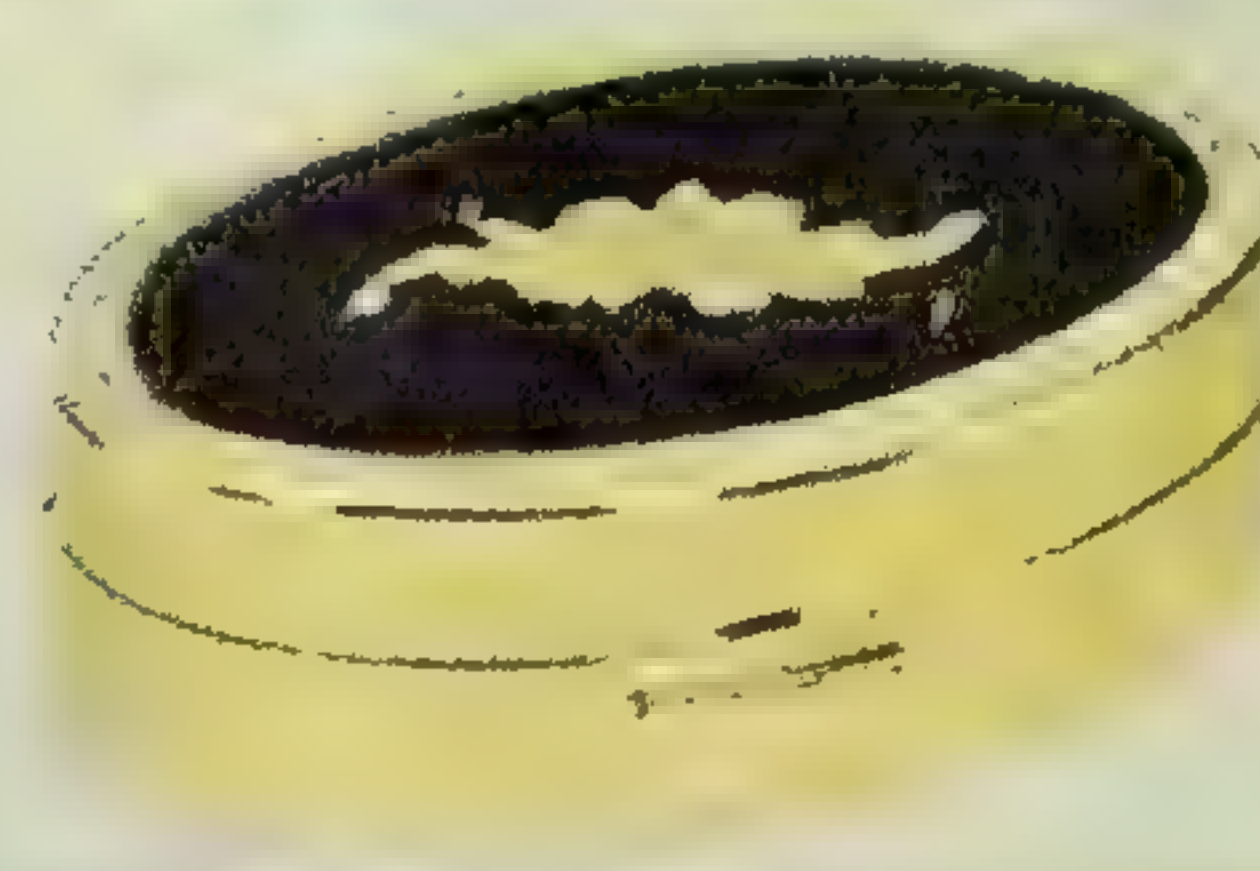


MAX FACTOR...*Master of Make-Up Artistry for 50 Years*



DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS

©1959, MAX FACTOR & COMPANY



Lustrous Mother-of-Pearl design in 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case...so very elegant...complete with lipstick refill **4.50***

As you like! Chic Tortoise-tone or rich Ebony-tone 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case...complete with lipstick refill **1.50***

Black & Golden enameled finish 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case — complete with handy, easy-to-change lipstick refill **3.50***

Gleaming Golden Finish, in the Golden Swirl or Golden Floral design. Case...complete with lipstick refill **2.50***



**YOUR
1958-1959
PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL
AWARD
PORTFOLIO**

the most popular stars of the year:



DEBBIE

DEBBIE REYNOLDS AND TONY CURTIS



TONY



See your Gold Medal winners
on "The Steve Allen Show," from
Hollywood, on February 15th,
at 8 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV

SANDRA DEE

Of all new actresses, U-I's Sandra shows the most promise, say your votes. Sixteen, once a model, she impressed you in "The Reluctant Debutante" and "The Restless Years," is now in "Stranger in My Arms."

the outstanding



the most popular
motion picture of the year

"GIGI"

M-G-M's enchanting musical, loaded with love, life and beauty, cast a spell over moviegoers. Louis Jourdan, Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold helped make this your favorite 1958 film.

newcomers of the year



EDWARD BYRNES

This New Yorker's determination took him through summer stock and TV to a Warner contract. Twenty-five, Edd was in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Life Begins at 17."

We couldn't believe! We had a tie: David Nelson and Edd Byrnes tied for top honors, and so this year we make a dual award. Twenty-two, Dave scored with you in 20th's "Peyton Place."

DAVID NELSON



special awards



LADD

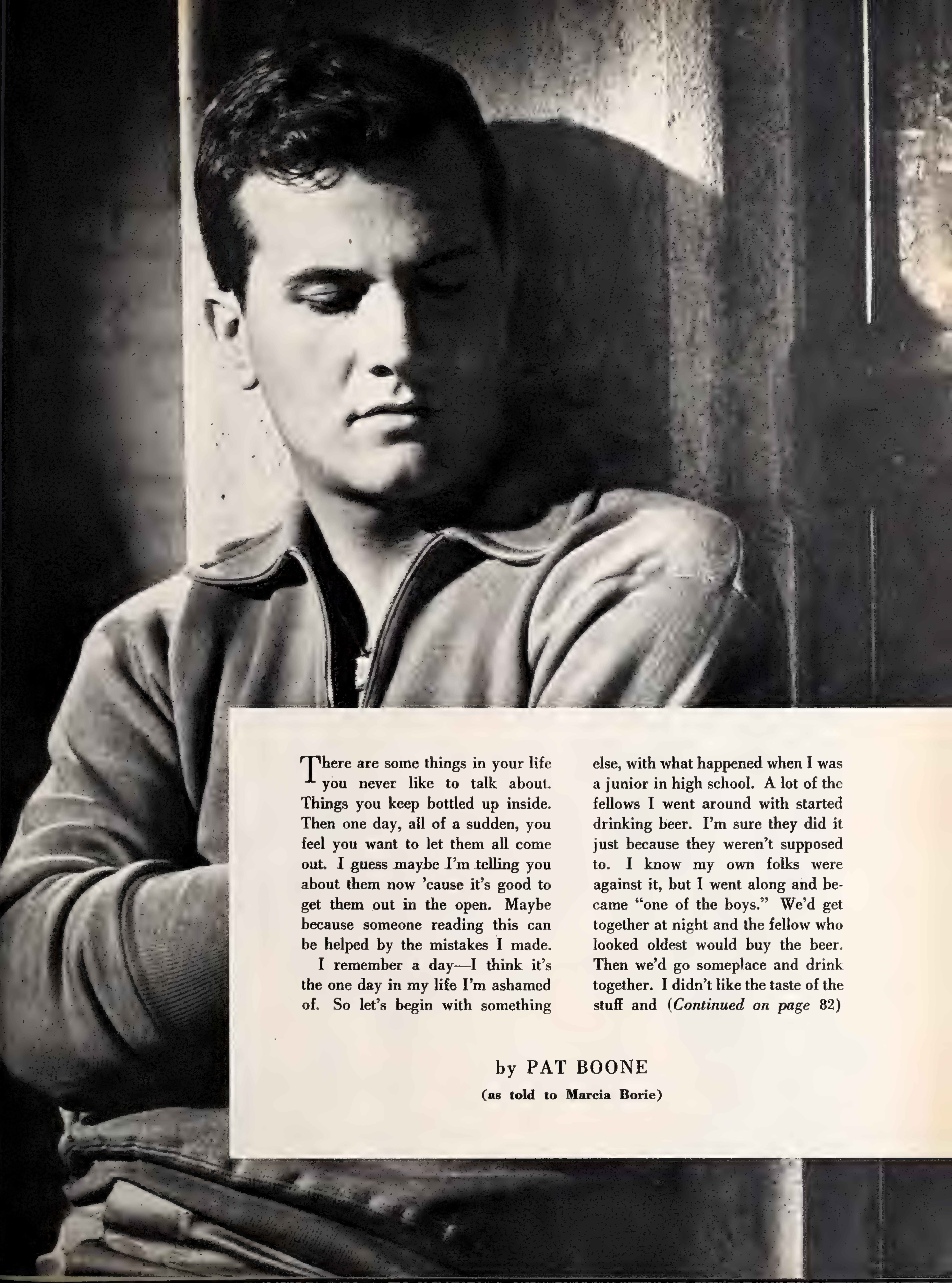
Before he'd turned twelve, David Ladd gave his dad sharp competition in "Proud Rebel," got your many votes as 1958's youngest hit.

CHEVALIER

Now a debonair seventy, Maurice Chevalier made his first U. S. film thirty years ago. You voted him the year's best foreign star.



THE ONE
DAY IN MY
LIFE I'M
ASHAMED
OF...



There are some things in your life you never like to talk about. Things you keep bottled up inside. Then one day, all of a sudden, you feel you want to let them all come out. I guess maybe I'm telling you about them now 'cause it's good to get them out in the open. Maybe because someone reading this can be helped by the mistakes I made.

I remember a day—I think it's the one day in my life I'm ashamed of. So let's begin with something

else, with what happened when I was a junior in high school. A lot of the fellows I went around with started drinking beer. I'm sure they did it just because they weren't supposed to. I know my own folks were against it, but I went along and became "one of the boys." We'd get together at night and the fellow who looked oldest would buy the beer. Then we'd go someplace and drink together. I didn't like the taste of the stuff and (*Continued on page 82*)

by PAT BOONE

(as told to Marcia Borie)

DICK CLARK

In this month's column, let's talk about



the **10**
most sure-fire ways
to lose a
VALENTINE



1

Before I tell you what brought all this on, let's start with some for-examples. I've seen this one happen lots of times on "American Bandstand" and I'll bet you have, too. A fellow walks over and asks a strange girl to dance. They step out on the floor, sweep into the dance steps and then all of a sudden she starts nodding and waving and saying "hello" to every other person there. When the dance is over, he ambles back to rejoin his gang and she stands there wondering why he isn't interested in her. It's simple: He thinks she isn't interested in him. If a fellow gets up the ambition or the courage to ask a gal for a dance or a date, you can't blame him if he expects her to pay him attention—at least for the duration.

3

Here's another. "He" arrives, is greeted by Mom or Pop, introduced to the rest of the family, then hears a voice floating down the stairs. "Oh, is Tommy here already? I'd better hurry." Well, along about that time, hurrying isn't going to do much good. It's later than you think. One that really got me one time back in high school is this: "He" arrives and *you* welcome him at the door, then announce, "I just got back from Carol's house, but it won't take me more than a few minutes to get ready." He fidgets for a half-hour, tries to make conversation with your folks, decides he was a goon to knock himself out getting all rigged up on time. He wishes he'd dated Carol—and probably will next time.

2

Does this sound familiar? He'll say, "Let's go to see Pat Boone in 'Mardi Gras.'" You smile and reply. "I've seen it." "Then we could . . ." "I've seen it." "Well, how about . . ." "Oh, I don't want to do that . . . or that . . . or that." Let ol' Dick give you a bit of advice. If you've seen the first movie he suggests, then tell him what you would like to see. He'll be glad to go along with your suggestion, because for all you know he might have seen the first movie, too, with another date. The point he wants to make is that he will do his best to entertain you, and he's just named one place to show you his idea of how best to do it. Your showing an interest by helping him arrive at an alternate idea tells him you're agreeable.

4

The one that always used to shake me up the most, though, was the date who couldn't wait to get to the corner soda shop to let everyone know that *she* had a date! I know you've been a witness to this one, too. The door bursts open and there they are, the two of them—framed in the spotlight with everyone taking notes. Girls, this is the time when the evening can start going downhill, but fast, if you proceed to go about it this way: Instead of going along to join a few friends at the fountain or in a booth, start by saying "hello" to the gang in the first booth, then have a gabfest with the girls in the second one, spin around and work through the first three or four friends (*Continued on page 84*)

...and if you're
looking for a valentine
turn the page



MARK DAMON

**"I've got no
Valentine."**



PAT WAYNE

**"Would I fit
into your wallet?"**



SAL MINEO

**"How nice
to have tea
for two."**



ROCK HUDSON

**"I'm dreaming . . .
want to be
my Valentine?"**



NICK ADAMS

**"Hmm, could
she see anything
in me?"**



GEORGE NADER

**"I'm alone—
are you?"**



by GEORGE CHRISTY

the day **JOHNNY SAXON** *cried*

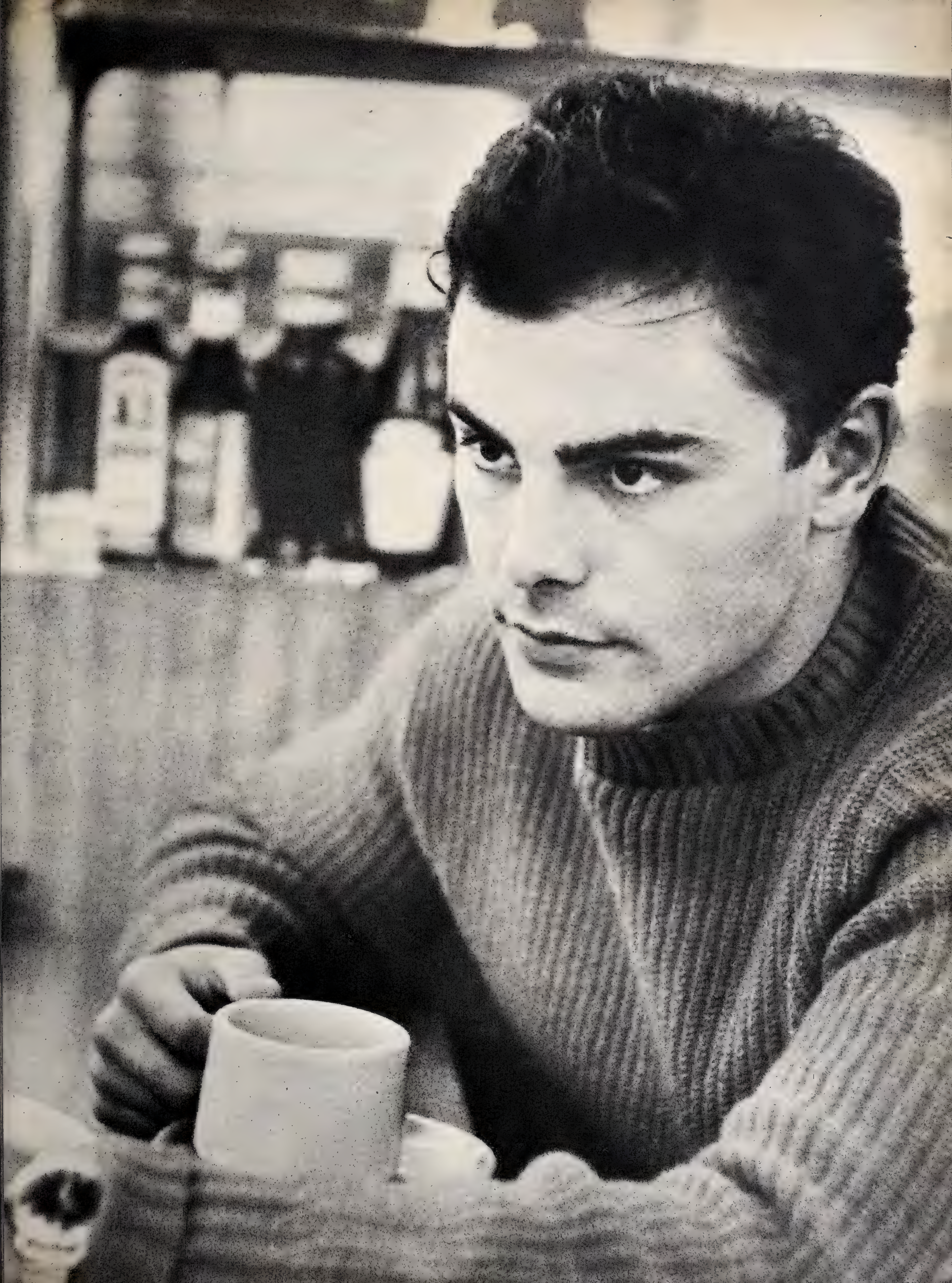
Only the two of them were in the white hospital room. The eighty-two-year-old man with the snow-white hair and the thin, drawn face lay back on the white pillowcase. His deeply-set brown eyes stared at his grandson glassily. Falteringly, in a hesitant mixture of Italian and English, the boy was saying . . .

"Grandpa," his voice was soft, broken by tears, "Grandpa, do you understand what I've been telling you? I want you to know . . ."

Johnny Saxon didn't finish the sentence. His grandfather was not listening, a serene expression passed over his face in spite of the short, huffy and uncomfortable gasps in his breath. Leaning over, Johnny clasped his grandfather's hard, wrinkled hand in his.

"Grandpa," Johnny asked, calling the old man as he used to as a boy. "Tell me, look at me . . . let me know you understand."

His grandfather lay still. The *(Continued on page 86)*



by BOBBY PRENSKY (5 years old)

JOANNE WOODWARD'S

MY BABY-SITTER

(she's learning to be a mother)





Some baby-sitters are real dopey—you know, the kind who bring their own mushy stories and never play. But my nicest was one called Joanne Woodward. She was kind of old—20, maybe—but very pretty. The day she came to our house I didn't want to take a nap (I never do) so she ran into the bedroom and came back with a scarf and an old baby

blanket. "One day little Red Riding Hood went into the forest . . ." she began and pulled the scarf over her head and tiptoed like it was a forest she was new in. When she was being the wolf trying to gobble up Red Riding Hood, we got all tangled in the blanket and ended hitting each other with pillows. I made her tell another about a prince, "Whose initials are P. N. for Paul Newman but my friends," she said, "call him Paul for short. He grew up to be a movie star and marry me and now we're expecting a little Paul." Then she leaned over and kissed me. When I woke up, she'd gone.



She played all the parts—even jumped around the couch growling. I liked her best as the wolf with a comb for a moustache.



JERRY LEWIS:

*nurse,
the mercury
in this thermometer
tastes awful*

"Jerry Lewis In Hospital" . . . "Heart Attack For Comic" . . . These were the newspaper stories. The rumors were even more dire. You were worried and wrote us. Now, here is the truth, as we uncovered it, on what really happened during Jerry Lewis' ten days in the hospital.—THE EDITORS

On October 30, 1958, at 3:32 in the morning, Jerry Lewis sat bolt upright in bed and screamed. His wife Patti snapped on the lamp on the

night-table and saw her husband clutching his stomach. All color had drained out of his face and he was gasping for breath.

"Patti, Patti," he mumbled, "Patti, the pain . . . the pain . . . it's awful." And then he slumped back on his pillow.

Not knowing what to do, Patti went for a glass of water and sprayed it in Jerry's face and then clumsily sopped up the water with a towel. She ran to the telephone and dialed the number of their personal (*Continued on page 91*)

by JIM HOFFMAN

Jerry's pal, Jack Keller, dented hospital rules to snap this picture for worried fans



My name is Tuesday

HONEST
TO GOODNESS—
I'M NOT FOOLING



The day I enrolled at Hollywood High, I just knew it was going to happen all over again. You see, I've been to forty-seven different schools since kindergarten, although Mother insists it just seems that way and that I've really only been to six and had a whole series of tutors in between. But every time I go to a new school, or even to a new class in the same school, it happens.

The teacher smiles at me, trying to make me feel at home. Then she'll ask, "What's your name?"

I'll take a deep breath and say, "My name is Tuesday Weld."

"Yes, but what's your *real* name?" she'll ask, the welcoming smile just about gone now.

"Honest to goodness, my name (Continued on page 75)

Weld





by MARGRIT BUERGIN

age 17, Frankfurt, Germany

(as told to Jean Lewis)

ELVIS kissed me

Elvis Presley—that's all we had been talking about for weeks at the electric store where I work as a typist. Not only was Elvis in my country, but he was in Bad Homburg, a few miles from my hometown Frankfurt.

I wasn't as crazy about Elvis as my girl friends were. I liked him fairly much. In fact, I had six of his records, but he was not my favorite singer. I much preferred Frank Sinatra better. I became more enthusiastic about Elvis after I saw his movie, "Love Me Tender." His voice was sweet, and his is a shy boyish smile, and he was so sincere.

One day I was coming home from work to our apartment in Frankfurt, where I live with my mother, my two brothers, Rolf and Pieter, and my grandparents. I met Bruno Waske in the hallway.

Bruno is a photographer for a German weekly picture magazine, and he lives on the fourth (*Continued*)





ELVIS kissed me

continued

floor in our building. I have known him almost all my life. His son, who is just on my age, seventeen, is a very good friend of mine.

"How would you like to come with me to Bad Homburg tomorrow?" Bruno asked me. "It's Sunday, and you don't have to work. I am going to take some pictures of Elvis Presley at his hotel, and you could ask him for his autograph."

"How wonderful," I cried (*Continued on page 78*)



Elvis is away on maneuvers and I want to say, as he said in Photoplay, "Please don't forget me."

I still remember when we met. With such a crowd I did not think he'd even notice me. Then he smiled. . . .





*If you catch yourself
looking into a mirror and thinking:*

**GOSH, I'D LIKE
TO BE DIFFERENT**

then turn the page



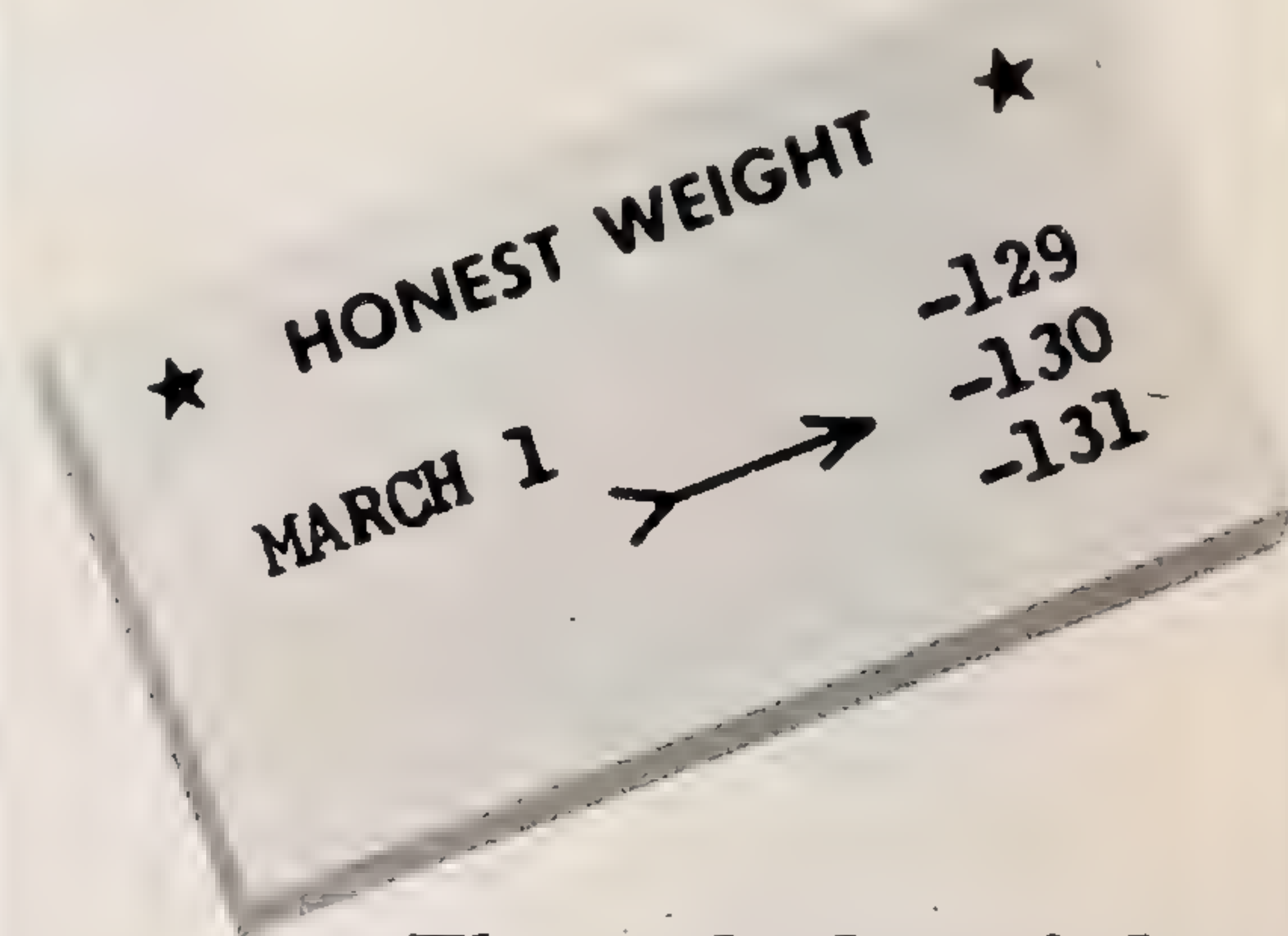
A diet's a promise to yourself. That's why

Her big eyes started to brim over with tears. She didn't want to cry, not in front of everyone, so she tried to hold them back. If only her girlfriends would come! Why did Joanie and Mary have to be so slow? She waited for them in the dimming afternoon light, standing by herself, in the long hall of their high school, "near the statue of Abraham Lincoln by the front door," where they agreed to meet. She'd been waiting ten minutes. Two tall, lanky senior boys came down the hall. As they passed, one turned and said to his short pal with eyeglasses, "Not bad, but a little hefty."

Although he didn't know it, he said it loud enough for her to hear. She was stunned for a moment; hurt by his wisecrack. If she waited any longer, she'd burst into tears so she walked out of the school building. The curving cement walk with its gleaming patches of wetness from the rain that had fallen earlier in the day seemed like miles. Her breath was a puff of white on the chilly air. She breathed deeply, trying to control the tears welling inside her until she got home.

She walked alone, something she hated to do, wending her way through the groups of laughing and chattering kids. She walked with her head down. She was so glad it had already grown dark because it was harder for people to see her, to recognize her. She didn't want anyone to say hello. If they did she wouldn't know what to say. She didn't want to talk. All she wanted was to go home and lock herself in her bedroom and cry.

When she rounded the corner, she ran the last two blocks to their small two-storied yellow clapboard house. Her aunt was giving a private music lesson and her mother was still out shopping.



The scale doesn't lie,
but you can help it change
its mind. Choose
milk, lean meat, fruit.

breaking it is so awful, you feel so guilty

She went in by the back door. She hoped her aunt would be too busy to notice.

The light was on in the blue and white kitchen with its old iron stove and high wooden cupboards. Soon as she opened the door, she heard the gliding strains of piano music from the front room. She was lucky. Her aunt was teaching the piano to one of her students. Slowly, uncertainly, the pupil played the sad notes of the wistful tune, "Souvenir," and the lovely music dissolved her. She closed the back door quietly, sniffing from the tears that ached to be released, and she tiptoed through the carpeted hallway to the mahogany stairs in the hall. One of the floorboards squeaked under her feet, and her aunt, whose sensitive ears never failed to hear even a barely perceptible noise, called out, "Honey, is that you?"

She swallowed hard and tried to speak. "Yes . . ." she said weakly, her voice muffled and trailing. Then she ran up the stairs, all buttoned up in her fitted brown woolen coat, bright red mitts and her rain galoshes. Once in her room, she breathed a sigh of relief. She closed the door and she fell across the white chenille bedspread, burying her face in the fluffy chenille and letting hot tears stream down her cheeks.

Finally, lying there on the soft bed in her coat and gloves and boots, listening to the piano lesson continuing downstairs, her tears stopped. The February night had blued the window panes in her bedroom. She got up and took off her coat, snapping on the overhead light.

Timidly she stopped, walked over to the long oval mirror with the dark wood frame above her dresser. (Continued on page 100)



Tempted? The new you
will be having too much
fun to mind having to
say no to calories.

★ HONEST WEIGHT ★
MAY 1
→ -119
-120
-121





**Come on, Rick, what do
you want to do tonight?**



"Gee, Dave, don't you have a date either?"



Hey, Dave, I'm here!" Rick Nelson called out when he found the living room empty. Then hearing the sound of the shower from the back of the house he realized his brother couldn't possibly have heard him over the rush of the water. He walked out through the sliding glass doors to the back porch of Dave's cliff-hung

bachelor house and sat down on a canvas chair.

It was Saturday, the end of another exciting but hectic week of work on the family TV show and on his own private singing career. He had two whole days free and it felt good just sitting there, quietly, while below him the valley sprawled endlessly in all directions and a steady stream of cars inched along the Hollywood freeway. He looked fondly at his own bronze sedan parked in front.

It's so easy to talk to Dave, Rick thought to himself, as he sat on the porch lapping up the last rays of the rapidly setting sun. When they were growing up, the three-and-a-half-year difference in their ages had often been a barrier. Rick could remember the days when he was nine and Dave thirteen; when he was still in grammar school and just a kid in the eyes of an older brother who was part of the high-school set. They always had their work in common and the closeness of a solid family unit, but other than that they'd lived in two separate worlds.

But now, it was different. They were both (*Continued*)



Impossible, but we got it!



Dave and Rick in Dave's new home.



"You're smooth, Dave, call . . ."



"Can't call this late, Rick. A girl'd have to say no."

adults, he had his singing and Dave had his movie career. They double-dated frequently, talked together often about things that mattered a lot as well as about little insignificant things that were only momentary problems. It was a satisfying feeling; each had the other one to talk to openly, honestly, without shyness, embarrassment or strain. Rick was so relaxed just sitting and thinking that he didn't even hear Dave's footsteps until his brother was out on the porch beside him.

"Hi, Rick," Dave said. "I didn't hear you come in. I thought you said you wouldn't be over till six."

"I did. I was going for a gallop on Tink this afternoon but the trails were so crowded I thought I might as well come over early. Hey, Dave, I know you invited me up for dinner, but I'm hungry now. Let's eat early."

"That's right, I did mention dinner," Dave said. It all came back to him now, including the fact that he'd forgotten to stop and get some food. "Gee, Rick," he continued, trying to get out of the (continued)



"Hey, remember that blonde? Maybe . . ."

"She has a sister!"



DAVE and RICK

continued



"Hello . . . Dave Nelson . . . Oh . . .
Gee . . . Maybe next week?"



"Going to a party. Oh . . ."

"Well, at least we
have dates for next week."

immediate problem, "I can't get over you, you're always hungry these days. Used to be Mom had to tell you stories to get you to eat anything at all. I might have known you'd wait until I had a place of my own before you suddenly developed an appetite like a vulture!"

"If I concede that I eat a lot, can we skip the chatter and raid the icebox?" asked Rick, getting up from the porch and heading for the kitchen.

Rick opened the icebox in anticipation; it was bare except for a can of tomato juice, two apples and a nearly empty quart of milk. Avoiding his brother's surprised expression, Dave busily occupied himself, taking two big dinner plates from the cupboard and setting them out on the low dining-room table. Then he went back into the kitchen, reached up on to the grocery shelves and found a can of beans. (*Continued on page 88*)



"Here, Rick, maybe you'll have better
luck with her sister."





Guess we're doing nothing...What are you doing tonight?

Four years ago, Susan Hayward lost faith---
faith in life, faith in the future, faith in herself. But today
Susan, who once forgot God, knows in her heart that



GOD HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ME

The big old trees made a dappled pattern on the Carrolton, Georgia sidewalk as the morning sun filtered through. In a patch of shadow, a six-year-old girl with a bridge of freckles across her nose and her light-brown hair braided into two pigtails stood looking very solemn, moving only her hips as she kept a red hula hoop rotating around her small middle.

"Mornin', Mrs. Chalkley." The girl greeted her neighbor without missing a single revolution of the hoop. Then she

smiled to show an empty place in her mouth where she'd just lost a tooth. She let the hoop circle down to her ankles, jumped out of it deftly, snatched it up and offered it.

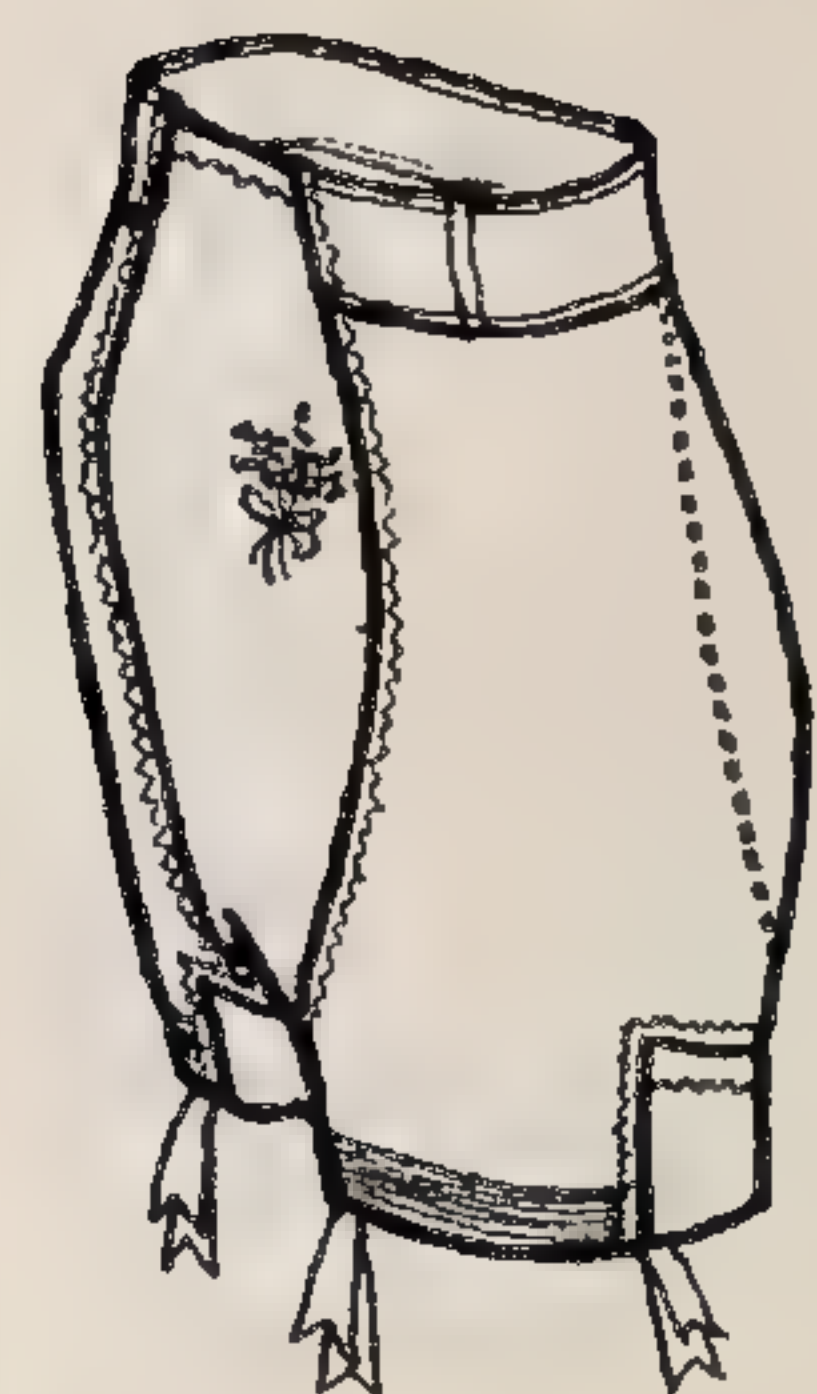
"Want to try?"

"I'll have to practice first," Susan Hayward Chalkley laughed. "You're so good at it, I'd rather just watch you." Susan stood there admiring the little girl as she wiggled her hoop. "Got to go now," she finally said. "See you again."

Susan Hayward walked on past (*Continued on page 97*)

by HILDEGARDE JOHNSON





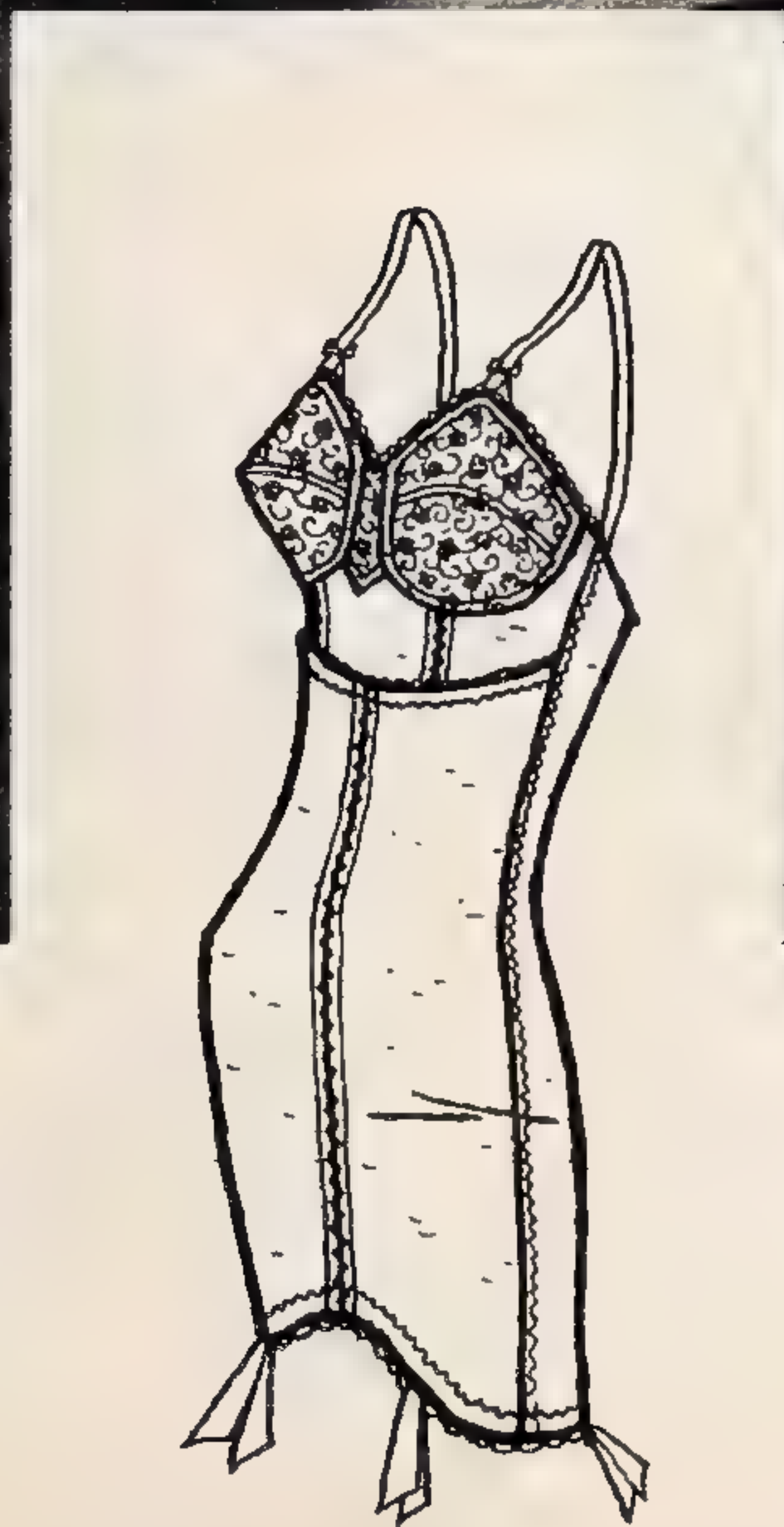
"WHAT DOES YOUR FIGURE MEASURE UP TO?" asks Molly Bee

You've done it: Stood in front of a park fun mirror and laughed out loud at your figure, as Molly Bee does here in the Pacific Ocean Park fun mirrors. But if you find when you look into your own mirror at home, you can no longer laugh at the picture, then it's time to do some personal figuring. And figures—no matter what anybody else tells you—don't lie. Check your figure with a measuring tape and if you have a star figure like Molly Bee's, your bust and hip measurements should match (35" x 35") and waist should indent by a neat ten inches. To measure the bust, place the (Continued on page 96)



(LEFT) **Top Heavy?** Nylon uplift bra in sketch has elasticized band under bosom and at sides, insuring trimness. Maidenform, \$3.95. Too-straight hips? The answer is Formfit's panty girdle with cotton inserts (not padding) at back for separation. \$10.95.

(RIGHT) **Out of Proportion?** Whether you're long-waisted or short-waisted, here's an all-in-one to put your curves back where they belong. Split double front freedom. Gossard, \$15.00.



For where to buy, see page 96





Now—the Exotic Look—in Pearl Polish by Cutex

Your nails become exotic jewels—it's the most expensive look in history! Suddenly—your present polish looks flat and old hat. Your nails should gleam with the fire and fascination of exotic pearls . . . blues and greens from the deep blue seas . . . orchids and oranges from the islands . . . whites from foaming breakers. Never before have nails looked so exciting! Be the first to have the Exotic Look in Cutex Pearl Polish, the new, longer-lasting polish that turns your nails into jewels.

49¢ plus tax

CUTEX®

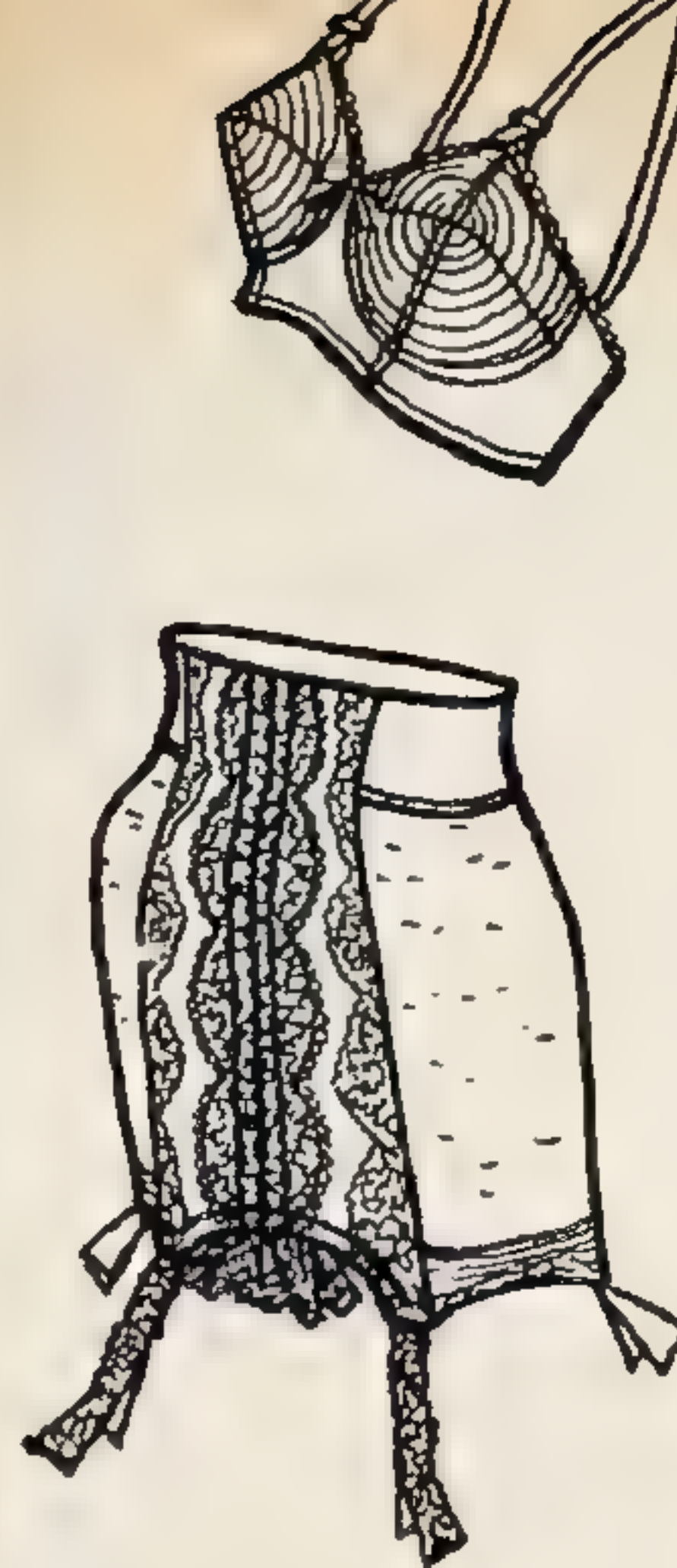


YOUR FIGURE

continued



Too much bulge?



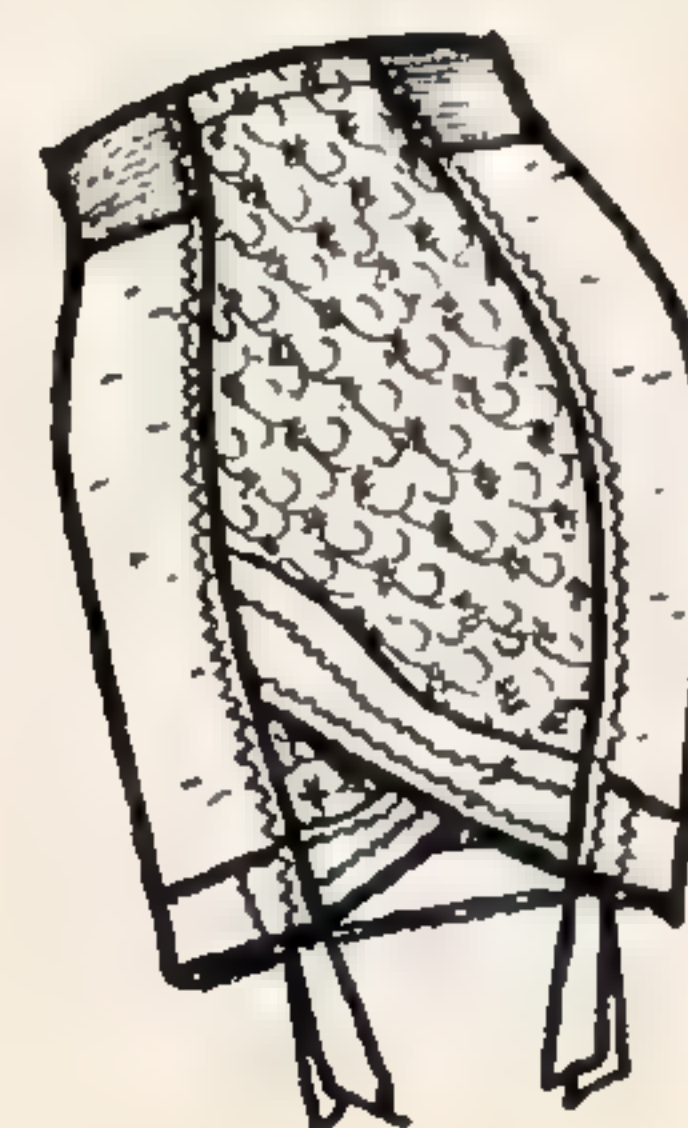
Laminated cotton bra gives natural uplift. Jantzen \$2.95. Lace-trimmed girdle controls curves. Vassarette, \$12.95.



Too flat?



Too wide?



Control around cups on cotton bra minimizes width. Lovable, \$2.00. Thigh-slimming panty girdle. Peter Pan, \$5.95.



Laminated bra has removable straps, turn-down cups. Perma-lift, \$5.00 Hi-rise girdle shapes midriff. Sarong, \$6.95.



LAWRENCE WELK:

it hurts when people laugh at you

Are they laughing at me?" Lawrence Welk stared at his own image on the television screen—the program had been filmed this week so he could appear at a benefit. Now he could see himself exactly as people all across the country were seeing him.

"Sure they are laughing," he said out loud. "Listen to that accent . . . and just look at me. Who could blame them for

laughing. Maybe I still don't belong up there in front of a band."

Fern Welk dropped the pink sweater she was knitting for their grandchild and walked over to the flower-patterned couch where her husband sat hunched over. "Lawrence," she said softly, putting her arms around him, "don't feel that way. Let's not go back . . ."

But Lawrence (*Continued on page 93*)

by MAXINE ARNOLD

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **ROME**



ELSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman Count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was a top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the

top acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize . . . to ease away tension lines . . . "My skin *stays* soft and smooth."

*She's busy yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's*

- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses—moisturizes *below* the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-fresh all day



Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

this page is yours

by Angela Busoni
Naples, Italy

Hope Lange and Don Murray visited our Italian town



"Always movie stars!" Papa teased. Then he heard how Hope Lange and Don Murray visited the orphanage.

That's me, Angela Busoni—in the picture with Hope Lange and Don Murray—and that's my friend, Pia. We're what you in America call "movie fans." We see all the pictures we can—Italian and American. We were very excited when we heard Don Murray and Hope Lange were going to visit

the Casa Materna Orphans Home near where we live. The whole town came out to see them. The Murrays went into all the classrooms, watched Dr. Eugenio Maida at work in his clinic, and examined some new buildings going up nearby. It was Mrs. Murray's birthday and one (Continued on page 81)

TUESDAY WELD

Continued from page 52

is Tuesday Weld. Honest, I'm not fooling."

Sometimes, the teacher just sighs, shrugs and tells me to take a seat, usually at the back of the room. Sometimes she asks for my mother to come and see her or to write her a note. And once, when I burst in upon the class in the middle of an algebra lesson that was going nowhere, the teacher handed me a piece of chalk. "If that's your name," she said, "go to the board and write it 100 times."

I don't really mind. I like my name. I come in for a lot of jokes but at least once I'm introduced, people don't forget it.

I was named Tuesday, you see, because I was born on Thursday and had arrived two days late. Well . . . since my mother's going to read this, the actual truth is my folks were expecting a boy. They'd already picked out a name, Rodney, after one of my great-grandfathers. When they found out I was a girl and they needed a name for the birth certificate, Mother said, "Put down Susan."

As soon as I could gurgle, I called myself Tu Tu. Mother called me Too-Too because I was always getting into things. Somehow Tu Tu and Too-Too turned into Tuesday.

I was born on August 27, 1943—or was it 1941???—in a Salvation Army Hospital in New York City. It's a very nice private hospital, so I'm told, and also very inexpensive. My being born was a financial problem for my family. My older sister Sally and my brother David, he's six years older and Sally's eight years older, were both born on a farm in Cape Cod, when Daddy was a stock broker and a gentleman farmer with 3,000 chickens. Just before I was born, he became very ill and he couldn't work any more. My folks had to give up their farm and move to New York.

When I was three years old, Daddy passed away. I don't remember much about him except from photographs—he was very handsome. He used to call me his "little social security card," whatever that means! Daddy developed a serious heart condition which finally took him away from us.

Even when you're very young there are certain things that you can remember about your life. For instance, I remember the place we lived in from the time I was born until I was nine. It was a cold-water flat on 53rd Street in New York, with the bathroom in the hallway and the bathtub in the kitchen. It wasn't very nice but it was all we could afford. After my father died, Mother went out to work to support Sally and David and me. She got a job at Lord and Taylor's department store, selling things. Everything she made went for rent and food and clothes for us.

Mother had a friend who was a designer and buyer at Best & Co., a New York department store. One day, when she happened to see some pictures that a photographer had taken of me for the family scrapbook, she told Mother I would make a good model and Mother agreed to give it a try. I was then just three years old. From my very first professional sitting I had fun. I liked looking into the camera. I posed for ad copy and fashion promotion for Best's until I was about eight. Actually it was good for me, I was very shy as a child. Meeting people through my work helped me climb out of the shell I was in. I've been told I was the first child model who had a long

blonde page boy, instead of tight corkscrew curls that most baby models had. I was known as the tailored type. Whenever dresses didn't have any ruffles they sent for me.

When I was nine, Mother took us all to live in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, which worked out very well because I was tired of modeling then. Besides, I'd become unpleasantly plump which is not too good for photographing. Besides, David and Sally loved to swim and Mother wanted them to have a chance to take lessons with a good coach. By saving her money she was able to afford to take us. Sally and David really learned how to swim like champs. Matter of fact, David is in the Marine Corps now and he just sent us home a trophy he won for coming in third in a relay race in the All Marine Corps Swimming and Diving Championships.

When I was ten and a half, we moved back to New York. I enrolled in the Professional Children's School and began modeling again and also doing TV commercials. Between times, I went to school, which was really a hassle—not school, but getting there.

My brother David was in charge of taking me every morning. We did not get along. In fact, I couldn't stand him. People tell me this is normal. We had to take three buses, then get off and walk through Central Park to get from our apartment to school. I was awful hard to get along with and David didn't help matters any. He used to tease me. We'd get on the bus and within two minutes we'd have all the passengers glaring at us. I'd scream at him at the top of my lungs and throw my lunch money under the seats, which he had to retrieve. Or else I'd wait until we got off the bus and toss my money in the street. I was such a sweet girl! Then we'd walk through the park and he'd begin teasing me and I'd cry. My sister and I didn't get into fights much. In fact we weren't particularly close. Eight years is a lot of difference when you're growing up. Now Sally's married, has two children and lives in New York.

Do you believe in fate and dreams? I do. I hope that doesn't sound strange but I'm a Virgo (born between August 22nd and September 22nd) and that's typical of us, according to some horoscopes I've read. From the time I was ten I used to have a dream that some day I would meet and get to work for director Elia Kazan. Even when I was ten, Mr. Kazan's name meant more to me than any other in the profession. He had just directed "East of Eden." When, soon after I'd had a small part in a picture made in New York, "Rock, Rock, Rock," I heard that Mr. Kazan was casting for "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," a Broadway play, and that there were to be open tryouts. I flew at the chance.

The week before I was to appear at the tryouts I wracked my brain deciding what I should wear. Most of my wardrobe was—and still is—jeans and shirts and pullovers, but I had to wear something to impress Mr. Kazan. I couldn't make up my mind which extreme to go to. Oh, yes, I *had* decided to go to an extreme, that was for certain.

First of all, I bought the highest high heels I could find. Then I found a bright pink sleeveless dress that I knew Mr. Kazan couldn't help but notice, and to go underneath it, I bought a huge crinoline and taffeta petticoat that stuck out a mile and made a swishing noise when I walked. I even dyed my hair platinum. When my mother came home that evening, she nearly died! But it was too late to do anything about it. Next came some deep-tan

makeup so that I would look outdoorsy and healthy even though the summer had already passed. To complete the picture, I bought some thick phony eyelashes that could have knocked six people down if they'd stood within a foot of me.

As I started to leave the house, I got cold feet. Had I gone overboard? I pinned on a hunk of false hair made up into a thick ponytail braid, and over it I tied a pink scarf—more like a rag—which I felt was sort of a "country" touch to balance things. Off I went to the theater.

When I finally heard my name called I could barely walk to center stage. I started reading. After a few minutes, Mr. Kazan called out and asked me if I would please go offstage and come down where he was.

"Young lady, how old are you?" My idol was talking to me and the words weren't what I wanted to hear.

"I'm . . . I'm . . ." I mumbled something that sounded like sixteen. (I was really going on fourteen.)

"Well, then, can you tell me one good reason why you've made yourself up to look like a woman of thirty-five!"

Sitting there listening to him tear me apart, I was crushed. Then, in a flash, I realized I should be grateful that he cared enough to even waste time with me. I sat quietly and listened.

"First of all, that *hair* . . . it *has* to go. Get it back to its natural shade. And that makeup and those eyelashes! Miss Weld, you're a mess! Another thing, that petticoat you're wearing—I could hear you coming a mile away."

He could see I was almost in tears, but he knew that he had to say what he did for my own good. I started to get up and he said softly, "I would like you to come back and read again."

I nodded, too numb to speak.

"All right, Tuesday, I'll expect you back next week."

One week later, in flat shoes and minus war paint, petticoats, false hair and bright pink dress. I read again for Mr. Kazan. That was only the beginning of the "hurry-up-but-wait" routine connected with Broadway tryouts. I came back to read again off and on for nearly three months. Finally, I was given the part of understudy to the two lead ingenues. Maybe if I was lucky one of the girls would get sick—not that I wished them harm—only some minor ailment serious enough to allow me to make my Broadway debut! I was so happy I cried with excitement. I was going to work for Elia Kazan!

Opening night I sat backstage listening to two other girls saying the words I knew by heart. Since I was only an understudy, I didn't have a dressing room and, between acts, I found a seat on the steps in the basement. There I was, dressed in black and in a blue funk when a man came over and introduced himself. I'd been reading movie magazines practically all my life and I knew immediately that this tall, young, handsome man was *the* Dick Clayton, former actor turned agent. The man who'd helped discover and develop stars like James Dean and Tab Hunter. He was very nice to me. He asked me why I looked so sad, and I told him it was because I would never get a chance to act in the play and that I was utterly miserable.

There was something very soothing about him and his voice. He asked if I had an agent. I said yes. I did at that time. Then he said the most exciting words I'd ever heard:

"Tuesday, you don't belong in a basement sulking. You belong out in Hollywood. You should be a star."

I just nodded and he continued.

YOUR NEEDLEWORK

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.



Joanna Barnes, who loves to sew, is in "Up Periscope," for Warner Bros.



613—Directions for three crocheted caps to trim with crocheted petals to make for a delicate Easter bonnet.



7092—Embroidered pinafore with full skirt to make from remnants. Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.



7063—Plain linens take on new luxury when you add your own hand embroidery. Transfers of 3 motifs.



818—Crib quilt with child's prayer embroidered on squares includes diagram and transfers. 35 x 43 inches.

"If you ever decide to come to Hollywood and you need an agent or help and advice, let me know." He gave me his card.

In April of 1958 Mother and I sat down and had a long talk about things. The agent I had in New York wasn't able to do anything for me and I was too impatient to just sit and wait for things to happen. Mother agreed that perhaps I would have a chance if we went West. Then she said, "But, Tuesday, going to Hollywood is expensive. We'll need money for transportation and clothes and we'll have to find a place to stay; there's no guarantee you'll find work right away."

I knew it wouldn't be easy but I said, "Mother, why don't we talk to Mr. Clayton? He seemed so kind. Maybe he'll help us." Mother agreed. We sent Mr. Clayton a wire and asked him to call us.

Two hours later I heard the operator say, "Hollywood calling." Dick Clayton was on the wire. Mother and I talked with him and told him we wanted to come West but that we were poor and didn't know how we could manage it. Mr. Clayton said, "Leave everything to me. I'll see what I can arrange and call you back in a day or two."

He called us back a day and a half later with a guarantee of a job—an appearance on "Matinee Theater" on TV. "Can you leave tonight?" he asked. "You start work tomorrow morning!"

I'll never forget the night we arrived at the Los Angeles airport, April 18, 1958. When I get nervous I eat a lot, especially sweets, which doesn't help my usually size-seven figure. I hadn't realized how I'd been gorging myself until I got off the plane. Mr. Clayton took one look and said, "My gosh, Tuesday, you've grown into practically Wednesday!"

Then I realized I'd put on about ten pounds since he'd seen me. On the way to the hotel, where Mother and I spent the night, Mr. Clayton told me about the part I was to play on TV. Then he handed me a slip of paper with the name of a doctor. "I want you to take off some weight," he told me. "But don't make yourself sick starving like some kids out here do. Go to this doctor and have him give you a sensible diet."

With Mr. Clayton's help, Mother and I found a tiny furnished apartment in a section called the Sunset Strip. On a clear day, if you lean out of our front door far enough, you have a view of the whole city!

People ask me what I'm like and what I like. It's not really easy to be objective about yourself, but as near as I can tell I'm not very difficult to sum up. I'm 5 feet, three inches tall. While my natural shade of hair is honey blonde, right now it is lighter, a sort of gold and silver blonde. I weigh between 110 and 112—that is, when I stay on my diet. I love sweets, go on candy and cake binges every once in a while, but I'm usually content to drink coffee, black, munch on grapefruit, drink hot lemon and water (ugh) and fill up on proteins and salads without dressings. When I go off the wagon, I like to cheat like mad—maybe five thousand calories at one sitting—then I can go without sweets for weeks.

I'm pretty moody. I don't know why, except I seem to be very high or very low, being "middleish" is not a frequent occurrence. I am still a little shy underneath, but now I handle it differently. When I was young I'd go off by myself or hide in corners at parties. Now I'm a big extrovert, which is only an introvert who has learned how to cover up his insecurity.

As I said, people call me kooky, which

I guess means I'm a character. I hope they mean it in a nice sort of way! I hate anything routine; it bores me to get into a rut, which is why I flit from thing to thing. I have never been able to make too many close friends, my friendships, like my hobbies and interests, go in spurts. I love to paint and play the piano and read books on art. I'm crazy about all kinds of music from Rodgers (Jimmy) to Rachmaninoff (Serge). I love to go horseback-riding, dancing and my idea of a good date is if I don't have to dress up.

One important lesson I've learned is that if you laugh at yourself other people will laugh *with* you and not at you. As I said, I'm a pretty moody kid. In order to help get myself out of moods I change cosmetics, like different shades of lipstick and most of all I like to fix my hair different ways. I have several full wigs, plus a lot of false braids and extra hair, in assorted colors. that I use whenever I need a lift.

So when Timmy Evert (he had one of the leads in "Dark at the Top of the Stairs") took me to the opening of the play "The West Side Story," and then to a swanky party at the Ambassador Hotel, I decided to wear a chignon. Before going out I'd secured my false hair with enough bobbie pins to keep it in place for a year, or so I thought. During the evening someone requested the orchestra to play a polka. It was fun. Soon everyone got into the spirit of the music. Timmy started whirling me around faster and faster until all of a sudden I could feel my billion bobby pins coming loose. . . . I tried to slow down. Have you ever tried coming to a halt during a full gallop? That's the way it was with the polka—we just kept whirling around. Next thing I knew I felt something tickling my shoulder—out of the corner of my eye I saw it—my hair—hanging limp, with the bobbie pins falling all over. I tried to say something, but Timmy kept twirling me around. The music was so loud, he couldn't hear me ask him to stop. We kept going until we were the last couple left on the floor. All that motion made me dizzy. Next thing I knew, I was falling; before I could stop myself I'd slid clear across the slippery dance floor. My chignon, which now looked like a rag mop, flew in the opposite direction! The music stopped. Everybody was watching me. Timmy helped me up. I held my head high, smiled at him and said in what I hoped was a dignified tone, "Excuse me, I think I've lost my hair."

With that, I strolled casually across the room, stooped down and picked up my chignon. Then, walking back across the floor, I said, "I'll only be a minute, Timmy." I laughed and, hair in hand, headed for the powder room. As I walked away, I could hear the others laughing, but laughing *with* me, not at me!

It's very hard to put your whole life down on paper, but I hope you know me a little better after reading this. If I haven't said it before, I must mention that everyone out in Hollywood sure has been great to me. I hope I can stay here for a long time. I think I'm making some strides. When I first started working in pictures, I overheard Leon Shamroy, the cameraman on "Rally Round the Flag," tell someone I looked like Jayne Mansfield's sister—"from the rear." At least that means I'm making some progress. I can't wait until the day I look like a grown-up glamor queen from *all directions!*

—AS TOLD TO MARCIA BORIE

TUESDAY'S IN 20TH'S "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS" AND WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE FIVE PENNIES," PAR.; "SAY ONE FOR ME," 20TH.

JUST OUT

HOLLYWOOD'S BOOK-OF-THE-YEAR

The brilliant new 1959 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is ready for you now. This is the book that tells you everything about Hollywood. This glamorous yearbook sparkles with bright new pictures of all the top-flight stars. Here, too, is all the news and gossip of Hollywood . . . plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. This is a book you must have. Here's a sample of what's inside this exciting yearbook:

HOLLYWOOD MADE NEWS—Stars marry . . . divorce . . . have babies. And all around the globe their doings are front page news. Here in pictures and stories is a blow-by-blow account of the exciting goings-on in the always-exciting world of the movies.

PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—Stories and pictures of Dick Clark • Pat Boone • Kim Novak • Rock Hudson • Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner • James Garner • Debbie Reynolds • Liz Taylor • Brigitte Bardot • Marilyn Monroe • Sal Mineo • Tab Hunter • Tony Perkins • John Saxon • James MacArthur • Hugh O'Brian.

SINGERS OF THE YEAR—Elvis Presley • Rick Nelson • Johnny Mathis • Jimmie Rodgers • Frankie Avalon • Tommy Sands.

ALL-TIME FAVORITES—Burt Lancaster • Ingrid Bergman • Esther Williams • Alan Ladd • Cary Grant • Audrey Hepburn • William Holden • Rita Hayworth • Glenn Ford • Deborah Kerr • Kirk Douglas • June Allyson • Jennifer Jones • Yul Brynner.

PHOTOPLAY PORTRAIT GALLERY—The glamor, the excitement, the romance that is Hollywood is wrapped up in its stars. Here is a close-up of some who are "the most": George Nader • Ava Gardner • Anthony Franciosa • Jayne Mansfield • Dorothy Malone • Marlon Brando • Mitzi Gaynor • Montgomery Clift.

HAPPILY MARRIEDS—Gay, exciting pictures and sparkling stories about those on Cloud Nine. Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman • Hope Lange and Don Murray • Doris Day and Marty Melcher • Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron • Richard Egan and Patricia Hardy • Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker • Charlton Heston and Lydia Clark.

RISEING STARS—Refreshing pictures of 31 newcomers to the screen. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers. Dolores Hart • Carol Lynley • Gary Crosby • Robert Evans • Joanna Moore • Ray Stricklyn • France Nuyen • Christine Carere • Edward Byrnes • Mark Damon • Diane Jergens • Jill St. John • Barry Coe • Millie Perkins • David Nelson • Pat Wayne • Erin O'Brien • Annette Funicello • Geoffrey Horne • Luana Patten • John Gavin • Dennis Hopper • Diane Varsi • May Britt • Dean Stockwell • Jack Lord • Sandra Dee • Peter Brown • Molly Bee • Bradford Dillman • Dick Gardner.

STILL ONLY 50c WHILE THEY LAST
This sensational Annual is a best-seller every year. Get your copy before they are all snatched up. Only 50c at your favorite magazine counter. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon, with 50c—TODAY.

Bartholomew House, Inc. Dept. WG-359
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1959.
I enclose 50c.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....State.....

ELVIS KISSED ME

Continued from page 54

Elvis Presley in person! How my friends will all be jealous!"

I couldn't sleep all the night thinking about the next day. I had never seen anyone famous, and Elvis was something super-special. All the girls in Germany were mad for him. His autograph was even selling on the black market. That's how popular he is! What a story I would have to tell Inga, my best girl friend, and everyone else at the office Monday morning.

Bruno came to pick me up right after lunch. I hadn't eaten a bite myself, I was so excited. I wore a fluffy white sweater I had bought especially for the day, and a new skirt my mother had made me.

All the way to Bad Homburg, I chattered at Bruno. But I was nervous. It did not seem real that I was about to see Elvis Presley.

Then I began to worry. After all, how was Bruno so sure I could even get near to Elvis to ask for his autograph? There would be many people crowding around his hotel. Maybe we would not see him.

"Never mind, you will see him," Bruno said. "I have to take some pictures of him, and I have never missed an assignment yet."

At Elvis' hotel in Bad Homburg, we learned that Elvis would be taking a walk with his father in a park nearby at 4:30. There were a lot of photographers around, who were waiting, like Bruno, for him to come out.

My eyes were glued on the door of the Ritter's Park Hotel. Suddenly I grabbed Bruno's arm. "There he is," I screamed, and I dashed across the street.

Elvis was followed by several men. I noticed them without seeing them. *I saw only Elvis.* He looked very handsome in his American uniform.

I squeezed through the photographers, who were beginning to crowd around him. I held Bruno's calling card up to him. It was all I had. "Please, may I have your autograph?" I asked him in German.

He smiled, and I thought I would melt. "Wie Geht Es Dir?" (How do you do?) he said to me, also in German, and he looked straight into my eyes, as he signed his name.

"How about a picture with the girl, Elvis?" all the photographers began to shout. Elvis smiled again and looked at me questioningly. I could only nod my head, I was unable to speak.

He took my hand in his, right there in front of everyone, and we began to walk towards the park. He asked me my name, and he repeated it after me. "Margrit," he said softly.

We did not say much. It was difficult, as I do not have much English. Oh, how sorry I was that I did not speak his language. For the last two months, I had been going to night school twice a week to learn English. That was because I hoped to go to America one day. I understand a little but I speak only a few words. But I found it easier to understand Elvis than even my English teacher. Elvis spoke English slowly, so softly, spacing the words carefully to make it more easy for me.

"Autogramm . . . autograph. It is the first German word I have learned," Elvis said. We were still walking, hand in hand, followed by hundreds of people. I did not feel ill at ease. I felt as if I had known him always.

"How about a little kiss?" one of the photographers asked.

I blushed a deep crimson, and Elvis looked embarrassed too. Then he laughed.

He tosses his head like a little boy when he laughs. He looked at me for permission, and I nodded my head.

He took me very gently into his arms and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Again, again," cried the photographers. Once again he kissed me, holding me closer.

This time I closed my eyes. No more photographers milling about. No more crowds watching us. No cameras clicking, no people pushing. *Just Elvis . . .* hugging me, his lips warm against my face—kissing me again and again and again. (Later Bruno told me there had been sixteen kisses.)

Finally, I opened my eyes. Elvis put his hand gently against my cheek. He smiled at me and said, "Thanks a lot."

Then he took my hand, and we walked back to the hotel. Elvis bent down and kissed me on the cheek. Then it was all over. He waved and went into the hotel.

The crowds of people began to cheer and scream, "Elvis, Elvis." They were staring up at the second story balcony. I did too.

Elvis was standing on the balcony. He looked straight at me and blew me a kiss. I blew one back. Then he disappeared.

The people began to leave, but I stood in a daze. I kept looking and looking up at the balcony. Bruno finally brought me back to the real world.

"Do you know what just happened?" Bruno cried.

"Elvis kissed me," I answered.

"Not that," Bruno said, "something else. I was just talking to Lamar Fikes, Elvis Presley's secretary, and he said that Elvis wanted your address and phone number. What do you think of that?"

I could not answer. I just gulped and looked up at the balcony.

For the next several days, I did not think of anything except Elvis. I hoped and hoped he would call me, but deep in my heart I did not think he would.

Two weeks went by and there was no call from Elvis. I gave up hope. But just the same I kept looking in the paper for news of him. I read that he had moved with his father and grandmother to a hotel in Bad Nauheim. Then they changed to a smaller hotel, so that his grandmother could cook for him. I read also he was working very hard in the army.

Then I stopped reading the paper. Forget about him, I told myself. But if you have been kissed sixteen times by Elvis Presley it is not easy to forget . . .

One Sunday, three weeks after I had met Elvis, I came home from a movie where I had gone with my girl friend, Inga. I found my mother in a terrible state of excitement.

"He has called," she cried, before I had closed the door.

"Who?" I asked, and then I guessed before she could stutter out the name, "Mr. Presley."

"About twenty minutes before. A man's voice asked for you in English," my mother explained. Fortunately, a friend of my mother's, who understands English, was visiting. She took the call. It was Mr. Fikes, and he wanted to talk to me about making a date with Elvis. He said he would call later.

At that moment the phone rang again. It was Elvis' secretary. I asked my mother's friend, the one who understands English, to take the message. Mr. Fikes said that Elvis was too busy in the army to call himself but he wanted to know if I was free on the following Tuesday to go out with him.

"Yes," I said, taking the phone from my mother's friend, "Yes." "We'll pick you up at 6:30," Mr. Fikes said, and somehow I understood every word.

Yet I could not believe it was true. "Maybe it is a joke," I said to my mother.

It's almost SPRING and Photoplay's in LOVE

with . . . Rick Nelson

First in a series of color pictures to collect
for your Star Portfolio.

with . . . Tab Hunter

Are you the lucky girl who's won a date with Tab?

Winners will be announced next month.

with . . . Dick Clark

You can dig him here every month.

And what is Love?

Will Hutchins, Tommy Sands and

Edd Byrnes have three different answers.

See if you agree with them.



QUICK LIKE A BUNNY,
HOP DOWN TO
YOUR NEWSSTAND FOR THE APRIL
PHOTOPLAY ON SALE MARCH 5

"Maybe one of Elvis' friends," another soldier, is playing a joke on me."

Joke or no joke, I was certainly going to be ready at 6:30 on Tuesday. I do not know how I passed those two days. I could not keep my mind on my job, and my thoughts would stray off to Elvis when I was taking dictation. I did not say anything at the office—not even to Inga. I did not want to be kidded in case it was a joke.

On Tuesday I took a taxi home from work—something I never do—so I would have much time to dress. Also, I missed my twice-a-week English lesson, a thing I had never done before. But right there and then I said to myself that I would make up for it, that I would take lessons three times a week from then on. And if Elvis liked me, I would need the extra lessons . . . so that I could really talk to him.

For my first date with Elvis I chose a red plaid woolen jumper, which I wore with a white peasant blouse. My mother had made them. She makes all my clothes. I put on my highest heels. I am very tiny, not even five feet, and Elvis is so high.

Then I sat down on my chair to wait. At 6:15 the phone rang. My heart skipped a beat. Elvis is breaking the date, I thought. It was Mr. Fikes, who said that Elvis had been delayed coming back to camp. It was a dark, foggy night, and he explained—through my mother's friend—that because of the delay he himself would come in a car to fetch me and take me to meet Elvis.

At 7 o'clock sharp, Mr. Fikes rang at my door. I introduced him to my mother. He told her that Elvis was sorry he could not meet her himself, but that duty was duty. He explained that I would meet Elvis' father and grandmother, and then maybe we would go to a movie.

My mother told him I had to be home at 11 o'clock at the latest. Mr. Fikes agreed. Then my mother kissed me, and I went out to the taxi.

In the cab I said hardly anything. I had never had a real date before and wasn't sure how to act. From time to time I glanced at the illustrated English-German dictionary I had brought with me. As we came more near to Bad Nauheim, I got more nervous, and kept asking myself, "Will he like me?"

Elvis was waiting in the hall of the hotel for us when we arrived. He had on a dark suit and a heavy white sweater. "Hi," he said, smiling. He shook hands in a friendly fashion. He took my arm and led me upstairs, where I met his father. His father is very good looking. "My grandma isn't feeling too well tonight," Elvis said. "You'll meet her another time."

Soon I was not nervous anymore. Elvis and his father were so friendly and natural. I understood the general sense of almost everything they said. Whenever I was puzzled about a word, I looked in my dictionary. Elvis sat near me and helped me find the word. "You will teach me German and I will teach you English," he said.

We drank Cokes and Elvis beat time with his foot, even though no music was playing. He asked me if I wanted to see a movie. "Do you want to see 'Tamango'?" he asked me. "It's in German. That's better for you."

I was touched by his thoughtfulness in suggesting a German language one for my sake.

We came into the movie during the middle. Elvis looked relieved. He would have been mobbed if we had been seen. He picked out two seats in a corner of the movie house.

He took my hand, and I felt all warm and glowing inside. Whenever there were love scenes between Curt Jurgens and Dorothy



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Women's, March) 1959



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

FREE TO WOMEN Only. Be a Beauty Advisor. No experience needed. Make 60% profit on famous nationally advertised Hollywood Cosmetics. Demonstrate to friends and neighbors and earn up to \$5.00 an hour spare time—\$25.00 a day full time. Later you can double your earnings by letting others demonstrate for you. Free! No charge, now or ever, for actual usable samples of Studio Girl Cosmetics. Send name on postcard to me, Harry Taylor, President, Studio Girl Cosmetics, Dept. 1693M, Glendale, California.

\$100-\$500—MORE paid for your child's photo, if selected for advertising illustrations, etc. Hundreds used weekly. Rush photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free Service. Ad-Photos. 6087-YC Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

BUY WHOLESALE: 100,000 Nationally Advertised Products. Appliances, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Housewares, Watches, Typewriters, Tools, Clothing, etc. Discounts to 80%. Buy-Rite Box 258, Hawthorne 156, New Jersey.

\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Picture (All Ages). Hundreds used yearly. Send one small picture. Returned with report and testimonials. Print child's parents' name, address on back. Spotlite, 8344 Beverly P3, Hollywood, California.

FREE WEDDING CATALOG! Everything for the Wedding, Reception! Invitations, Gifts for bridal party, Table decorations, Trousseau items. Unusual, exciting personalized items. Write: Elaine Creations, Box 824, Dept. E308, Chicago 42.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED PAINTING Novelties. No Selling. Experience unnecessary. Novelty Industries, 20-A West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

HOMEWORKERS: ASSEMBLE HANDLACED Precut moccasins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts, Los Angeles 46-B, California.

FREE CATALOG OF Mexican Imports. Purses, shoes, jewelry, gifts. Save—buy direct from importer. Northern Import Co., Reed City 33, Michigan.

DRESSES 24c; SHOES 39c; Men's Suits \$4.95; Trousers \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free Catalog. Transworld, 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

\$15.00 THOUSAND PREPARING envelopes, postcards, home—longhand, typewriter. Particulars free. G. Economy, Box 2580, Greensboro, N.C.

HOMEWORKERS: SEW BABYWEAR for stores. Machine unnecessary. Clara, Box 44637-A, Los Angeles 44, California.

\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE. Sewing Babywear! No house selling. Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 1, Ind.

MAKE MONEY AT home assembling our items. Experience unnecessary. Lee Mfg., 466 S. Robertson, Los Angeles 48, Cal.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspaper Items For Publishers! Newscraft, PW-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Ark.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

EARN CASH PREPARING, mailing postcards. Write: Homecraft, Box 62085-A, Los Angeles 62, California.

SAVE 50%—SEW Pre-cut Skirts, Children's Wear. Catalog Free. Readikut's, Loganville, Wisconsin.

HOME TYPING! \$65 weekly possible! Details, \$1. Treasurer, 709 Webster, New Rochelle, N.Y.

SEW OUR READY cut babywear at home for stores. We pay postage. Tiny-Tot . . . Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

\$25.00 WEEKLY, MAKING Orchids sparetime. Free details. Boycan, Sharon 8, Pa.

\$15.00 THOUSAND, MAILING. Supplies Furnished, Reynolds, 1448 Madison, Oakland 12, Calif.

OLD COINS & MONEY

\$4,000.00 FOR 1913 Liberty Head Nickel. Uncirculated Dollars 1804-1839, 1893-S, 1895-P, 1903-O pay \$100.00—\$5,000.00. Certain Dates—Lincoln Cents before 1932—\$125.00; Flying Eagle Cents—\$500.00; Indian Cents—\$175.00; Dimes before 1943—\$2,000.00; Quarters before 1924—\$1,500.00; Half Dollars before 1929—\$3,000.00; 2c Pieces—\$125.00; 3c Pieces—\$150.00; Halfdimes—\$1,500.00. Hundreds of others worth \$10.00—\$1,000.00. Canadian Coins—1921-5c Silver—\$100.00. 1875 Quarters—\$100.00. 1921-50c—\$750.00. Wanted—20c Pieces, Gold Coins, Paper Money, etc. Our Large Illustrated Guarantee Buying-Selling Catalogue, Giving Complete Allcoin Information—send \$1.00. Purchase Catalogue before sending coins. Worthycoin Corporation (K-253-C), Boston 8, Massachusetts.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-AO, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

WE BUY ALL rare American coins. Complete catalogue 25c. Fairview, Box 1116-AB, New York City 8.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. C-119 New York 11, N.Y.

EASY SPARE TIME money. Your family clothes wholesale. Show friends spectacular line dresses, lingerie, hosiery, children's apparel, at low prices. Write for outfit. C&D Co., Dept. 12, Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

FASHION DEMONSTRATORS—\$20-\$40 profit evenings. No delivering or collecting. Beeline Style Shows are Party Plan sensation! Samples furnished Free. Beeline Fashions, Bensenville 70, Illinois.

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-39, Chicago 32, Illinois.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

WE PAY \$3.50 lb. dried. Grow Mushrooms. Cellar, shed and outdoors. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. Free Book. Mushrooms, Dept. 320. 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

\$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time, Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougar, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

MAKE BIG MONEY invisibly mending damaged garments at home. Details Free. Fabricon, 6240 Broadway, Chicago 40.

MAKE MONEY WRITING short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-134-B, 7464 No. Clark, Chicago 26.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107PW, Los Angeles 41, California.

\$50 WEEKLY PREPARING Mailing Literature. National 1815A Meyers, Lombard, Ill.

\$200-\$300 MONTHLY. Mailing literature. Peavie, POB 385 Tillicum 99, Wash.

MAILING OPPORTUNITY SPARE time. Hobbycraft, 11462 E. 5th, Santa Ana, California.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

ATTEND BUSINESS SCHOOL At Home! Save time and expense of attending classes. Prepare for secretarial career in typing, shorthand, business procedures, bookkeeping. Write for catalog. Wayne School, 2525 Sheffield, Desk SA-2, Chicago 14.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 62-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X374, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

DENTAL NURSING, PREPARE at home for big pay career. Chairside duties, reception, laboratory, Personality Development. Free Book. Wayne School, Lab: BA-20, 2521 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP. Details free. Research Association, Box 24-XX, Olympia, Washington.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 TO \$500 for any purpose. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers. Up to 2 years to repay—low monthly payments. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. WD-3, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

BORROW \$50 to \$600 By Mail. Quick, Easy, Private. No Co-Signers. Repay in 24 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. C-57, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

BORROW By Mail. \$100-\$600. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Building, Dept. 963C, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

JOBS—HIGH PAY: USA, So. America, The Islands. All trades. Many companies pay fare. Write Dept. 71B, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Men, Women. Transportation Paid. Free Information. Write: Transworld, Dept. 12B, 200 West 34th St., New York 1.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

FREE WRITERS CATALOGUE giving manuscript markets. Write, Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, N. Y. 10.

STAMP COLLECTING

U. S. STAMPS, Giant Bargain Catalogue—15c. Raymax, 35-VPX Maidenlane, NYC 38.

SAVE BY MAIL —EARN MORE!

5% CURRENT RATE **COMMERCIALLY INSURED SAVINGS**

Send check or money order today. Free gifts with account. Accounts opened by 20th, earn from 1st.

COMMERCIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

8417 GEORGIA AVENUE, SILVER SPRING, MD.

334 N. Howard Street, Baltimore, Md.

7934 Wisconsin Avenue, Bethesda, Md.

ASSETS OVER \$1,400,000.00



Want to Banish Wrinkles?

'Bye-Line Skin serum can help you do it—also crepy throat! Yes, it's really true. 'Bye-Line must make you look 2 to 10 years younger in 10 days, or YOUR MONEY BACK. Not a peel, mask or temporary cover-up, but a genuine youth restorer. This is no false promise. 'Bye-Line is absolutely safe, even for super-sensitive skin. Simple, speedy, pleasant, and non-greasy oil treatment. Not sold in stores. No C.O.D.'s. Send exactly \$1.15 for trial size, air mail in plain wrapper to: Age-Less Cosmetics, Inc., Dept. Z, No. 1 Worth St., San Francisco 14, California.

Dandridge in the movie, he pressed my hand more tightly.

We left just before the movie ended so we could avoid the crowd. "Didn't understand a word," he grinned, as he helped me into his car, a beautiful Mercedes.

Driving back to Frankfurt, about twenty-five miles, he talked quietly and very slowly, so I would understand. I had my dictionary open on my knees. Sometimes I shook my head to show I did not get a word. Then he'd stop the car and he would turn on the car light and thumb through the book to find the illustration. We laughed and laughed.

One thing I confess I didn't understand at all. He kept repeating the word "puppy" all the time. I thought he was calling me that, as a pet name. He looked and couldn't find the word in the dictionary. Finally he gave up.

We had reached my home. It was not quite eleven. My shyness had gone, and I felt like I had known him for ages. He took me to the door, kissed me very sweetly and said, "See you tomorrow at the same time."

Then he dashed to his car, waved to me and drove off.

My mother was waiting up for me and I told her everything that had happened ending with, "He is so nice, so polite and courteous."

The next day at my office, I told all my friends about my evening. They were divided into two groups. There were those who criticized me. They were the same ones who had said before that I should never have let Elvis kiss me in front of all those photographers. As my mother said, "A kiss in front of the world cannot be more innocent." I decided they were jealous.

Then there was the other group, including my girl friend, Inga. They were thrilled and happy for me.

For my next date the next night with Elvis, I took my hair down and wore it in a horse tail. I had worn it rolled into a chignon the other times. I put on a green mohair pullover and a narrow red skirt. At 6:30 my doorbell rang. It was Elvis himself. I introduced him to all my family, first to my mother, then my grandparents, who were very shy and excused themselves. My big brother, Rolf, was impressed, and my little brother Pieter started to show off by pulling out Elvis' records from a shelf.

Elvis shook hands with everyone. There was a very sad look in his eyes.

When we climbed into his car, he was silent. The look of pain was still in his eyes. "You know, I recently lost my mother," he said, looking steadily out the window. "It's terribly lonely without her. During the holidays, I thought more and more about her. I keep remembering all the things we did together. It's more lonely here than it was back home because we don't know anyone."

At that moment, more than any other, I did regret I could not express myself well enough to tell him how sorry I was. I knew that meeting my mother had brought back memories of his own.

We were silent. Then he smiled, still sadly, but he was making a big try to be gay. "Why don't you wear makeup?" he asked me. "You'd be even prettier if you did."

"I never wear makeup," I told him. "I do not think I have enough years yet."

"All the girls in America wear it, even at your age," he answered. "Your brown eyes would look so much bigger if you wore mascara. And I like to see girls with lipstick. My favorite color lipstick is the red they use on the Colgate toothpaste tubes." He looked at my hair. "You know, I like your hair. It's the color of corn stalks, but I like it better when you

wear it up." I promised him to wear it up the next time.

When we arrived in Bad Neuheim, he took me upstairs to his grandmother's room. He introduced us and then said, "I must go downstairs for a bit. My Daddy and I have a date with some reporters. You stay here with my Grandma."

It was not too easy for me to talk to his grandmother, again because of the language. But I understood her as well as I did Elvis. "You remind me of a girl Elvis knows in Memphis," she said. Then she changed the subject.

"I keep busy doing the cooking," she told me. "I brought along a lot of old recipes from the South. Elvis' father does the shopping every morning with the taxi driver, but we can't find the kinds of meats and vegetables we're used to back home to make the kind of dishes Elvis really likes."

When Elvis and his father came back, his grandmother said "Good night." Then the three of us went to Elvis's room. His father came with us.

I looked around the room. There were twin beds and several comfortable chairs and lots of cushions. There was a picture of a woman on a table. I was sure it was Elvis' mother. They looked alike. In a corner were stacks of letters. He told me they were from his fans.

Elvis took a small guitar, which was standing in a corner, and began to play and sing for us.

"I like to play to let off steam," he said. He sang all the songs I knew so well from his records, "Jailhouse Rock," "Love Me Tender," "Don't Be Cruel," and "Treat Me Nice."

It was so wonderful. In the tender songs his voice was so warm and caressing. I wanted to lean back and close my eyes, but I did not want to miss seeing him for a minute.

That night I discovered my mistake about the word "puppy." He showed me a beautiful little dog, champagne color, with long ears like a cocker spaniel. "This is my puppy," he said.

Elvis loved that little dog. "Its name," he explained to me, "is very fancy, 'Cherry of the Mainkur.' That's his name on the papers, but we call him 'Cherry.'"

"Would you mind if Lamar takes you home tonight?" Elvis asked, as the time approached eleven. "I'm afraid I have to be at camp extra early tomorrow morning, so I'd better go to bed."

He walked with me to the taxi. "Will I see you tomorrow?" he asked me.

"No," I shook my head. "I have my English lesson on Friday, and I have already missed it once in this week." It took a lot of will power for me to say this.

"Okay, honey," Elvis said. "Then how about Saturday, the same time?"

I shook my head, yes, and he hugged and kissed me and waved goodbye.

Again my mother was waiting up for me when I got home. After I reviewed the evening for her, she said, "What a nice young man . . . nothing conceited about him. It is hard to believe he is a famous star."

The first thing I asked my English teacher Friday night was the meaning of the word "honey."

She explained to me that it is a product

from bees used as a sweet. When I looked puzzled, she asked if someone had called me that. When I told her yes, she laughed. "Then it was meant as a pet name," she explained. "They use it a lot in America."

For my Saturday date, I was very careful to put my hair up the way Elvis liked it, but not even for him would I put any lipstick on.

That night Elvis again played on the guitar and sang to all of us. "I don't like to go out on the town," he said. "I like to stay home with people I like and be comfortable."

During the evening Elvis told me that he would be leaving on maneuvers soon. "I'm not looking forward to it," he sighed. "It's going to be real tough. For eight weeks I won't be able to get a pass. But I want to be a good soldier and I'll do my best. I've got wonderful buddies in my outfit."

He told me he did not know if he could see me that next day because he did not know when he'd be leaving. "I'll call you and let you know," he said.

He sent me home by taxi, and as always I was there at eleven. Just before I went to bed, I circled in red on my calendar, as I had every time I had been out with him.

The next day was a Sunday. At 4 o'clock he phoned. "I still don't know when I'm leaving, honey," he said. "I'll call you at 6:00 but be ready anyway at 6:30."

At 6:30 Lamar came in a taxi for me. Elvis' father was not there when we came to the hotel. It was the first time I had ever been really alone with him.

"Well, I'm definitely leaving on maneuvers tomorrow morning at dawn," he said. He was already dressed in his field uniform. "I want you to learn English while I'm gone," he said. "I think it will be easier for you than for me to learn German."

"You know, I like you," he said, "even if you won't put any lipstick on," and he laughed. "It won't be so lonely for me here if I have someone to talk to that I like."

On a sudden impulse I said to him, "Do you have a special girl friend?"

"No," he shook his head. "No one special."

I told him I was sure I could learn English quickly and that I would make my lessons to three times a week.

We talked about sports. Elvis was pleased to know that I loved to swim. "I like to swim too," he said. We discussed music. I told him I often went to the Frankfurt Jazz House to listen and dance. "You'll have to take me there when I get back," he said.

It was getting late, and I knew he had to get up very early. He agreed with me. "Before you leave, I want to sing you one more song," he said, and he took out his guitar.

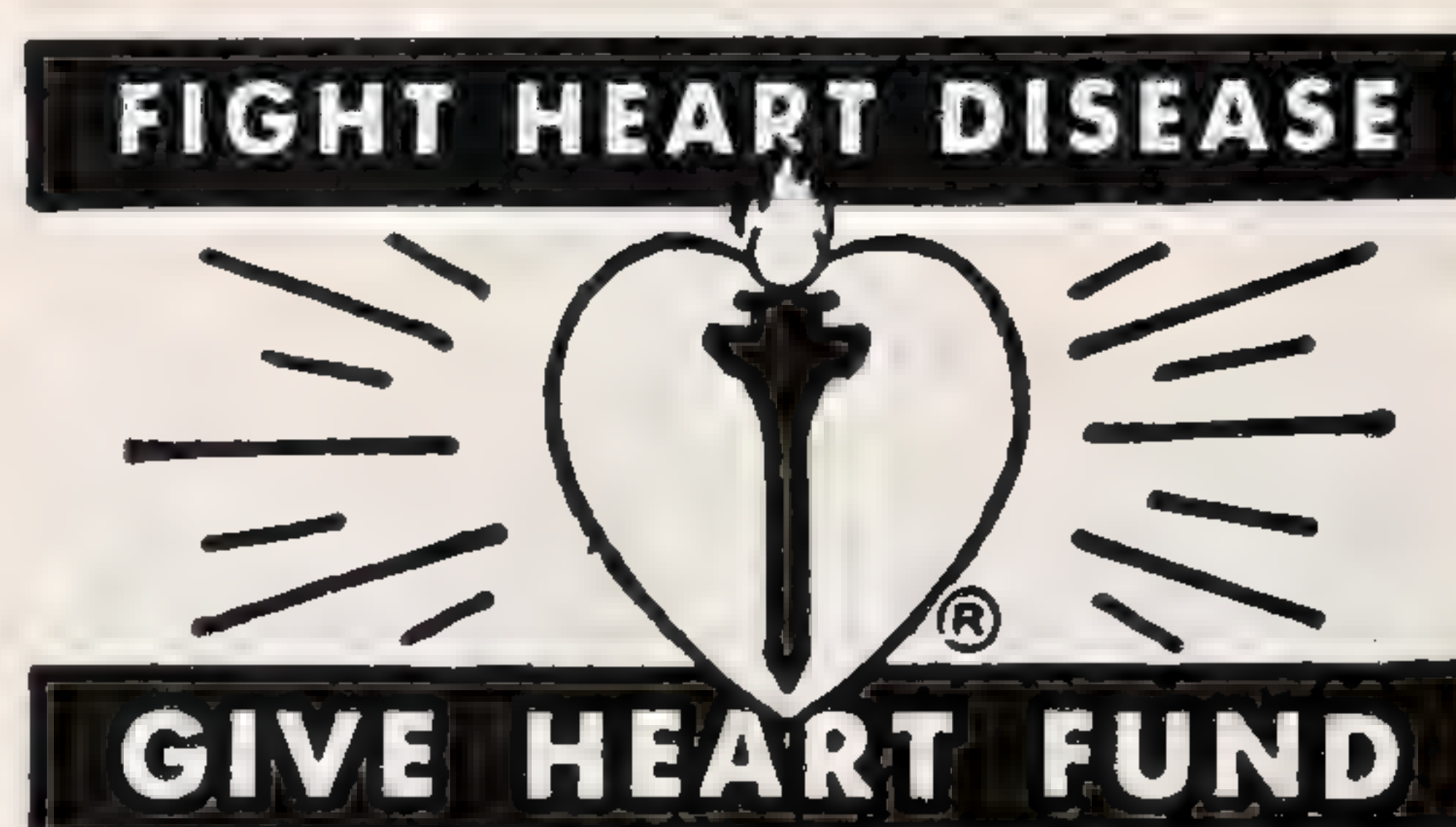
He played and sang to me in German, an old German folk polka, "*Ich Tanze Polka Mein Schatz*" (I Dance the Polka with You, Sweetheart).

"See you," were his last words to me, as he took me to the taxi and kissed me goodbye.

The only news I've had of Elvis since is what I read in the papers. I know he was in the Greenwoehl Forest, near the Czech border and that he was living under actual battle conditions.

He has not written, and he gave me no address to write him.

If he was not a big star, it would be much easier. Then I would not be afraid to write him. Then I could tell him about my hopes and dreams of going to America. I had begun my English lessons so I would know the language good enough to apply for a job as a baby-sitter or helper in an American family in exchange for my room



and board. I was planning to study English shorthand so that I could one day apply for a job as a secretary in an import-export firm.

Those are my hopes and dreams . . . the ones I would like to tell Elvis. But right now I can only talk to the wall—to the wall of my room where I have put up the pictures of Elvis and me that he took the first day we met. There I have also put a cover from Photoplay magazine, and a picture of my family and me looking at this cover. This cover has special meaning for me. It has a beautiful photograph of Elvis on it, with a message from him to his admirers in the United States: "Please Don't Forget Me While I'm Gone." In my mind I change the "I'm" to "You're" and think: *Elvis, Don't Forget Me While You're Gone.*

Maybe I will never hear from Elvis again. Even if I do not I still have a warm, pleasant memory of a wonderful, soft-spoken, polite boy who was my first real date.

THE END

THIS PAGE IS YOURS

Continued from page 74

of the little boys gave her a bouquet of flowers, making a little speech of thanks to them "for everything you have done to help us and our home."

Pia and I found out from one of the people in the big crowd outside that Mr. and Mrs. Murray are in charge of something called the "Homeless European Land Program." Through HELP they support the work of the orphanage at Casa Materna.

Even though they were very busy, they did find time to talk to us. Hope Lange was very beautiful and very nice. Don Murray is just like he is in the movies. (Pia and I saw "Bus Stop" three times. It was very good.) We told them how much we like their pictures (we also saw "Peyton Place" three times), and they signed autographs for us.

When it was time for them to leave, the director of the orphanage thanked them for all they were doing for the children. Mr. Murray said something then that Pia and I will never forget. He thanked the director for what *he* was doing. And then he said (and Pia and I remembered every word): "A Catholic priest I know once said the kind of work you're doing—helping children—is wonderful. He said it's wonderful, because we cannot do good to God and we cannot hurt God, since none of us has been able to have that kind of a personal relationship with God. But God has given us man whom we can help and we can hurt. It is this way we either serve or abuse God."

Mr. and Mrs. Murray saw how excited we were being with them and invited us to go along to their train. On the way we asked if Mrs. Murray was going to have a baby. She said "Yes." We were very glad.

When we got home, Pia told my mother and father what Mr. Murray had said at the orphanage about serving God. Pia knows English well and she had written down every word he'd said. My father nodded his head and said that Mr. Murray was certainly a fine man. We think so too.

THE END

HOPE LANGE WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING" FOR 20TH AND DON MURRAY'S IN U.A.'S "SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL" AND 20TH'S "THESE THOUSAND HILLS."

TV & MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

Brand new stars and
brand new pictures!
PLUS your favorites!

All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on
glassy stock, just right for
framing. Send your order today.



STAR CANDIDS YOU'LL TREASURE

- | | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 5. Alan Ladd | 207. Eddie Fisher | 269. James Garner | 293. Guy Williams |
| 9. Esther Williams | 212. Grace Kelly | 270. Everly Brothers | 294. Frankie Avalon |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 213. James Dean | 271. Erin O'Brien | 295. John Gavin |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 214. Sheree North | 272. Sandra Dee | 296. Lee Remick |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 215. Kim Novak | 273. Lili Gentle | 297. Diane Varsi |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 219. Natalie Wood | 274. Robert Culp | 298. Joanne Woodward |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 220. Dewey Martin | 275. Michael Ansara | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 25. Dale Evans | 221. Joan Collins | 276. Jack Kelly | 300. Paul Anka |
| 33. Gene Autry | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 277. Darlene Gillespie | 301. Peter Brown |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 223. Sal Mineo | 278. Annette Funicello | 302. Edd Byrnes |
| 51. Doris Day | 224. Shirley Jones | 279. David Stollery | 303. Joni James |
| 56. Perry Como | 225. Elvis Presley | 280. Tim Considine | 304. Jock Mahoney |
| 57. Bill Holden | 227. Tony Perkins | 281. Nick Todd | 305. Jim Franciscus |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 228. Clint Walker | 282. Johnny Mathis | 306. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. |
| 74. John Wayne | 229. Pat Boone | 283. David Nelson | 307. John Smith |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 230. Paul Newman | 284. Shirley Temple | 308. Lloyd Bridges |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 231. Don Murray | 285. Pat Conway | 309. John Russell |
| 86. Farley Granger | 233. Pat Wayne | 286. Bob Horton | 310. Gene Barry |
| 92. Guy Madison | 235. Anita Ekberg | 287. John Payne | 311. Chuck Connors |
| 105. Vic Damone | 236. Corey Allen | 288. David Janssen | 312. Geo. Montgomery |
| 109. Dean Martin | 240. Patti Page | 289. Dick Clark | 313. Craig Stevens |
| 110. Jerry Lewis | 241. Lawrence Welk | 290. Yvonne Craig | 314. Steve McQueen |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 243. Larry Dean | 291. Carol Lynley | 315. Conway Twitty |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 244. Buddy Merrill | 292. Jimmie Rodgers | 316. Ty Hardin |
| 135. Jeff Chandler | 245. Hugh O'Brian | | |
| 136. Rock Hudson | 246. Jim Arness | | |
| 139. Debra Paget | 247. Sanford Clark | | |
| 140. Dale Robertson | 249. John Saxon | | |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe | 250. Dean Stockwell | | |
| 145. Marilyn Brando | 252. Warren Berlinger | | |
| 147. Tab Hunter | 253. James MacArthur | | |
| 148. Robert Wagner | 254. Nick Adams | | |
| 149. Russ Tamblyn | 255. John Kerr | | |
| 150. Jeff Hunter | 256. Harry Belafonte | | |
| 175. Charlton Heston | 258. Luana Patten | | |
| 179. Julius La Rosa | 259. Dennis Hopper | | |
| 180. Lucille Ball | 260. Tom Tryon | | |
| 182. Jack Webb | 261. Tommy Sands | | |
| 185. Richard Egan | 262. Will Hutchins | | |
| 187. Jeff Richards | 263. James Darren | | |
| 192. Jean Simmons | 264. Ricky Nelson | | |
| 194. Audrey Hepburn | 265. Faron Young | | |
| 198. Gale Storm | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis | | |
| 202. George Nader | 267. Ferlin Husky | | |
| 205. Ann Sothern | 268. Dolores Hart | | |

WORLD WIDE, DEPT. WG-3
112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for candid
pictures of my favorite stars and have circled
the numbers of the ones you are to send me
by return mail.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for
\$1; 6 for 50c.

(NO ORDERS LESS THAN 50 CENTS)

Continued from page 41

knew my parents would be mad if they found out. But the idea of belonging to the group was too great a temptation.

At first I had to force myself to swallow the stuff. It made me choke and had a harsh strong smell. I felt like throwing up, but I wasn't going to let the other fellows know that. So I kept on drinking, kept on being "one of the boys," and soon I found I was really beginning to enjoy it.

But I felt guilty. Guilty because I was misusing the trust my parents had placed in me. They believed in me; believed in me enough not to cross-question me every time I came home. And all the while I was doing something they had taught me was wrong.

One night we bought more than we could drink. Since I'd chipped in the most money, I got to take the two leftover bottles home. That didn't please me as much as it was supposed to because . . . what would happen if my mother and father found the bottles? As I left the boys to go home I grinned bravely and told them they were great for letting me have the extra beer. But I didn't feel so great myself.

I slipped quietly into the house, trying to close the front door and creep up to my room without anyone hearing me. But just as I tiptoed onto the first step of the staircase, it gave a loud creak and my father shouted from the living room, "That you, Pat?"

"Yes, Pop."

"Come here a second. I want to speak to you."

"Be with you," I shouted and leaped, two stairs at a time, up into my room and buried the bottles under the bed. Then I trotted, whistling as I went, down the stairs to speak to my father. All he wanted to know was if I were neglecting my schoolwork.

By the time I got to go to school the next day, I had forgotten about the beer under the bed. It wasn't until ten o'clock, right in the middle of the English class, that I remembered. The bottles! My mother must have found them by now! I'll really be in for it!

When school let out, I ran all the way home, dashed up the stairs and threw

myself against the door of the room. When it swung back I had one of the happiest sights of my life. Staring at me was a rumpled, unmade bed. Yesterday's clothes were thrown over a chair and my school-books were still on the table where I'd left them.

I looked under the bed. The bottles were untouched. Mom hadn't made my bed or tidied the room as usual. I heard my mother's voice calling to me from below.

"Pat, Pat." And I could hear her footsteps on the stairs. She put her head around the door. "Pat—I left your room like this on purpose. How do you like coming home to such untidiness? You must learn to be neater."

When she left I dove under the bed, grabbed the bottles, and, hiding them under my jacket, darted out of the house to ditch them in the first empty lot. I couldn't face drinking the stuff. And I felt so ashamed. If she had found them I know she would have been more hurt than angry. That incident with the bed had taught me a lesson.

When you are young you do a lot of crazy things. But I had to get into trouble on account of a man who died one hundred and fourteen years ago; the seventh president of the United States, Andrew Jackson. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

First I'd better explain that I was in the eighth grade at the time. Each year the graduating class at the school gets to take a trip and this is always looked forward to as one of the highlights of the semester not only for its educational value but most of all because it means no classes on a regular school day! Our class outing was to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, which is located a few miles outside of Nashville.

When the day of our trip arrived, we marched out of the building feeling very big-time because the other students were stuck in their classrooms. We could see a few of them, the ones with seats near a window, gazing down at us longingly as we all piled on to the chartered bus. During the ride, our teacher reminded us of the highlights of President Jackson's life, some historical events that took place at the Hermitage, and then she ended by telling us that we were expected to behave like ladies and gentlemen. We were not to make too much noise and above all not to touch anything on the premises.

I can still remember my first view of the home as we drove up. It's a big, sprawling, two-storied house with four white pillars which makes it resemble a Greek temple. Inside we didn't know what to look at first: the crystal chandeliers, the heavy rose-colored draperies, or the exotic furniture.

We got to one bedroom and I remember the guide saying, "Even the wallpaper in this room has not been changed since President Jackson's day." As he mentioned the word wallpaper, old "Hawkeye" Boone noticed that at the far corner of the room a chunk of the paper had peeled away from the wall and was hanging down. It wasn't a very big hunk but I thought it would be great to have as a souvenir.

I stayed behind. When the others were out in the hallway, I reached up and grabbed off the drooping fragment of paper. In pulling it off a little bit more started to peel until finally I had quite a chunk. While I was figuring out where I could put the paper so it would be safe until I got home, a few of my buddies came back into the bedroom looking for me. I was caught "with the goods" as they say in mystery stories. Since I was caught I did the only thing I could think of at that moment. I gallantly tore some strips from my hunk of paper and distributed one to each of my buddies. That year I happened to be class president, and this "feat of daring" only served to enhance my reputation as a big man.

The rest of the day was uneventful. As soon as I got home I made a beeline for my bedroom and carefully slipped the paper into the back of a desk drawer. I was as proud of that souvenir as if I'd won a statue from the Smithsonian Institute! And I rationalized that it was really only a small piece of paper so nobody should miss it.

Well, the amount of paper I pulled off the wall might have seemed small to me, but not to the caretaker who evidently noticed the damage as he locked up for the evening. I learned later that he reported the incident to our principal because, having discovered it right after our thundering herd took off for home, he assumed that someone in our group was responsible.

The next morning, as soon as all of us had taken our seats, the teacher got up from behind her desk. She looked very upset as she said, "I have to ask you all a very important question. While I'm positive that none of my students could possibly be involved, we have been notified that a large piece of wallpaper is missing from a bedroom in the Hermitage. In fact the caretaker says the wall is defaced because some rowdy mutilated the paper."

She paused, looked around the room, then added, "Is anyone here responsible?"

As she spoke I felt as if my face must be turning beet red. I was sure that guilt was written all over me. Yet as I listened to her it became increasingly clear to me that she obviously didn't want anybody to confess, because it would have reflected on her. I felt awful. The realization of what I'd done hit me suddenly. I felt even more disturbed when it dawned on me that it would be fairly easy to just keep my mouth shut about the whole matter. I debated with myself for a few minutes, at first trying to reason things out by deciding I would be much kinder to her if I said nothing. The only people who knew what I'd done were a few close buddies, and I knew they'd never tell—especially since they all had chunks of paper almost as big as mine.

Then slowly I found myself raising my right arm high in the air. I'd wrestled with myself . . . and lost. As the teacher



"I'm not perfect," Pat admits, "though I hope my little Debbie thinks I am."

looked at me in disbelief, I said quietly, "I did it, ma'am. I took the wallpaper." I thought she would sink right through the floor. Not only was one of her students the culprit but it had to be the class president to boot! After I made my brief announcement, she said nothing. She just walked back to her desk and continued the day's lesson. When the bell rang she said quietly, "Pat, would you stay for a few minutes, please."

When everyone had left, she took me by the hand and, without saying a word, marched me straight to the principal's office. I was asked to describe in detail just how I had accomplished the "foul deed." When I was through talking, the principal gave me a long lecture, followed by a wallop, and then he called my home and told my mother what I'd done.

I took the long way home that afternoon to try to figure out what I would say to my folks. That night my father and I had a little talk. Then he gave me a wallop. When it was all over, I stood there while my father talked to me in his own quiet way. He told me that I had to be punished because I'd done something very wrong. At the same time he explained that he hadn't hit me too hard because he was glad I owned up to what I'd done. "It takes courage to admit an error," he said.

The way he said it made me feel so small, because I realized how stupid I'd been.

After Dad finished talking, he told me to go up to my room and write a letter to the people at the Hermitage and express my sincere apologies. I wrote the letter, but it took me hours to put the few words down on paper.

I learned a lot that day about thoughtlessness and being irresponsible and I think I became more considerate from then on. But it's a funny thing about learning, you think you've learned for good and then suddenly you do something that sets you back with a sharp jolt.

That jolt for me became the story I'm going to tell you now. The story I've never told before. No one outside my immediate family and the few friends who were with me at the time know about it. But lately, I've wanted more and more to speak about it, especially since so many kids seem to think I was so perfect as a boy. Nobody is. We all have to learn, and the hard way, I guess.

I remember the day . . . it came at the end of my junior year at high school. There is a printed record of this error . . . in the files of the Nashville Juvenile Court. And it can never be erased.

It all started in a completely innocent, fun way. I guess a lot of trouble starts like that.

I can't remember who actually first came up with the suggestion, but to add some excitement to what was apparently going to be a dull Friday night, we decided to sneak into the movie house without buying tickets.

We all had money with us to go in the normal way. That wasn't the point. We were just thirsting for fun, an "adventure" which would be different.

By diversionary tactics, we managed to slip unnoticed passed the cashier. The man who was tearing tickets presented a more difficult problem as he was not so busy and had better view of everyone around him. We ambled about as though waiting for someone, then finally managed to slip past him when a large group of kids went in. Smart, we thought.

But as we stood by the candy machine, pleasantly drunk with achievement and wondering where to sit, the manager slipped unnoticed up to us and in a commanding voice began, "Hey, you fellas. . ."



READY NOW . . . YOUR FAVORITE YEARBOOK for 1959

Ready now . . . TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1959 . . . the thrilling yearbook that tells you all about your favorite stars—their wives, their children, their hobbies.

For greater radio and television enjoyment, get TV-RADIO ANNUAL now. Here are a few of the features contained in the 1959 edition:

NEWS ROUNDUP—Here's all the news, gossip and chit-chat of the airwaves. The marriages . . . divorces . . . babies—plus inside stories that will make your eyes pop.

THE YEAR'S NEW SHOWS—Peter Gunn (Craig Stevens, Lola Albright) • The Rifleman (Chuck Connors) • Lawman (John Russell, Peter Brown) • Lassie (June Lockhart, Hugh Reilly) • The Texan (Rory Calhoun) • Cimarron City (George Montgomery, John Smith) • Walt Disney Presents (Tom Tryon) • Bat Masterson (Gene Barry) • The Donna Reed Show • Yancy Derringer (Jock Mahoney) • Man with a Camera (Charles Bronson) • Naked City (James Franciscus, Suzanne Storrs) • Man without a Gun (Rex Reason) • Steve Canyon (Dean Fredericks) • Wanted—Dead or Alive (Steve McQueen) • 77 Sunset Strip (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Edd Byrnes, Roger Smith) • The Further Adventures of Ellery Queen (George Nader).

PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—One-Man Invasion (Elvis Presley) • A Big Time in the Big

Town (Lawrence Welk & Co., including the Lennon Sisters, Myron Floren, Buddy Merrill, Alice Lon) • Red-Letter Year (Pat Boone) • Hep, Handsome and Happy (Rick Nelson) • Teenage T.N.T. (Dick Clark).

RETURN ENGAGEMENTS—Audrey Meadows • Jimmy Dean • Dorothy Collins • Kathryn Murray • Liberace • Milton Berle • Jackie Gleason • George Burns • Ronnie Burns • Ann Sothorn • Garry Moore.

PLUS—Pictures and stories of all your favorites on comedy, western, drama, adventure, musical and panel shows.

STILL ONLY 50¢ WHILE THEY LAST

This exciting, colorful Annual is available at your favorite magazine counter now. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon, with 50¢—today. But hurry before all copies are sold out!

---MAIL COUPON TODAY---

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC. WG-359
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1959. I enclose 50c.

Name.....
Please Print

Address.....

City.....State.....

But before he had had time to get out his words we were off. He caught one fellow by the arm, but my buddy twisted neatly and ran off with me and the other guy.

Down the dark aisles he chased us, with the doorman close behind. We ducked into an empty row and clambered over the seats, making for an exit at the side of the theater. The two guys with me made it—but I tripped against one of the seats and stumbled long enough for the doorman to grab me.

He took me to the manager's office and the manager called the police. I was terrified. I could just see mother crying.

"Is this the kid?" I vaguely remember hearing a cop say as he plodded into the manager's office.

The police drove me down to the station. There I was, sitting in the back of a police car, wanting to sink right through the floor with shame and guilt. What would they do? What would my father say?

We stopped at traffic lights and to my horror I noticed some of my friends drive up alongside. One fellow noticed me cowering in the back of the patrol car and I

could see him gesticulating to his friends, evidently pointing me out to them. I managed to open the window a little and yelled, "Don't tell anyone you saw me!"

Then we arrived at the police station. And they checked to see if I had any former record. When they found I didn't, they became much nicer and the sergeant just lectured me. Then he took me into a small room at the back and told me to sit and wait until my father came. His last words were that my name was now part of the permanent records of the juvenile court and that the next time I was caught doing *anything*, I'd be in for far more than just the warning I was getting now.

That wait seemed endless and to this day I can still see my father's shocked face as he walked through the door into that little room. He was as pale as a ghost. That he had lived to see the day when he would be picking up his son at a police station, seemed completely to crush him.

All I could say was, "I'm sorry, Dad."

We didn't say a word to each other all the way home. That was the worst of all because I knew by his silence he had been

terribly hurt. Every time I was about to say something, that look on his face stopped me.

It isn't true that I was once caught shoplifting. That's just a rumor. It is true that I was once part of a bunch of guys who did shoplift some clothes. We were looking for excitement, but then I remembered the look on my father's face when he'd come to the police station to pick me up. I confessed to my high-school principal and he helped arrange for me to pay for the things I'd taken. I earned the money by singing nights.

Thoughtlessly, I'd hurt the people I cared for most. It taught me a great deal, that in hurting the people we love we ourselves are the ones who get hurt the worst.

So you see, it's not true to say I'm perfect; so perfect I make it tough for kids whose parents set me up as an example. I'm proud that they do but I'm happier now that I've been able to explain that I made my mistakes, same as any kid, and learned by them too.

THE END

PAT'S IN "MARDI GRAS" FOR 20TH AND CAN BE SEEN EVERY THURSDAY AT 9 P.M. EST, OVER ABC-TV, ON "PAT BOONE CHEVY SHOWROOM."

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 43

on the stools at the fountain, and then go back to the booths. All this time, keep a tight hold on his hand so that everybody will know he's with you.

I can guarantee that, after the first few gab sessions, you'll really have to tighten that hold, or he'll speed out of the shop on twelve cylinders with twin exhausts. Play it cool and let him lead the way, and nine times out of ten he'll be dialing your number and ringing your bell again. And take my word for it, everybody will know you've had a date.

Those are just *some* ways to lose a Valentine—and there are more to come.

Does the shoe pinch? Well, just ease it off while I let you in on how I got started on all this. It's because I hate to be the kind of a guy who has to do everything at the last minute, but sometimes there just isn't any help for it. You know what I mean. You make out your Christmas shopping list in June, make all kinds of plans to start shopping in September, and end up still cramming presents into the car on Christmas Eve. It does happen. Something almost as bad is buying a birthday card or a Valentine card and carrying it in your pocket for a week before you decide it's too late to mail and end up delivering it yourself. A very bad habit. Ask me, I know. Not all of the time, mind you, but every once in a while, on my way home after the program, I head for the corner card shop. Pick out my card. Then suddenly find something else taking up all my attention.

Valentine Day cards, for instance. I went shopping real early this year. One noon-time when I suddenly found ten extra minutes to spare from listening to new records—I still can't decide which side of the Everly Brothers' latest I like best—and outlining the day's "American Bandstand" show, I decided to put on my coat and take a short walk around to the card shop not too far away and get a batch of cards to send off. My intentions were really of the very best. So I slipped out and was spending a few minutes browsing among the collection—man, some of them were but real crazy! Soon I had a nice little stack piled on the counter, and, after

paying for them and pocketing my change, I was on my way out when I saw a familiar face. It was a girl who had been in to our show a few times.

"Hi," I said. "I'll bet you get two for each one you send."

That is where my downfall began. Seriously, she turned and her face fell and I knew I had done it.

"Most of my cards will be from girls," she moaned. "For some reason the fellows seem to forget me." In the back of my mind those little wheels started spinning, and since I had already stolen a few minutes off, I thought, why not take a few more. So I plunged in.

"What gives?" I asked. "I've seen you at 'American Bandstand' and you seem to have a guy for every dance."

"But they're all one-time dances, and it's usually the same with dates," she told me. "and I just can't seem to keep the fellows interested in me." Before she could ask "What can I do?" those wheels had clicked and my mental motor was running. I knew why I had noticed this girl out of the hundred or so on the dance floor. Knowing that, I could also make a good guess at why the dancing and dating ended up the same way each time.

She's the girl in example number one, and once I'd remembered the easy way my friend at the card shop used to lose her Valentines, I just naturally got started thinking of other sure-fire, tear-tested ways.

For instance, one sure way to drive your intended Valentine into the arms of another on the dance floor or on a date is to duck every opportunity to follow his conversational leads. You may be worrying about his dance steps, and concentrating hard on them, but whatever the reason, you're not paying any attention to what he's saying. I know a lot of times that's confused with shyness—and often it can be just that—but at all times, when he starts the conversational ball rolling, that's your cue to lend an ear.

If all he gets back is a strained expression, he's bound to get the idea that you don't share his interest, and that's when he'll clam up and make a fast getaway when the music comes up and out. Even if everything he wants to talk about isn't Topic "A" with you, it's still the best way possible for you to get to know him and for him to get a lead on your likes and dislikes. Most young couples have some interests in common. The job is sorting

them out. That's another art that you can practice without him actually realizing you're getting around him. They say "it takes two to tango," and remember it also takes at least "two to talk" in this teenage world or any other.

Of course, I say "lend an ear," but that can be twisted into "bend an ear."

Don't go all the way off in the other direction and begin chattering about anything and everything that comes to your mind. Just work a middle line and you'll find it's also the shortest one to his friendship, interest and attention.

I noticed an incident the other night when I was at one of the record hops and that also set me to thinking. About three couples were standing off to one side of the gym floor, and one girl had a real tight grip on the right arm of one of the fellows. Every time he'd say something, she would let loose with a hilarious giggle that really drew attention away from whatever he had said and focussed it right on her.

Now I'm sure she didn't realize this. She just seemed to be anxious to show her appreciation of his remarks, but I could see that he was starting to throw around those looks that can only mean "How am I going to escape?"

They were out on the dance floor a few minutes later, and she was really talking up a storm. There was another storm, too, and it started showing on his forehead. Whenever he would say something, that was his partner's cue to pick up in mid-sentence and really go off with a line that never seemed to stop. It was easy to see that he wasn't getting wrapped up in that line, and before the evening was over I saw them both sitting off to the side, neither saying a word, and both looking like an explosion had taken place. The cause was obvious. Sure he wanted his date to be interested in what he was saying, but he didn't want her taking over completely. The blow-up, when it came, must have been tough on both parties, but it seemed to me that it hit hardest on the girl. All she'd been doing, she thought, was trying to please the fellow. But going overboard with the chatter had drowned that romance and buried it at sea.

There's another way I've found to keep Valentines out of your mail box, but here you have to have some help. That's when you and your girl friend double date. After the dance or show, you stop off for a snack,

keeping up a running line with your girl friend while the fellows are left to themselves, and feeling ignored. Fellows are as guilty of this as girls, I'm told, and I'm sure you girls get just as burned up when it happens to you. After all, that's the reason for dates in the first place—to enjoy each other's company—so make sure that everybody gets a word or two in the conversation. You can help if you're the one who notices someone is being left out. Look for an opening to bring him back into the fold, and he'll be your friend for life.

Most of these problems can come up on a date, any date, and believe me I know fellows make their share of mistakes. Sure you get mad, too, at the guy who tells you to be ready at seven-thirty and then shows up at eight-fifteen. Or the guy who says "How would you like to see the basketball game Friday night?" And then after you dress in sweater and skirt, he shows up dressed to kill and informs you, "Oh, no, we're going to the dance at the church hall." Murder, you say. Well, don't do it. That's when you should smile, and tell him it won't take you more than a minute to change into something more formal. I guess even worse is when you've dressed in your newest dress and spent hours getting ready for a dance and he comes along with the last-minute word: "It's a square dance." Now these mishaps aren't your fault, and nobody could blame you if you blew up and just "told him off." But, the date, and the ones that might follow, could be salvaged and you are the one who can do it. Don't start blasting right away. Get ready for the occasion as quickly as possible and then, later on in the evening if your anger hasn't worn off, politely indicate that you wish you had been told beforehand just where you were going. Sure, you are still in a way letting him know where you stand, but what could have been a really bad evening is smoothed by a lot of patience on your part.

These evenings might have started off being real hectic, but there is another way to make sure they don't end up that way.

That can happen when you try to impress your date by telling him that you don't have to be home until twelve—when your parents really have set an earlier curfew. All unsuspecting, he takes you to the door at midnight only to be greeted by an irate dad or mom demanding to know why he kept you out so late. Oh . . . there he goes. Fleeing down the steps and out of sight and out of your social life.

He has been told by his parents what time he should be in, so it's only natural for him to know your deadline. Tell him honestly and he won't get sore. At least he won't get as burned up as he is when he gets blasted in your doorway.

So now you know how, if you really try, you can lose your Valentine. If you'd rather latch on to those dances and dates, there's a lesson here for you, too. Most of the boners I've talked about come about for pretty much the same reasons—because the girl isn't interested enough in her date, or she's interested but doesn't know how to show it, or she goes about showing it in the wrong way. Show him he's a VIP and he'll send the mailman around with Valentines to show you what he thinks.

Did I say Valentine cards? . . . That reminds me . . . now which pocket did I put them in? I know I've got one here just for you.

See you next month. Meanwhile, write me at the office here at Photoplay. They've given me a brand-new file cabinet of my own, just to keep your letters in.—DICK

DON'T MISS DICK ON ABC-TV, ON "AMERICAN BANDSTAND," MON.-FRI., 4 TO 5:30 P.M. EST, AND "THE DICK CLARK SHOW," SAT., 7:30 P.M. EST.

give your eyes a KURLASH lift!..

Beauty secret!
Up-tilted lashes look longer, make your eyes appear larger, brighter. Take a few seconds to wake up your eyes with a KURLASH beauty-lift. The eyelash curler used by more beautiful women than any other. Exclusive automatic refill.

\$1.00



©KURLASH CO., INC., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DISCOURAGE THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING

THUM
TRADE MARK

Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

Learn Nursing At Home in Spare Time



Now you can have the most complete home-study course in nursing ever offered—at the lowest cost ever! 53 lessons. 2,000 pages, 1,300 pictures!

Ideal for beginners and for experienced practical nurses, nurse's aides, hospital attendants, infant nurses, nurse-companions, doctor's office nurses, etc. Good job opportunities. Also excellent for home care of ill or elderly persons. Supervised by doctor. Includes both hospital and home nursing duties. For men, women age 18 to 60. High school not required. Thousands successful. Certificate and Nurse's Pin awarded. Send card or coupon for first lesson FREE! No obligation.

Louise Petersen, Career Institute
Dept. N-23, 30 E. Adams St., Chicago 3 Illinois
Please mail full information and first lesson FREE.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....

TREAT'S ON US!

\$1.25 Retail
FRUIT BOWL
Salt-Pepper-Sugar Set
Delightfully colorful centerpiece. Pineapple and grapefruit are shakers; sugar in bowl.

Yours FREE ON INTRODUCTORY OFFER . . .
Given with Approval Samples of these
2 NEW ASSORTMENTS OF EVERYDAY CARDS

SILVER SHEEN Asst. Everyday cards rich as a jeweler's \$1.25 showcase . . .

PARCHMENT TREASURES Asst. 21 tall cards for \$1.25 all occasions..

Make up to \$150⁰⁰ CASH QUICK Showing New-Idea Greeting Cards

Send for samples and start earning the easiest money ever by simply showing them to people you know. No experience needed. See the big difference in Cardinal's big line of thrilling new cards for all occasions and Gift Items that sell fast the year 'round. Compare our low wholesale prices and liberal profits. Extra Cash Bonus, too. SEND NO MONEY. Get 2 outstanding Assortments on approval and Exclusive Stationery Samples FREE. \$1.25 "Fruit Bowl" Set included with FREE Offer. Mail coupon!

SEND COUPON FOR FREE GIFT OFFER & SAMPLES

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. C-29
1400 State Avenue, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
Please send money-making kit of new Greeting Cards on approval. Include \$1.25 "Fruit Bowl" Gift Set with FREE Offer.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

JOHNNY SAXON

Continued from page 46

tight, hollow gasps of breath continued. No, Johnny said to himself, he isn't listening. He can't hear a word I'm saying.

Suffering from cancer of the throat during this past, pain-wracked year, his grandfather had refused to go to the hospital until now, in a critical condition, he had been brought by a speeding ambulance to this white, ether-smelling room where he lay dying through these last twenty-four hours.

Holding his grandfather's bony hand in his, Johnny prayed. He prayed hard, begging God to release the hot, throbbing life from his own fingers into his grandfather's limp palm. But the dying man's breathing quickened, and Johnny bent over and touched the old man's bony hand with his cheek; then went out to the hospital hallway to summon the nurse who waited outside with his family.

"I want him to know I'll be a success, that I'll make good in Hollywood, that I have a contract." But his immigrant grandfather who had only gone to the movies once in his life didn't grasp the meaning of what he was telling him. All he seemed to understand was that his Johnny, "his beloved Carmen," was ushering in a movie theater.

"Don't be ashamed of your work, whatever you do. If you're an usher be the best usher!" was the last thing his grandfather said before lapsing back into a coma.

Now, the nurse, a rustling blur of white with softly curled black hair against a rose-pink complexion, held his grandfather's wrist and checked his pulse.

Seeing the old man gasp for breath brought new tears to Johnny's eyes. "He . . . he needs help," he tried holding back a sob, the hard lump in his throat, and walked over to the wide hospital window while the nurse stood silently by his grandfather's side counting the pulsebeats.

Outside, in the cloudy light of the sunless spring afternoon, the March wind seemed almost to sigh against the hospital window. Below, on the grey Brooklyn street, shouting children in warm coats and bright-colored caps ran home from school. Yellow taxis honked their horns. Clusters of women waited on streetcorners for buses. Far away, on a rooftop, Johnny saw, through his tears, a washline of clothes fluttering in the wind.

The squeals of the young, grade-school children, as though carried by the sighing spring wind, reached the seventh-floor room where Johnny stood gazing through the hospital window, and reminded him of a day, years ago. He was six and ready to begin school . . .

Wasn't it his grandfather who said, "I . . . I bring the boy. I bring Carmen to school." His grandfather was proud of him, his first grandson and namesake, and wanted the joy of enrolling his Carmen in the yellow-brick parochial school not far from their home in Brooklyn.

On that first day of school when the elder Carmen Orrico came calling for the young Carmen to register him in the first-grade class of St. Catherine's of Alexandria, he gave his grandson a brown, leather-trimmed school bag and a double decker pencil box of colored Mongol pencils.

"Someday," he told the young Carmen in his lusty, loud-lunged voice, "someday, my little one, you . . . you're going to be an important man. You wait and see. Here, in America, you have fine opportunity!"

Hand in hand, they both walked slowly to school on that crisp September morning. They walked along the busy sidewalks under the spreading trees, those sun-spangled trees of heaven, the trees that grow everywhere in Brooklyn.

"Will I like school, Grandpa?" young Carmen wanted to know.

"Like school?" his grandfather said with a tone of incredulity. "Of course, my boy, you'll like school." He went on to explain all the things Carmen would learn in school. ". . . and you must study hard so that someday, when you grow up, you'll make Grandma and me proud of you!"

Young Carmen listened intently, but when the time came for him to say goodbye in the hallway of the musty-smelling school building, he was frightened. "I don't want to be left alone," he had said.

"Now, don't you worry," his grandfather answered as he pinned a small St. Christopher medal inside his coat. "He will take care of you in your new travels."

"And remember; now you are a man," his grandfather said in Italian. "You don't want to make us ashamed of you. A man never cries!"

Carmen swallowed hard and tried to hold back his tears. He followed the black-robed Sister to the first-grade room, past the American flag in the corner and to a circle of children, smiling girls in pretty plaid dresses and beaming boys in starched

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

cotton shirts. The Sister smiled her welcome and began to read a prayer from her big brown book.

That noontime, his grandfather left work to come and get Carmen. He waited in the school's hallway. When he met the boy he had said, arms outstretched to greet him. "There's my Carmen. Tell me now, how was the first day of school?" And he took him to Lou Hessing's corner ice cream parlor and bought him a double dip chocolate ice cream cone.

Later, when young Carmen wanted to know why his mother or father didn't bring him to school on that first day, his father told him how much schooling meant to his grandfather who had come from a poor family in Naples and never had the luxury of education. School in Italy, at the time his grandfather grew up, was only for the higher classes. The lower classes had to go to work.

But his grandfather, determined to find opportunity for himself, immigrated to the northern climate of New York from his sunny Naples. And he dug ditches and mixed cement to raise his family. He knew he might never be able to send his own children to college, but the dream he held in his heart was for his grandchildren to reap all the glorious benefits of his newly adopted and beloved land.

"America," he used to say in Italian, "she is going to be good to us. . ."

Now, as the spring wind whistled against the window pane of the hospital room, the priest from their parish in Brooklyn, in his somber black suit and starched white collar, entered with Johnny's family; his weeping, grey-haired mother who clutched a handkerchief and dabbed at her swollen, puffed cheeks; his short, stocky father whose dark eyes were red-rimmed from crying; his saddened teenage sisters, Dolores and Julie Ann;

all of his heartbroken uncles and aunts.

They had all waited in the hospital hallway while Johnny tried to talk with Grandfather alone, while he tried to explain to the dying man that Carmen Orrico was going to be a success. But Grandfather, failing from the malignant illness, didn't hear all of Johnny's words, didn't understand what Johnny wanted him to know.

Now, in the midst of that dark March afternoon, here they were, all of them huddled together in grief, kneeling in silent prayer while the tall priest unfolded a narrow cloth of purple silk and placed it over his shoulders. He gave Johnny's gasping grandfather his final communion and read the last rites from a black prayer book, the sign of the crucifix embossed in gilt on its cover.

"Here we all are," Johnny thought, "a family brought together by death." How many times before they had been brought together! For sicknesses, for happinesses, for the death of his kind grandmother, Veronica Orrico. Here they were now, brought together out of love for the man who had the strength and courage to leave a destitute home in faraway Italy for the future of his children and his children's children.

In a low, chanting voice the priest intoned the Latin prayers of the final sacrament, and Johnny, as he fell to his knees to pray, recalled a memory, a touching remembrance of an August Sunday following his sixteenth birthday. . .

He had had a come-of-age party the Friday of his birthday with all his friends from the neighborhood and from the New Utrecht High School. He had rolled the living-room rug into a corner for easy dancing and spin-the-bottle games, and everybody said they had a wonderful time. But on Sunday, two days after Johnny became sixteen, his grandfather and grandmother came to a family dinner in Johnny's behalf, after morning Mass at St. Catherine's of Alexandria. All the Orrico relatives were there. His grandfather was dressed in his dark grey Sunday suit, high white collar, striped silk tie.

"How distinguished he looks," Johnny had told himself. "He has so much . . . so much dignity." A laborer, yes. A ditch digger. A brick loader. But no matter. Grandfather Orrico was proud of his life and his family, and his pride showed in his deep-set eyes, his erect bearing and the admiring way he looked at them all.

"Carmen, my Carmen," his grandfather said as he embraced his grandson proudly and gave him a silver Parker 51 fountain pen. His small grandmother with the black-olive eyes, in a dark dress and tiny gold hoop earrings in her pierced ears, kissed Johnny and wished him good health and good luck.

They were here because this was his day, Carmen's day, and everyone brought him beautiful gifts and good wishes. The Friday night party was fun, but somehow it didn't make him feel sixteen. This day did. Seeing his grandfather and grandmother looking at him with loving eyes, his mother pouring red wine into the dozen sparkling wine-glasses on a silver tray held by his sister, Dolores, his father offering all the men Havana cigars, it was their way of saying "Son, you've come of age. We're behind you. We believe in you. We're here to make this day yours."

Smiling, his dark-eyed sister offered all the guests glasses of Chianti wine, and after everyone was served, they lifted their glasses into the air while Johnny's grandfather pronounced a toast to Johnny's golden future. Everyone sipped from the thin-stemmed glasses. And again, like the

first day when he went to school holding onto his grandfather's hand, Johnny almost cried. He held back the show of emotion. His grandfather wouldn't like it. It wasn't manly, he told himself. It wasn't right.

After the toast there was silence, then Aunt Tess lifted her glass and toasted "to the nice pretty girl, wherever she is, who someday's going to be his wife!"

Tempting aromas of tomato sauce, cheeses, spaghetti and turkey came in from the kitchen. Soon, everyone sat down to a bountiful Sunday meal, and Grandfather, who sat at the head of the walnut-wood table in the dining room with the faded camellia-flowered wallpaper, asked Johnny to say grace, and Johnny, nervous, flustered, unsure of himself, floundered. He didn't know what to say.

Finally, after a long silence, with everyone waiting for him to speak, Johnny began reciting an "Our Father," not knowing what else to do, and when he finished, his grandfather made the sign of the cross and said, "You have a gift, my boy, a gift from God. Your voice, it's gentle. You must think about using it in your work. You know, you might make a good lawyer!"...

Praying now in the white-walled hospital room, his eyes on the gold crucifix the priest placed in his grandfather's stilled hands, Johnny asked God to make his grandfather understand why he had to change his name in Hollywood.

His grandfather chose to ignore the film world, refused to believe that Johnny had changed his name from the generations-old Carmen Orrico to the artificial Johnny Saxon. Years ago, when his grandfather went to a neighborhood movie, he stayed only for ten minutes. When he walked out he declared everything he saw on the big screen was trash. Now, he couldn't understand that Johnny, his Carmen, lived in Hollywood. He chose to believe Johnny was following the call of wild youth, roaming around before he settled down.

Only last night when a film of Johnny's was being shown on television, Johnny rented a TV set, had it wheeled into his grandfather's quiet hospital room in order that he might see his grandson as an actor, but when it came time for the program his grandfather fell into a deep sleep, never once seeing—if only for a moment—his grandson in the leading role.

Now, Carmen Orrico, immigrant from Italy, laborer, family man, was dying with his loved ones at his side. Arising from their prayers, Johnny's mother and father walked over to the deathbed and kissed the sallow cheeks of the gasping, dying man.

Johnny arose and walked to the window. He looked out at the cloudy spring sky. "Dear God," Johnny prayed, "let him know of my work, let him know I'm no longer an usher in a movie house, let him know I've fulfilled his dream of success."

For a moment, only a brief moment, the March sun came out from behind the grey clouds and shone all over the rooftops and streets of Brooklyn. Tears streaming down his cheeks, Johnny looked up at the sun in wonderment. It was as if God had spoken to him through this golden burst of sunlight. Then, in that next instant, the sun disappeared, vanished, fell into dark hiding behind a mist of spring clouds.

Johnny stopped crying.

Maybe Grandfather had understood.

THE END

JOHN SAXON IS IN U-I'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS" AND M-G-M'S "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE." WATCH FOR HIM IN "CRY TOUGH" FOR U.A., "THE BIG FISHERMAN" FOR BUENA-VISTA, "DESERT FLOWER" FOR HIS HOME STUDIO, U-I.

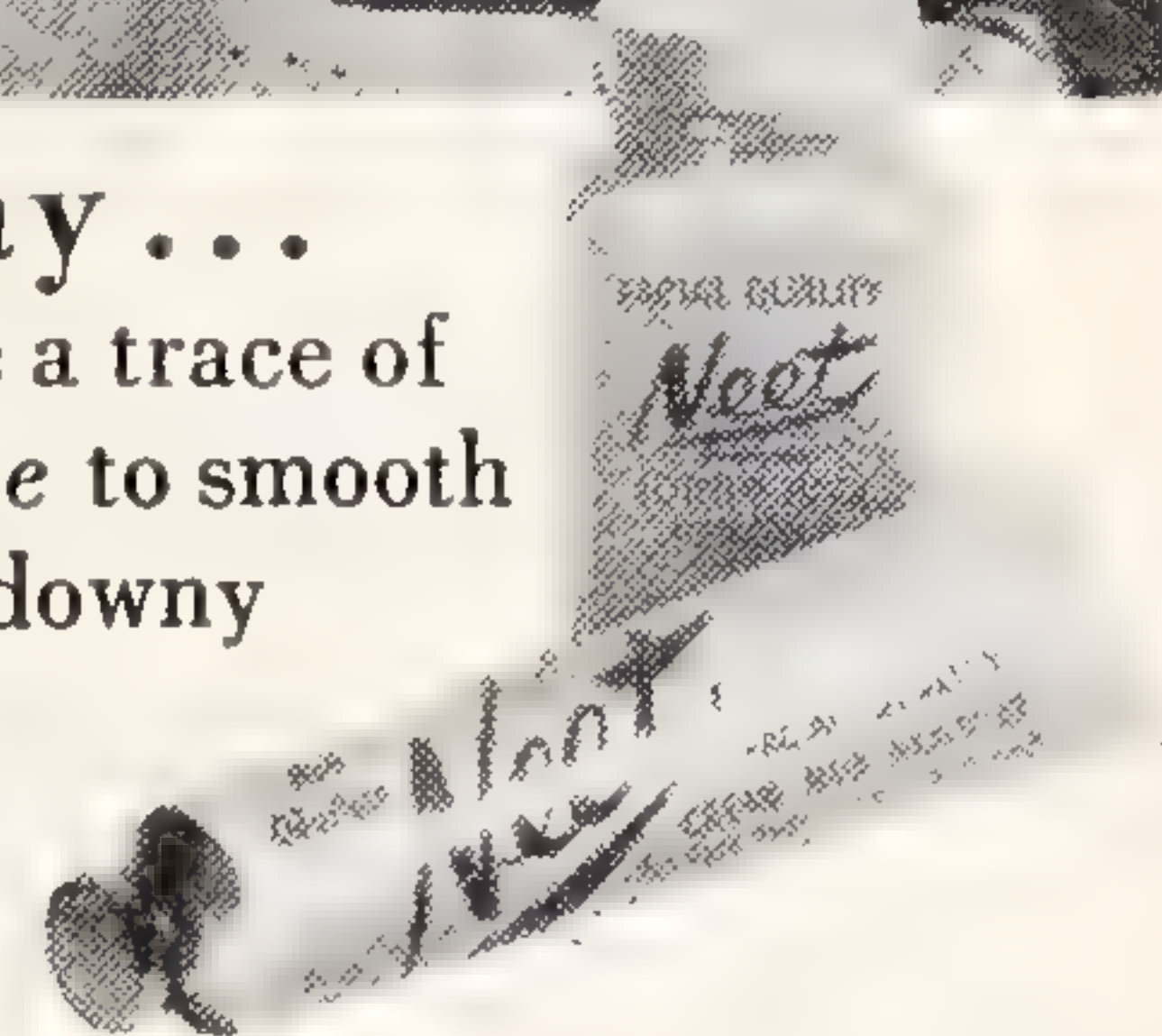
shave lady?
don't do it!



Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! *Always* to neaten underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the *beautiful* way.

Neet



SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Write 120 Words Per Minute.
Age No Obstacle—LOWEST COST
Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols; no machines; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 500,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 36th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U.S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write for Free Booklet to: School of

Speedwriting
Dept. 303-9, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

DID YOU SEE
READER'S DIGEST
ARTICLE ON

SWAP PHOTOS

Best possible reproductions of your favorite snapshot, portrait or negative.

30 FOR \$1.00 65 for \$2.00

[Include 25c for packing & mailing]

SO WELCOME TO GIVE AND TO GET

FULL WALLET SIZE 2 1/2" BY 3 1/2"
BEAUTIFUL—DOUBLEWEIGHT SILK PAPER...
*Mail your original between cardboard to:

GROSS COPY CO. 4204 Troost
Kansas City 10, Mo.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment* form under the name *Preparation H*.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc. GIVEN TO YOU FREE!



Thousands of famous products to choose from—furniture, fashions, silverware, china, draperies, etc. You get \$50.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today: Popular Club Plan, Dept. R919, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. R919, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Send Big FREE 276-Page FULL-COLOR Catalog

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

P

RICK AND DAVE

Continued from page 64

Going to the icebox, he took the milk, juice and apples and spread them out on the center of the table. Then with a flourish, as if he were serving pheasant under glass, he said, "Okay, Rick, dig in. You can have your choice of beverages and we'll split the beans."

"Quit the kidding, Dave. Take a few steaks out of the freezer."

"I'd love to oblige, but the fact is I forgot to buy any food last night and Mom isn't due to arrive with her weekly shopping bag full of goodies until tomorrow. If you're so hungry stop complaining and eat. It'll do you good to restrain yourself," Dave said, "you know we both should be in training."

"For what, starvation?" Rick retorted and then, grinning, he sat down on a cushion on the floor, since Dave's dining room offers no chairs but only the conventional Oriental manner of dinner à la rug.

"You know, Dave, I kind of like this sitting on the floor and eating routine; sort of like Marlon Brando in 'Sayonara.' But frankly this menu is ridiculous," he mumbled, swallowing a spoonful of beans.

"How about some background music with dinner?" Dave suggested. He got up and put a stack of records on the hi-fi, knowing Rick would soon forget about the lack of food and get lost in the mood of the music. The strategy worked.

A half of can of beans and a glass of milk later, Rick had forgotten about his appetite. "Dave, I heard a new album over at Music City yesterday. I've just got to have it. It's got a great guitar background and some real good tunes."

"Well, why didn't you get it?"

"I didn't have any money. But they keep open until late on Saturdays, maybe we could drop by and pick up a copy later on our way out. That is, if you'll loan me \$4.98, plus tax."

"What did you do with the ten dollars I saw Pop give you the other day? I suppose you've been splurging again!"

Ever since Dave had become financially independent, on his twenty-first birthday, the plight of Rick's financial status had become a running joke in the family.

"You know me, Dave, I'm a *real* big spender. I splurged on gasoline and getting a haircut and *luxuries* like that," Rick said.

Dave, playing along with the gag, said in mock seriousness, "Hmm, gas and a haircut, that shouldn't have used up the *whole* ten. But then I suppose the rest went for hamburgers and malts and that candy and soda pop you're always spending our hard-earned money on."

There was much truth in what Dave said. Whenever Rick couldn't be found on the soundstage, nine chances out of ten he was over at the snack shack on the lot at General Service Studios where their show is filmed, buying an assortment of chocolate bars, cough drops and soft drinks. However, no matter how much Rick got from his father or borrowed from Dave, his pockets were usually empty. Gone were the days when they'd received a regular weekly allowance; long gone. Since they both had been earning a healthy salary every week for years, the time had finally come when their folks had just said that whenever they needed money they could ask for it. Money never had been any problem to them, except lately when Rick found it hard not to spend everything he had, down to the last penny. Of course, for the past year, since Dave had come of age and was able to

touch the money that had been kept in trust for him, as well as being able to get his hands on the weekly paycheck, he'd become an additional source of loot for his brother. But being on the conservative side, Dave had left all of his money invested as it was and kept himself on a strict weekly budget, banking the rest.

Digging into his jeans, Dave came up with a crumpled ten dollar bill and two singles. "I'm sort of short on cash myself this weekend, Rick. But to show you the generosity of my nature, I'll give you half. You can have six whole dollars to spend on whatever your heart desires."

"Thanks, Dave. After I buy the album and get some gas I'll be broke again. Just think, only two years and three months more and I'll be solvent *on my own*. It's not that I'm complaining about the situation. I've got to admit it, you and Pop are pretty loose with the folding money, but two years sure seems like an awful long time."

"Well if six dollars isn't enough, before you pick up your date tonight stop home and put the bite on Pop. You have to go home to change clothes anyway."

"Say, that's right. Wait a minute . . . what date? Gosh, Dave, you just reminded me, I forgot to get a date. I did ask a girl out for tonight but she was going out of town with her folks. I forgot all about it until just now. By the way, where are you going tonight? Wherever it is, while you're out having a good time think of me alone, lonely, unwanted," he said, putting his hand to his heart to emphasize the drama of it all.

"Very funny. According to the magazines you're the idol of millions of girls from here to Timbuctoo; don't tell me you're slipping?"

"I told you I forgot to call anyone. Don't change the subject, where are you going tonight?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I asked a girl out but she's gone away for the weekend, too."

"You're kidding, you mean neither one of us has a date tonight? Look, Dave, you're the smooth one, let's call up a couple of girls and ask them to a show or something."

"You just can't call girls at the last minute, Rick. Even if she's sitting home dying for the phone to ring, no girl's going to accept a date at six o'clock on a Saturday night."

"I guess you're right, Dave. You know, sometimes I just don't understand women at all. They ask you to call and when you do they say they're busy when they're not. It's no crime to have a free Saturday evening. Gosh, Dave, I like girls who are satisfied to do things on the spur of the moment. But I guess you're right, it wouldn't be very nice to call anyone so late."

"Hold on a minute, maybe there's a solution," said Dave, who'd left his floor cushion to begin chinning himself on the wooden cross-beam over the kitchen. "Come on, let's get in our daily dozen, we can think about the situation and keep ourselves in trim at the same time."

Rick hoisted himself up on the wooden beam and they spent the next half-hour doing calisthenics while they discussed the female, or rather the lack of female companionship both were faced with that evening.

"You know, Dave, I'm changing my attitude about girls. I used to go for the shy ones that stood on ceremony and played hard to get, but now sometimes I think it would be refreshing to have a girl act a little eager."

"That's because you don't understand the psychology. Girls think they have to act very popular or else no other guy will be interested in them. I think they're right

in a way. Anyway, I still go for the reserved type. They're much more of a challenge."

"I guess you're right," Rick said, puffing a little as he completed his twenty-fifth attempt at chinning himself. "Twenty-six . . . twenty . . . seven . . . hey Dave, am I seeing things or is that thing hanging at an angle?" Rick asked, pointing to a Japanese silk screen on the wall behind the couch.

"From girls to angles . . . I see the connection! You're right, Rick, it is crooked. Didn't I tell you that when I moved in and started hanging up the pictures, I discovered the whole house tilts? It's almost impossible to hang anything straight; if I do it keeps falling off the wall, usually when I'm standing or sitting right underneath it. Having a place of your own creates problems now and then. Living alone is the greatest but it does have its complications."

"I know, Dave, but you've got it made. You're only three minutes away from our house, close enough to home-cooked meals and convenient for raiding Pop's wardrobe closet. What else could you want?"

"Not a thing. I'm very satisfied, only I'm just warning you so that you won't think there isn't any responsibility connected with this place."

"I see what you mean," Rick laughed, "Responsibility, like having food in the house when people come over, especially when they're *invited* for dinner. I understand, Dave; it's not so easy."

"Score one for you. Say how did we get away from girls so completely? Come on, Rick, let's pool our 'charm' and figure out a way to get some dates tonight."

"A good idea," Rick agreed, stretching out on the floor with a bunch of pillows propped under him.

"Incidentally, you'd better stop telling reporters that your ideal girl is blonde and blue-eyed; you're discouraging an awful lot of potential brunettes that way."

"When did I say that? Oh, I remember . . . you must have picked up an old magazine. That interview was months ago; a guy's entitled to change his mind. The next time a writer asks me what my ideal type female is I'll be prepared. As a matter of fact, I've been giving the subject quite a bit of thought."

"Let's hear the latest Rick Nelson philosophy on women," said Dave, getting up off the floor to turn the records on the flip side.

"Well, first thing, I've wised up enough to realize it isn't exactly diplomatic to give a detailed physical description of your ideal girl. Like you said, mentioning blondes sure leaves out a lot of brunettes and redheads, too. Besides, the real truth is I don't think the color of a girl's hair or eyes is so important. At least I've gotten to the point where I know pretty much what I *don't* like about girls."

"You mean there are a few things about the opposite sex that you don't like?" Dave said in laughing disbelief.

"Seriously, Dave, I mean I just don't like phoniness in *anyone*, but I can particularly spot it in girls. And I like a girl who knows how to listen as well as gab. I think a lot of girls feel they have to fill up every minute of time with conversation. They think I'll think they're dull if they don't talk. But really there are some times when a few minutes of quiet can be a very effective thing. Another thing, Dave, like I said before, I don't like girls who say one thing when they mean something completely opposite. And last but not least, I don't like girls who are too eager; they should learn how to play the game of being independent but subtly enough so they don't make a guy want to run in the opposite direction. I think a

girl should be a little mysterious . . . oh, you know what I mean. But sometimes they play guessing games that make me lose all interest in waiting around until they finally decide it's time to let you know they *really* like you."

"You *have* been giving this a lot of thought. That's the longest speech I've heard you make since the filibuster you pulled discussing the pros and cons of not having your hair cut, the last time Pop reminded you it would be better to switch from the guitar to a violin unless you visited the barber!"

"Yes, I remember . . . that was last Monday when I talked all the way to the barber chair . . . and wound up losing out on a close decision to Pop's point of view."

"Incidentally, here you are talking about girls not acting too eager and a half hour ago you couldn't understand why I thought it was pretty impossible to call and get some dates for tonight."

"You're right, Dave. Which leads me to another conclusion: No matter how old you get a guy just doesn't have a chance when it comes to girls. You can't lay down any rules or specific standards because, well, like tonight, I'd be more than happy to oblige a girl who was honest enough to accept a date if she didn't have one. But I suppose the best thing to do is just take things as they come. It's really rough on a guy knowing what to do and how to handle the female situation. Girls are just too darn unpredictable."

"When you stop and think about it, Rick, girls still have it rougher than we do. At least *we* have the choice of whether or not to ask a girl out. They have to sit and wait to be asked and that's not easy."

"Sometimes I wonder how people ever do get together. I used to think the answer was to go steady all the time."

"I remember, you set the record in the seventh grade . . . going steady three times with three different girls within the space of a month, wasn't it?"

"You're exaggerating, Dave. It was three girls in *six* weeks, not four!"

"Pardon me," Dave grinned, "how could I have ever imagined you'd be fickle enough to manage three steadies in only four weeks!"

"Take tonight, Dave, if we were going steady we wouldn't be sitting here *talking* about girls; we'd be getting dressed and thinking about where to take them, instead of wondering what we're going to do tonight."

"You've got a point there. But going steady isn't always the solution either. I've decided that when you get married it's time enough to spend your life with one woman. Until then, it's too confining. The only way I'd go steady is the way I did it the last time."

"When was the last time, Dave?"

"That's all past history, Rick. The point I was getting at is that the last time I went steady we made an agreement that we were free to date someone else if we felt like it. That way, knowing I could see a new girl I liked and ask her out without worrying about hurting my 'steady,' I really didn't even have the inclination to look elsewhere. I guess what it boils down to is that if you feel you have your freedom, it isn't so vital to take advantage of it."

"Hey, it's six-thirty, we'll never get a date for tonight if we don't think up something quick."

"I've got it," shouted Dave, getting up off the floor again and walking into the bedroom to find his "little black book."

"Gee, why didn't I think of her before?"

"Who?"

"Remember that cute blonde girl who worked on the show a week or so ago. You did a dance routine with her."

"Oh, yes . . . say, she was real cute. But what makes you think she's so eager to go out with you?"

"Not me, Rick, you. I guess it slipped my mind, but we had a cup of coffee together while you were shooting a scene and she told me she thought you were a great dancer. We got to talking and she admitted she'd love to go out with you. I said I'd fix it up but I guess I forgot to mention to you."

"Swell! Say, wait a minute, isn't she the girl that was wearing that fuzzy pink sweater that got all over my blue jacket?"

"Yes, that's the one but don't hold her angora sweater against her."

"Don't worry—I won't, but *she's* the girl who told me she had an older sister who was dying to meet you!"

"You're kidding? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know. Anyway we're even. You have her phone number . . . go on, call her . . . you ask for the older sister and then when you're all set I'll take over with the younger one."

"Well . . . I don't know. It's almost seven o'clock."

"Look, Dave, since she's an actress maybe she'll realize we've been so busy working all week we haven't had a chance to make dates in advance. Sure . . . don't be afraid. She's probably worked all week herself and maybe, just maybe she didn't make any plans either."

"Well, I don't agree and I'm doing this against my better judgment, but okay. Get the phone, will you, it's in the bedroom. In the meantime I'll find her number."

Rick, suddenly coming to life, sprang up off the floor and returned with the telephone. "Here, Dave," he said, setting the phone down on the kitchen counter, "it's all yours."

Dave dialed the number, still trying to think of what he could possibly say so that the girl would know he *really* wanted to take her out and that he was sorry he hadn't called sooner.

"Well, say something," Rick coached from the sidelines.

"Quiet, Rick, I can't talk until someone answers the phone!"

Rick, grinning sheepishly and surprised by his *own* eagerness, simmered down and stood by while Dave let the phone ring.

"Hello . . . is this Mary? No, don't go . . . wait a minute. If you're her sister you're the one I want . . . I mean, well . . . my name is Dave Nelson and Mary's told me a lot about you and . . . Say, I'm sorry to call so late . . . I'm not disturbing your dinner, am I? Oh . . . well, let's get together sometime soon. I'll call you the first part of the week. Swell . . ."

"Dave," Rick whispered, "don't hang up, ask for Mary . . ."

"Oh, pardon me but is your sister in, my brother would like to talk to her. Good, I'll put Rick on." Handing the receiver to Rick, Dave looked on eagerly as his brother picked up the phone.

"Hi, Mary, how are you? . . . Rick . . . Rick Nelson . . . Oh, I'm fine. You know I've been meaning to call you, Mary, but gee, I don't know where the week went to . . . Pardon me . . . oh, no I don't mind . . . sure I understand . . . well, have a good time and maybe we can get together next week. There's a swell double bill playing at the Warners in Hollywood. Great . . . I'll call you Monday. Goodbye . . . and . . . and have fun tonight. By the way, whose party are you going to? Oh, sounds like fun . . . no, I don't think I know her. I just asked because Dave and I might go to a party tonight, too. I thought by coincidence it might be the same one . . . well, bye now . . . see you next week."



Clearly your best moisturizer

When your hands are rough, red and dry, dermatologists say they lack moisture, not natural oils. Chamberlain's clear Golden Touch Hand Lotion contains not one but *two* of the most effective humectants known to science. Humectants are amazing clear fluids which control the delicate moisture balance of your skin by preventing the evaporation of vital skin moisture.

The secret of soft, smooth, lovely hands is moisture balance. Get clear, moisturizing Chamberlain's Hand Lotion today. At all toiletry counters.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Clearly your best hand lotion

RING SET

CAN BE YOURS!

Beautiful Engagement and Wedding ring to match in 1/40 10-k GOLD plate with attractive brilliants, fully guaranteed, **For Selling** \$2.00 worth of the famous Rosebud Products. **Order** 8 ROSEBUD SALVE to sell at 25¢ a box OR 4 ROSEBUD Perfume to sell at 50¢ a bottle.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 54
Woodsboro, Maryland

Were You a

BLONDE

BABY—

What Happened?

Were you once a gorgeous blonde? Did you neglect your hair—letting it slip, shade-by-shade, into a dull, dark color? Now, at last, you can bring back the sparkling beauty of blonde hair with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home lotion shampoo. Made fresh, as you need it, BLONDEX whips into a rich, billowy lather . . . rinses away the dingy film that makes blonde hair dark and old-looking . . . reveals the lustrous highlights that men love! Contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as it shampoos. Absolutely safe—use it for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at 10¢, drug or dept. stores.

"What did you say we were going to a party for?" Dave asked as soon as Rick had hung up.

"I just said we *might*, and it's possible. Besides, we didn't want them to think we were calling them at the last minute, did we? This way it seemed like we just called to say hello and break the ice for next week . . . at least I think it sounded that way, didn't it?"

"What a diplomat! . . . It's funny, when I asked Mary's sister if I was disturbing her dinner she said no, that she had a dinner date and she was busy getting dressed but that she loved hearing from me. All I could think of to say was that I'd call next week."

"Well, there's no harm done. At least we have dates for *next* week and I'm sure they're not mad that we called them tonight."

"I guess you're right, Rick. Well, we tried. Any suggestions?"

"Sure . . . let's forget about going out tonight . . . there's a real good old movie on TV . . . I can't think of the name of it . . . you know, the one about those guys who take a trip to the moon."

"Oh, I've seen that one three times . . . besides, I have news for you, my set's on the blink. The only picture you can see tonight is a test pattern."

"Gee, Dave, I thought you fixed the set. Didn't I hear you tell Pop that you got scratched up falling off the roof fixing your antenna?"

"You heard me . . . I *did* fix my antenna and I *did* fall off the roof . . . about fifty feet as I remember. You know I really was very lucky, too. When I picked myself up I discovered I fell in the only soft mud bank that stood between me and the valley . . . there's just sheer rocks all around except for that one spot."

"You *were* very lucky, Dave; but what I don't understand is why doesn't the set work?"

"Just because I fell off the roof doesn't automatically mean I did the right thing when I was still *on* the roof. I fixed the antenna but evidently not good enough. I called a repairman but he couldn't come out until Monday. You have to get a special man who knows all about roofs that slant and all about the interference of the hills."

"Well, that eliminates the moon picture," Rick said dejectedly.

"You can always step outside and look up if you're *that* anxious to see the moon!" Dave said.

"I know," said Rick, after a brief pause to laugh at his brother's last comment. Brightening up and reaching over for the Samurai sword that Dave had mounted on the kitchen wall for decorative purposes, he said, "I'll take this and you can put on one of those masks you have hanging in the living room. What do you call them again?"

"You mean the Kabuki masks the Japanese wear when they do that ceremonial dance?"

"Right. Now, I've got it . . . I'll be a Samurai warrior and you can be a ham actor and I've come backstage to ask you to commit hara-kiri before I'm forced to use my trusty Samurai . . . then . . ."

"Next suggestion," said Dave, showing his lack of enthusiasm for his brother's comic brainstorm.

"Well how does this sound? Let's drive down to town in *my* car so *you* can lend me money to get gas."

"That's exciting!"

"Wait, I'm not through. Then we can ride over to Music City and I can use the change from *our* ten dollars to get that album I want. Then we can come back here and play records . . . and we'll have some change left from the ten after I get the gas and the record . . ."

"I suppose you have plans for that, too?" Dave said, not really caring what they did at that point.

"Why naturally . . . you know I'm very clever when it comes to *spending* money. We can stop off at the drive-in and get some food. We have enough for a couple of cheeseburgers and malts. You haven't forgotten you did invite me to dinner!"

"Okay, Rick, let's go. By the way, are Mom and Pop home tonight?"

"No, they went to some charity banquet."

"That's right. Well, then if you're really eager to see that moon picture we can stop home after we get your gas, and record and the food and use the folks' TV set."

"I'd just as soon come back up here and talk, Dave . . . besides, I just remembered I already saw that movie last month when I was on that singing tour. There were all those girls out front and, you know, I thought it would be great to meet one of them and go to a show or something. But I tell you, Dave, it's rough being up on that stage with all those cute girls way out there . . . they ask for my autograph but then they shy away because I guess they figure I'm not looking for a date. If

they only knew how I spend my nights when I'm on the road—watching old movies on TV! Honestly, Dave, like that girl in Atlantic City I told you about. The one with the ponytail who sat in the front row; the one I sang a song to, hoping she'd get the message. I waited backstage for a while afterwards, thinking maybe she'd come back but she didn't."

"Maybe she tried, Rick. I heard they had twenty policemen at the stage door keeping the crowd in order."

"That's right, they did. I suppose it's the best thing; for *them*, I mean. You know how it is. I think they're afraid someone will get hurt if they let a big crowd just stand around. But sometimes I think it would be swell if I got to really meet people when I went around the country. I think it would be fun going out with a lot of girls from places outside of Hollywood. Well, maybe next summer when I go out on tour again, I'll think of some way to meet a few of the girls in the audience. That girl in Atlantic City sure was cute, Dave. I wonder if she did try and come backstage. Gee, it wouldn't really be difficult to date a girl from out of town. I could go to her home and meet her folks and they'd see I was lonely and away from home and anxious to know a nice girl to take to a show."

"I guess that is a problem. It's funny, too, because every time you go out on the road all the guys think how great it is, you with all those thousands of girls around. I never thought about it too much, Rick, but I can see how it could be hard on you. Maybe next summer I'll go along for a week or so . . . between the two of us I'm sure we could manage to find *some* dates. I could arrange things while you were up there on stage earning money."

"You've got yourself a deal, Dave."

The Nelson boys drove into Hollywood, dateless. By the time they got through talking and listening to records and devouring their cheeseburgers and malts, the hours had flown by. At quarter to one, Rick said goodnight to Dave and started off down the hill home. Just before he left he said, "You know, Dave, it was fun, tonight, even without dates. Besides now I'll get in early enough to get some sleep."

Dave just looked at his brother and answered in two words, "You're kidding?" unable to believe that his brother Rick would be content with such a placid evening.

"Of course, I'm kidding," Rick smiled, "but it's always polite to let your host think you've had fun!" And with those parting words he managed to get out of the doorway before the cushion his brother tossed at him could connect with the top of his head!

When Dave was alone he went around the room shutting off the lights. The last thing he did before he got into bed was to write himself a note in red pencil: "Call Mary's sister, Monday, for sure." A few miles away, back in his own room, Rick Nelson got out his little black book. Just before he shut his light off, he transferred Mary's number into the book from the piece of paper he'd used at Dave's to copy it down. Then, reminding himself to call her on Monday, he got into bed. He and Dave *had* had a nice evening, he thought to himself. Stag nights are great, but not *too* often! —MARCIA BORIE

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

ACTRESS

- (5).....
- (6).....
- (7).....
- (8).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

3-59

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

RICK IS IN WARNERS' "RIO BRAVO" AND DAVE CAN BE SEEN IN 20TH'S "THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER" AND U.A.'S "DAY OF THE OUTLAW." THEY'RE BOTH IN "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET," SEEN OVER ABC-TV, WEDNESDAY, AT 8:30 P.M., EST.

JERRY LEWIS

Continued from page 50

physician, Dr. Marvin S. Levy. After talking to the doctor, she returned to Jerry and, sounding as confident as she could, said, "Help is coming, honey. Everything will be all right."

Jerry winked at her and then stuck out his tongue. She forced a smile. Seemingly satisfied, he closed his eyes again. Patti forced herself to close her own eyes, too, and resting her head on the pillow next to him, she prayed.

Twenty minutes later the ambulance arrived, awakening their sons, 13-year-old Gary and 9-year-old Ronnie, who came sleepily down the hall to find out what was happening. Explaining what had taken place, Patti told them to go into the younger boys' room—Scotty, three, and Chris, one—to reassure the younger boys if the ambulance's siren had awakened them, too. Then she went downstairs to open the door for Dr. Levy and the ambulance attendants.

The doctor hurried upstairs and into Jerry's bedroom. He felt Jerry's pulse and then gently opened his eyes. Jerry rolled his eyes from left to right, and then from right to left. The doctor said sharply, "Stop it." He took out his stethoscope and put it against Jerry's chest.

The comedian shivered. "That's cold," he said. "Doesn't anyone make mittens for stethoscopes?"

"Quiet," the doctor said, and continued the examination. Finally, he lifted up his patient's head, put two pills in his mouth, gave him a sip of water, and then eased his head back down on the pillow. He motioned to the ambulance attendants who helped slip Jerry out of bed and onto a stretcher and carry him down the steps. At the front door they stopped for a second and Patti bent over and kissed Jerry on the forehead. When she straightened up, Jerry winked at her and stuck out his tongue again. And then they carried him out to the ambulance.

Patti waited at the door until the sound of the siren had faded in the distance. Then she went back upstairs, told Gary and Ronnie that everything was going to be all right and that they should go to bed. She stood for a moment by Scotty's youth-bed and Chris' crib. Neither had heard the siren; both were sleeping soundly. She pulled Scotty's blanket up over his shoulders and pushed Chris' Teddy bear to one side of his crib. Then she switched off the night light and left their room.

Back in her own bedroom she went over to where Jerry had been lying just a few minutes before. She straightened the top sheet, gently, as if he were still there. Then she sank down on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. It was still a little warm from Jerry's head and a little wet from the water she had splashed in his face. For a long time she lay there, sobbing. At last her crying stopped. Then she turned over on her back and stared at the telephone. She touched the St. Christopher medal she wore around her neck. Jerry had given it to her before they were married—one for her and one for him—and they had both worn them ever since. She touched the medallion, and gazed at the telephone, and waited for the call from Dr. Levy. . . .

In the hospital corridor Jerry woke up. "Where am I?" he asked. "This looks like one of the sets from 'Rockabye Baby.'"

"You're in Mt. Sinai Hospital," a nurse answered, "and you must be quiet, Mr. Lewis."

"Quiet," Jerry said, "why I'm on the

board of directors here. You'd better look out or I'll use my influence and force them to make you my private nurse."

"Please, quiet, Mr. Lewis," the nurse said.

Jerry started to answer but his words were lost as the ambulance attendants shifted him from the stretcher to a wheelchair. An orderly wheeled him into an elevator and he was taken up to the fifth floor to room 514. A nurse and an orderly helped him into bed.

One of the resident physicians and Dr. Levy came in and examined him again. Then they put more pills into his mouth and soon he was asleep.

Dr. Levy called Patti and told her that Jerry was resting comfortably and that they would have to wait a few hours before making a definite diagnosis, and he told her to get some sleep.

"Yes, doctor," she said, "I will. Thank you." And then she hung up. But even though it was only 6 a.m., she dressed and went downstairs. She worked around the kitchen, straightening things that didn't need straightening, washing a few dishes Jerry had left in the sink the night before. And every once in a while, without even knowing what she was doing, she would touch the St. Christopher medal. . . .

When Jerry woke up, a nurse was sitting in the chair next to his bed. "Hi," he said, "you're definitely not my wife. Who are you?"

"I'm your nurse, Mr. Lewis."

"What's wrong with me?"

"That's up to your doctor—Doctor Levy—to tell you."

"Where is he?"

"He'll be here soon," she answered. "Would you like something? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he said, "I want to call Patti . . . my wife."

"I'm sorry," she answered, "but you're not allowed to make or receive any calls. That's doctor's orders."

"Impossible," he said.

"I'm sorry; those are my orders."

"Do you have orders to starve me until I confess?"

"You can eat," she answered. "But before that . . . how do you feel? Any pain?"

"A little," he said, "here in my chest . . . and a bit in my stomach, but nothing that some orange juice, bacon and eggs, fried potatoes and a heap of toast, couldn't fix. Coffee, of course."

"But it's two-thirty in the afternoon," the nurse said, "much too late for breakfast."

"Afternoon?" said Jerry, scratching his ear. "Okay, it's afternoon. Then I want some chili. I suddenly have a craving for chili. And I crave a chocolate malted. With vanilla ice cream. Gosh, maybe I'm preg . . ."—but the nurse interrupted by sticking a thermometer in his mouth. Then she left the room.

A few minutes later she came back with a tray and set it down across Jerry's bed. Each plate was covered by a metal pan. She took the thermometer from Jerry's mouth.

He lifted the first cover and there was a little mound of cottage cheese. The second—a small scoop of mashed potatoes. The third—something that looked like tapioca pudding. And under the fourth was a dish of cream.

Jerry looked at the tray and then at the nurse and back at the tray. "I'm really sick, huh?"

"You're really sick."

He pushed the potatoes aside, started to do the same with the cottage cheese, and then thought better of it. "Cottage cheese and sour cream," he said, "that's not so bad," and lifted the cream to pour it over the cheese.



"Dark-Eyes"

PERMANENT DARKENER for the
FOR LASHES AND BROWS which
applied

- NOT AN ANILINE DYE!
- 1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 to 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply...stays on 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking...and it will not harden or break them! "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF, and SMEARPROOF!

25c
SEND TODAY
for
TRIAL SIZE
NO DELAY—
your trial order
shipped in 24
hours!

**\$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug,
dept. and variety chain stores.**

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-39
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for
TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.
check shade: ☐ Light Brown ☐ Brown ☐ Black

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

**STEADY PAY EVERY DAY AS A
PRACTICAL NURSE**

AVERAGE COST PER LESSON ONLY \$1.25
Enjoy security, no recession for Nurses.
Earn to \$65.00 a week, good times or bad.
Age, Education, Not important. Earn while
learning. Send for FREE 16 page book.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Room 9R39, 131 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois

**LEARN AT
HOME IN
ONLY 10
WEEKS**

FREE 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT
with order for
25 wallet \$1
photos
plus 25c postage



mounted on
8 x 10 panel
embossed
**ETCHCRAFT
SALON
FRAME**

25 embossed, deep-sunk, panel-edge wallet photos 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" made from any photo or negative. Returned unharmed with your gorgeous FREE enlargement POSTPAID for only \$1.25. Satisfaction guaranteed.
FOTO PLUS CO. • BOX 10 • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

**Want to Get Rid of
Dark or Discolored Skin,
Freckles, Skin Spots?**



**Famous Mergolized Wax Cream
7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens,
Beautifies Skin While You Sleep**
Just follow the amazing Mergolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN to a whiter, softer, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mergolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week. You'll begin to see results almost at once . . . lightens dark skin, blotches, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mergolized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years — you'll love it's fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mergolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now!
MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters



"That's sweet cream," she said. "You better get used to it; you're going to get a lot of it."

"That does it," Jerry said, glaring at the plate of cream. "I'm on a hunger strike. As of this minute. I want to see my doctor, any doctor."

"I'll see if I can find your doctor," the nurse said. As she left the room, she saw Jerry stick his finger in the cream, lick it, and make a wry face.

A little later two doctors came into the room. "Don't beat me," Jerry said. "See," and he pointed to the empty dishes on the tray, "I ate it all up. Just to make you happy. I'm really very good."

"How do you feel?" they asked.

"What's wrong with me?" Jerry asked. "I couldn't read the tiny writing on the chart."

"At this point we don't know for sure," the other doctor answered, "but we think that you have a perforated, bleeding ulcer. At least that."

"At least that," Jerry repeated. "What else?"

"Well, while you were asleep we took an electrocardiogram—a picture of the action of your heart. There are deviations from the normal. But this isn't unusual. We'll have to wait three or four days before we can take x-rays and find out for sure. Meanwhile, get plenty of rest."

"And lots of sweet cream," Jerry added.

"And no visitors except Patti."

"But . . . but . . ." Jerry said. A thermometer was put in his mouth, stopping his words.

The doctors left. The nurse looked at her watch and Jerry started to take the thermometer out of his mouth. She shook her head no. He picked up a pencil from the table next to his bed and printed on a piece of paper: HELP. I'M A PRISONER IN A SWEET CREAM FACTORY. CALL THE POLICE. He held the paper up for the nurse to read, folded it into a paper airplane, and threw it out of the window.

At last came the day when x-rays were taken. Then he was told the results.

"You have a perforated, bleeding ulcer of the rear wall of the stomach," Dr. Levy told him. "You did not have a heart attack and we can see no damage to your heart. But an ulcer in and of itself, especially the kind you have, is very serious. If you do what we tell you, if you follow orders, you'll be all right."

"Uh! Uh! I see more sweet cream coming," Jerry said.

"No," one of the doctors said, "you can

eat more—if it is bland. No drinking. No smoking. And you'll have to cut down drastically on work. No 17-hour a day schedule. No working all day at the studio, all night at home, and squeezing in benefits besides. No tension and excitement."

"No nothing," Jerry added. "Fellows . . . physicians . . . men . . . comrades . . . you're asking me *not* to be me. I can't take it easy. I don't know how."

"You'd better learn," the doctors said and they left the room.

On the morning of his fifth day in the hospital, a nurse's aide pushed a cart into Jerry's room. On it were the usual hospital gifts that patients might buy: books, candy, toys, and magazines. "I'll buy it all," Jerry said. "And I want to borrow the cart."

"But Mr. Lewis, I can't give you the cart. It's against the rules."

Jerry took out a copy of a Mt. Sinai brochure. "Do you see this?" he asked, pointing to a page. "There's a list of the board of directors of this hospital. And whose name do you find here?"

"Jerry Lewis," she read.

"That's right. That means I'm a boss. One of your bosses. So may I have the cart, nurse?"

So Jerry went from room to room on the fifth floor of the hospital, distributing presents. As the cart's load lightened, he would push it fast along the corridor. When it was going at a good speed, he would hop on the back and coast along.

Finally, a doctor stopped him and escorted him back to his room. "I was having so much fun," Jerry said, "and you spoiled it."

That night, even though the "No Visitors" rule was still in effect, Jerry arranged for Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante and Sammy Davis, Jr.—his good pals—to slip into his room. When his nurse made her usual nine o'clock visit to take his temperature, the light was out and he seemed to be sleeping. She put the thermometer in his mouth. He sat up quickly. It wasn't Jerry, it was Jimmy.

"What kind of hotel is this?" Durante asked. "Can't a man even take his beauty sleep without being interrupted by tourists?"

The nurse ran from the room, and Danny and Jerry came out from behind a curtain, laughing. Jimmy took out the thermometer, put it carefully in the glass next to the bed, pulled the sheets back over his head, and started to snore. It took the head nurse and an interne to "wake him up."

In the days that followed Jerry "rested." One evening he called Katy Jurado, who was in the hospital for a check-up, and asked her to "split a bowl of sweet cream" with him for breakfast the next morning. When she arrived at room 514, he was thumbing through a pile of scripts. "I got a great idea for a movie about a hospital," he said. "I'll play a double role: a psychiatrist, and a mental patient who looks like a psychiatrist. Now the patient locks up the doctor in a closet, puts on the psychiatrist's clothes, and starts to make his rounds. Now, he meets a beautiful young nurse—you'll play that part—and he . . ."

"Enough," Katy laughed. "Eat your sweet cream before it turns sour."

"Hey, that's a great idea," Jerry answered. "I'll leave the sweet cream standing around for hours and then it will become sour cream. I like sour cream. . . ."

"Jerry, stop," she said. "You're making me ill."

That afternoon Patti and the boys came to visit him, but his younger sons still weren't allowed in and had to wait across the street. Jerry had a camera with a telescopic lens. He leaned it on the window sill and looked through the lens at the boys.

"Patti," he yelled, "I can see them big as day. Hey, Chris has a new tooth. And Scotty . . . why he's wearing one of my ties, my favorite tie. I *have* to get out of here before he finds out my suits fit him, too."

One afternoon Jerry borrowed a doctor's uniform and went down to the children's ward. "I'm Dr. Lewis," he told the youngsters, "and I have medicine for all of you." He distributed candies and toys to all the kids there. One little girl was too sick to say anything to him, but she smiled wanly as he put a rag doll in her arms.

Later that evening, he called Patti on the phone. She came to the hospital by taxi and went straight to his room. "Patti," he whispered, "Patti." And then he just looked at her for a minute, in silence. "Patti," he said, "I've been doing a lot of thinking. I'm going to try my best to slow down a bit. It's hard. I love my work. I love to make people laugh . . . But you know all that."

"I'll cut down, yes. I've learned my lesson. But there are certain things I won't cut out. That telethon for Muscular Dystrophy, for instance. I've been doing it for about ten years. I can't stop now. I don't want to stop."

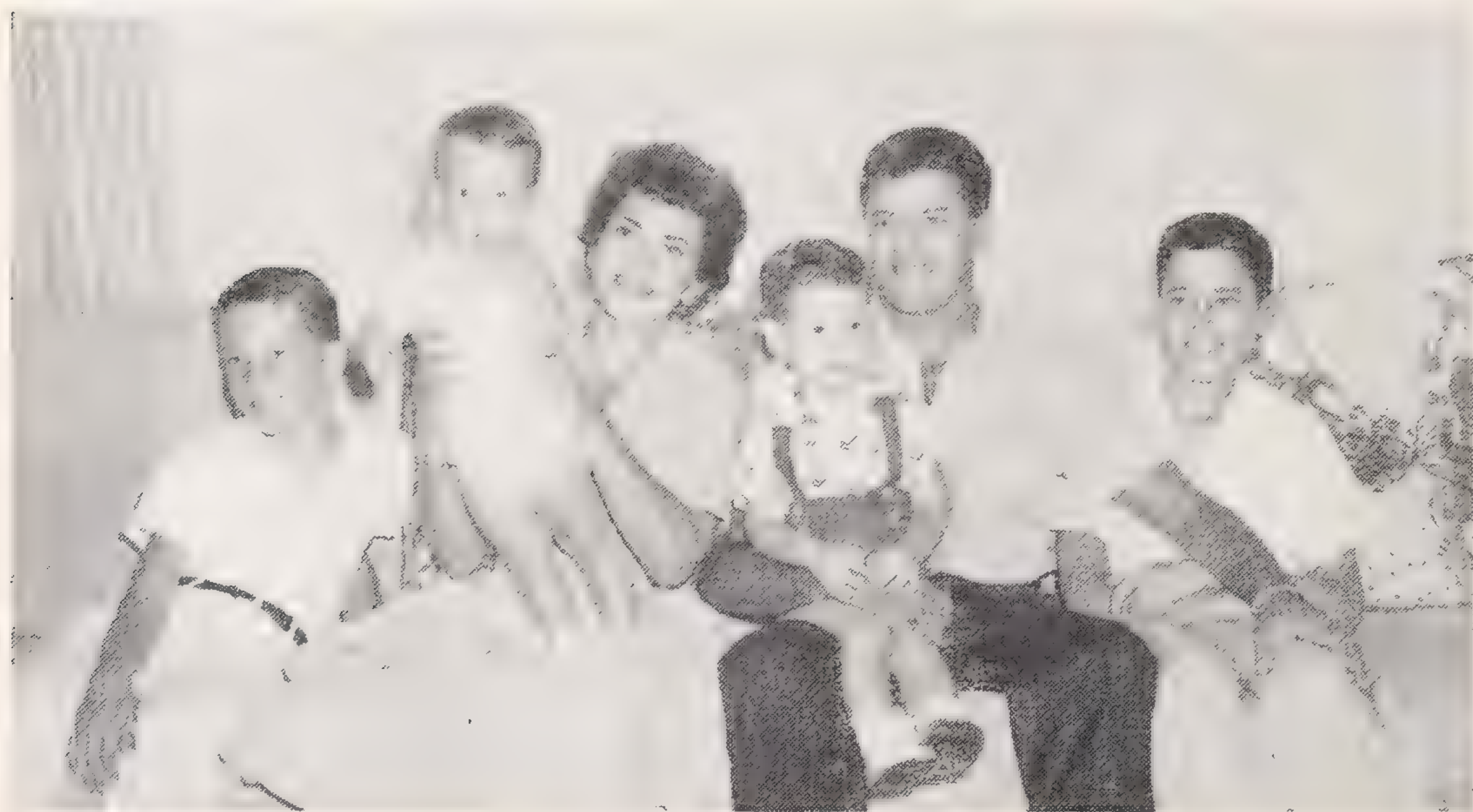
An expression of acute pain, of deep sadness, flitted across Patti's face. Jerry's fingers gripped her arm. "No, Patti, no tears. No. No. No. No. You misunderstand me. It's just that . . . well, I saw a sick little girl this afternoon. She doesn't have MD but she had something just as bad. I can't stop helping kids like that. If I *did* stop, then it *would* kill me."

Patti bent over and kissed him. "Perhaps they could postpone the telethon until you're a little stronger," she said. Then she put her head down next to his on the pillow. His arm circled her head and he closed his eyes and pressed his face against her hair.

The nurse entered the room, thermometer in her hand. "Oh, no," Jerry said, "not now. Look. I'm going home tomorrow. So be good. No temperature-taking. No sweet cream. Be good or I'll call Jimmy Durante to come over and scare . . ." But he never finished the sentence, for the nurse popped the thermometer, gently but firmly, into his mouth.

THE END

DON'T MISS JERRY IN PARAMOUNT'S "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP." WATCH FOR HIS "SPECIALS" ON NBC-TV.



During those long days in the hospital, Jerry had time to think. He had to slow down . . . he owed it to Patti and to the boys—Ronnie, Chris, Scottie and Gary.

LAWRENCE WELK

Continued from page 72

Welk's mind was already racing back through the years, racing back till he heard again the awful laughter of that night in Dallas, South Dakota.

"Look at that clown!"

"Get him!"

"Why doesn't he go back to the farm?"

The lonely man sat there on the edge of the wooden bandstand, his hands pressing against his ears to shut out the cruel echoes of those sounds. He began pacing the polished floor of the empty ballroom in a panic. *Where*, he asked himself, *where* could he go to get away from those sounds?

He sank down again on the edge of the bandstand. Except for a few torn strips of red and white crepe paper—these and the figure of this lonely man—the hall was bare. There weren't even any instrument cases standing around. The members of his own band had deserted him, walked out on him, refusing to work for a man who didn't even know how to speak properly and who acted, they taunted, as if he still had overalls on.

It all began just after intermission. Lawrence Welk thought he had hit on a new idea. Standing there, pumping out of the accordion the music he'd first learned from his German-born father, he suddenly thought how much he himself would like to dance. Why not? he wondered. It might even be good showmanship. He put his accordion aside and started down into the audience.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked, smiling warmly at the woman he had selected and trying not to hear his own accent.

"With *you*?" the surprised woman blurted out. There he stood, his open hand extended while a deep purple blush spread over his face, blotting out the warm freckles. Then it began—the laughter, the terrible laughter, the laughter he had heard all his life and knew he would never escape.

And afterwards there was still more laughter. "This is it!" the drummer announced. "We've had enough of this hick routine. What ever made you think that woman would want to dance with you? You're not much of a musician, but as a dancer . . ." The drummer signaled to the others with an abrupt motion. And, one

by one, the entire band walked right out the door of the ballroom. They left Lawrence Welk there, alone, white-faced and stunned, with nothing to say because he was too hurt and nothing to do because he was too discouraged.

"Well," he thought, slumping forward. "They're right. I'm a hick. I've got an accent. I'm nothing much to look at . . . and . . . I guess I even have to admit I'm no great shakes as a musician either. I never even learned to read music."

As a young boy, he'd worked in the fields, helping his father to harvest the crops. Then, after sundown, Ludwig Welk would teach his son to play the cheap pearl-buttoned squeeze box he'd brought from the old country. Then, when a ruptured appendix had almost cost Lawrence his life and had put him a full year behind the other kids at school, the accordion was the only thing that could cheer him up. When he finally returned to school, he was ashamed at being bigger and older than anybody in the class.

Once, when Lawrence was fourteen years old, the teacher of the country school he attended near Strasburg, North Dakota, let him go outside to play. He had finished his work, and she had to listen to the other pupils recite.

It was a mild spring day with new grass popping up all around the building, a perfect day to be outdoors. Inside this farm boy, the love for music he had felt since he was a toddler began to grow and swell until he thought it would burst unless he let it out. Around in back of the schoolhouse he saw an old broomstick propped up against the building. He didn't want to make any noise that would bother the students inside; he couldn't sing. Still, he could dance. So, grabbing the broom in his plump, freckled hands, he began to polka around the yard, turning and twirling, hopping, leaping, skipping around and around, fast and still faster until his head began to swim with dizziness.

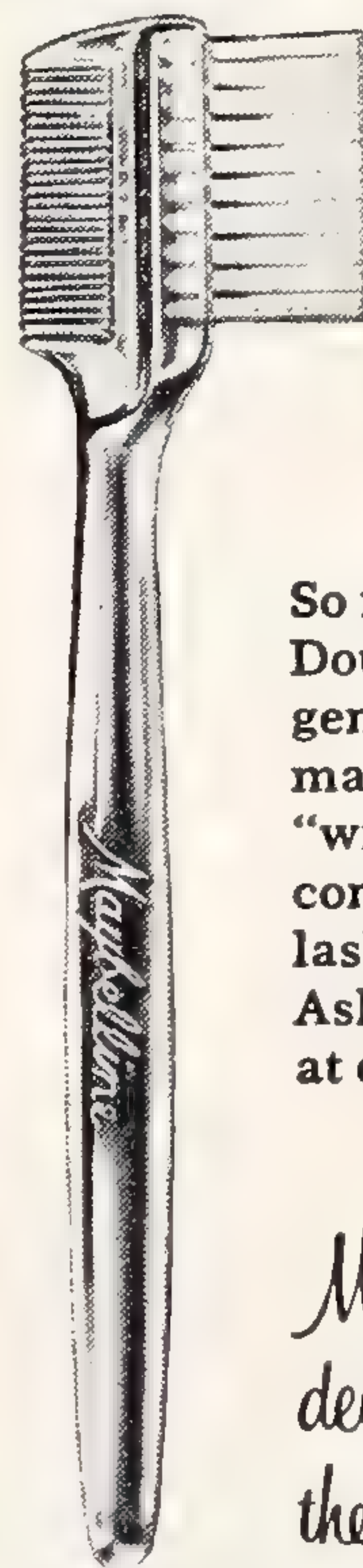
"Lawrence!" The teacher was standing in the door of the schoolhouse with a look he knew she used only when she had to punish someone. "I'm surprised at you!" she said. "I thought you were a more considerate boy. What on earth made you think we wanted to listen to you sing all morning? You'll have to come inside right now."

"Sing? Sing?" He didn't think he was making any noise. The music must have just popped out of him—and he didn't even

NEW! for perfectly-groomed BROWS and LASHES



BRUSH 'N COMB



So many eye-beauty uses! Double-bristled nylon brush gently whisks away excess make-up particles, trains "wild" brows . . . delicate comb separates "clinging" lashes, tames stray hairs. Ask for **BRUSH 'N COMB** at cosmetic counters.

39¢ no excise tax

Maybelline... devoted exclusively to the art of eye beauty

CORNS

REMOVED BY

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 35¢ and 60¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

MOSCO

\$500 FOR PHOTOS



OFTEN MUCH MORE for your child's photo when used for advertising (magazines, calendars, billboards). All ages, all types. Rush one small black & white photo—returned 2 weeks with judges' report. **FREE GIFTS!**

NATIONAL PHOTO EXHIBITORS
Box 3035-TB / North Hollywood, Calif.

OH, MY ACHING BACK

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, large size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

Every Woman Wants My Man—

Why do so many marriages go on the rocks? What makes a woman covet another's husband? Why do married men "play around"? These are some of the questions that are answered by the radio program "My True Story." And they're not answers that are born in a fiction writer's brain. For these are stories of real people—taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. They make exciting listening, so be sure to hear them.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO MY TRUE STORY

National Broadcasting Company



The other woman tells her side. Don't miss "His Wife Deserves To Lose Him" in March TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.

know it was happening or how it happened.

Red-faced, he walked back into the classroom. "Get a load of the nightingale!" one of the sixth-graders yelled. A girl pointed at him, shaking her head and laughing. "Quiet!" Miss Randolph ordered. But her face too grew red when she saw the lines someone had scrawled on the blackboard while she was out of the room:

"Larry Welk went out to play, Sang and drove the birds away."

What hurt most was that even his father thought it was funny. When he saw the expression on Lawrence's face, though, Ludwig Welk's voice took on a kindlier tone. "They laughed—no? Well, what should I say? That's what you got to expect. For you to be a musician—that I don't approve anyway. But you got to be—how do you say it—*prepared*! That's it. This you haven't got, Lawrence. They laugh at me. I got an accent. No education. I'm just a farmer. They laugh at me. I'm afraid they will laugh at you too. But, I know, it always hurts when people laugh."

Ludwig Welk didn't want people laughing at his son and he didn't want his son leaving their good rich lands to go into the evil world that he pictured show business must be. And when Lawrence opened the mail-order catalogue to show him the shining new accordion he had his heart set on, Ludwig shook his head in protest. It cost four hundred dollars, much more money than he had. He would have to pay for it in installments and Ludwig had never bought anything on time payments in his life.

Lawrence pleaded. He was determined to have that accordion and, finally, he struck a bargain with his father. "I'll pay

back every cent of the money," he promised, "and I'll stay on the farm until I'm twenty-one."

Ludwig agreed and Lawrence kept his promise. But when he was twenty-one, he left his father's farm and tried to build a band of his own. Each year of hard work made him more and more certain his father had been right. People *did* laugh. They laughed when he flopped as an actor with a vaudeville troupe; they laughed when his accent popped out; they laughed every time he went down into the audience to dance. They even laughed at him, at the way he looked.

There was only one thing about Lawrence Welk that people did not laugh at—his sense of rhythm, his ability to know what songs people wanted to hear, the gift of music which he could bring them. They did not make fun of this.

After his own band had walked out on him, another orchestra leader offered him control of a band he'd organized. Lawrence turned down the offer, but it gave him back enough of his confidence to organize a new band of his own.

His first band had shared in the profits cooperatively, but while the men had been willing to take the good, they had balked at the bad times. Now, Lawrence paid his men a straight salary and began to learn how to talk to his men and how to be their leader. Before, he had set up the music stands and carried all the instruments for the boys himself. He was used to heavy work from the farm and he thought nothing of it until his new boys looked at him in surprise and explained that lugging and carting were not a leader's job.

For a moment, Lawrence was embar-

rassed and felt they must be laughing at him. But then he told himself they were just being friendly and, on this new basis, the band grew and Lawrence Welk became better known and more and more popular in the Midwest. He even had a radio show.

Among the crowd jamming the WNAX studio one day in Yankton, South Dakota, was a group of nurses. But for Lawrence Welk, there was only one person in the whole studio. Her dark brown eyes, the straight way she sat with her white-gloved hands in her lap, her attentive air of listening with her head cocked just a little to one side, attracted him. She's pretty, he thought, and a lady too. But she'll never go out with a homely bumpkin like me. Through the rest of the broadcast, he couldn't keep his eyes from constantly turning in her direction.

Fern Renner was embarrassed. At first she tried not to look back at him. One of her friends leaned over and whispered excitedly, "Lawrence Welk certainly has his eye on you! You lucky girl! What'll you do if he asks you to go out?"

"Oh, Annie, keep still!" Fern answered. "He does have a nice appearance though. Don't you think so? But he doesn't intend to look at me. Besides, who'd want to go out with an orchestra leader? They're so unstable. I bet he has a girlfriend in every town."

"Well, he seems to think you're awfully pretty," Annie replied. "And he looks so nice! Not at all sophisticated or dangerous!"

Annie was right. The minute the engineer waved the show off the air, Lawrence cut a path straight toward Fern. He hurried. Otherwise, he might have become too afraid to talk to her at all. "Hello," he said. "Are you girls enjoying the show? That's a pretty hat you have on," he continued, turning toward Fern. "In fact, it's too pretty to be put away in a box right after the show."

"Thank you, Mr. Welk. I enjoyed the show very much. But don't worry about my hat being put away. My friends and I are going out to dinner."

"That's disappointing! I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me." On closer sight, Fern was even prettier than he thought. Everything she said made him want to know her better. "Is it all right if I call you?" he asked. "Maybe we could go out some other night." That accent again! he thought. But she didn't seem to notice it.

Fern hesitated. She was trying to decide how she could tell him it was his profession she didn't like, not him. "I might as well be frank," she began, "I'm just not used to going out with musicians. My family wouldn't approve—and, well, I'd rather not."

"So that's it!" he said. But inside, he wondered. Maybe she just didn't like him. Even so, he liked her well enough to take the chance of being refused again. "I don't know how I can convince you—wait a minute! Tell you what I'll do; I'll invite one of your friends to go along with us."

"All right," Fern laughed. "There can't be any harm in that."

Over the next few months, Lawrence and Fern had several dates, but gradually they drifted apart. Lawrence went to Lake Placid, New York, where he had a booking, and Fern accepted a job as a laboratory technician in Dallas. Months later, she went to Denver for a vacation.

While she was in Denver, she noticed an ad in the paper—"Elitch's Gardens—Outdoor Dancing to the Music of Lawrence Welk." "Should I call?" she wondered. "I'd like to, but—but—he's a musician. Still, it'd be fun to see him. I will call him!"



The Lennon Sisters—Peggy, Janet, Dianne and Kathy—laugh with Lawrence Welk.

Three hours later she was lunching with him, and that night she was at Elitch's. Something deep inside her began to tell her that Lawrence's fine qualities as a man were more important than the fact that he was a musician. How surprised she would have been if she could have known Lawrence still thought she just didn't like him well enough to marry him.

"Having you here means a lot to me, Fern," he whispered as they moved over the polished ballroom floor together.

"I like being with you more than I've ever told you," she answered, turning her pretty face up to his.

"I know I'm not much of a prize, Fern. I'm a backwoods hick. But . . ." He was cut off by the sound of her laughter. He stopped dancing, his body too stiff to move. He stared at her, his mouth open. And at the back of his mind, he heard the old taunt: "Larry Welk went out to play, sang and drove the birds away."

"Oh, Lawrence!" she continued laughing. She had to put her hand over her mouth in order to stop. "Lawrence, what's wrong?" She saw the look on his face and became frightened. "What's the matter?" she repeated.

"I've gotten used to most people laughing," he said, shaking his head from side to side in disbelief. "But I can't stand to have you laugh at me, Fern!"

"Laugh at you?" she echoed. "I'd never laugh at you! There's no reason to laugh at you! Oh—is that what you thought? You're so wrong! The idea that you're someone who *should* be laughed at—that's what's funny. There must be hundreds of women who'd jump at a chance to marry you. Whether you know it or not, you're a very attractive person."

"Don't kid me, Fern," he answered stubbornly.

"Kid you? What can I do to prove I mean everything I said."

"Do you mean it enough to marry me?"

She was quiet for a few seconds, remembering that despite the things she had said, Lawrence was still a musician. Quickly—she prayed. And a decision came. "Yes. Yes, Lawrence, I will marry you. I know now that you're strong and reliable. I think I can accept your profession too."

A few months later Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk were married at the Sacred Heart Cathedral in Sioux City, Iowa. With the morning sun shining down on them through the brilliant, stained-glass windows, they took each other's hands and made a pledge, a pledge to be together through good times and bad ones, through one-night stands, through separations, through the years and over the miles—in fact, forever.

Sometimes keeping the pledge was hard work. It took patience and determination, a sense of humor and, perhaps most important, the courage to shut out the laughter which still followed them. On their wedding night, they went to a hotel in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

"You'll have to sign the book," the clerk said to Lawrence as he looked them over.

"Oh, sure." Lawrence took the pen and confidently wrote down: "Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk."

The clerk looked at the book and then winked at Lawrence. "You'd better try again," he said.

"Okay." When Lawrence saw what he had written, he could hardly control his confusion. The accent he'd picked up during his Dakota childhood came out stronger than ever as he tried to explain, "We . . . well, you see . . . we were just married this morning."

"Oh, a foreigner," the clerk laughed scornfully as he handed him the key.

But Lawrence and Fern were learning. Together, they were learning how to shut out the laughter. The next few years were good ones. Lawrence Welk grew in many ways. He and Fern had their first child, Shirley. And gradually Lawrence's band obtained better and better bookings. Then came the Depression years, and, like everyone else, Lawrence suffered as an entertainer. Bookings got smaller and smaller, less and less frequent.

Somehow, they got through the bad times. The worst were the separations, the being apart, like the time when baby Shirley had been born. After that, they stayed together through as much of the touring musician's life as they could. When Donna and Lawrence Jr. were born, they joined the Welk caravan, which now traveled only during the day so that the children would have a reasonable place to sleep at night. Later, when they were of school age, the children traveled with him only during the summer.

When fall came, they would go protestingly back to school and Lawrence would continue his touring alone. (All the places they visited, though, must have given Larry Jr. a good idea of what people like in music. Larry's become his father's unofficial talent scout and it was he who first heard the Lennon Sisters and told Lawrence Sr. about them.)

And meanwhile, the champagne music of Lawrence Welk was catching on. People were beginning to come from long distances to see him and his warmth and smile as well as his music were becoming known. Lawrence Welk was at last starting to know the feeling of being accepted and being liked, although he still dreaded the laughter he thought might be behind his back. Even with his very popular television shows, his recording sessions and his regular engagement at the famous Aragon Ballroom, he just couldn't stop wondering whether he ought to be "up there in front of a band."

It wasn't so bad any longer when he was actually "up there." He knew the boys in the band were his friends and he could look out at the audience and see by the way they were smiling and dancing that they liked his music. But when he was sitting there at home, staring at his own image on the television set, he'd shake his head and think, "I'm making such a fool of myself. They can't really like me, not honestly. Not like I am." And when he'd hear himself trip up in his speech, he would groan aloud.

"Lawrence." Fern was actually shaking him to make him understand. "All those people all over the country who are watching, they could just click the dial if they wanted to. And the people who come to the Aragon Ballroom or who buy your records, nobody's forcing them to that, either. Lawrence," she smiled at him with tenderness, "Oh, Lawrence, you're right. Nobody likes you at all . . . nobody at all . . . just people."

THE END

YOU CAN SEE LAWRENCE WELK OVER ABC-TV, ON "DODGE DANCING PARTY," SATURDAY FROM 9 TO 10 P.M. EST, AND "THE PLYMOUTH SHOW STARRING LAWRENCE WELK," WEDNESDAY FROM 7:30 TO 8:30 P.M. EST.

New tiny tampon Pursettes® 25% More Absorbent No bulky applicator

A new, safe kind of internal sanitary protection—that's Pursettes tampons. Pre-lubricated tip does away with bulky applicators—makes insertion easy, gentle, medically correct.

Designed by a doctor, Pursettes are smaller in size, because they are compressed in a unique way. Yet they are 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons. A box of 10 tucks into a tiny purse. 40's also available. At drugstores now.

FREE OFFER: For trial supply of Pursettes, send K, M, or T from box of your present sanitary protection plus 15c for postage-handling to: Campana, Box TS3, Batavia, Ill.

"Of course, unmarried girls can use them!"



POEMS WANTED

For musical setting . . . send Poems today. Any subject. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made. CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1

FREE ENLARGEMENT of your Favorite Photo

From Famous Hollywood Film Studios Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 silver-tone portrait enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Also be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing for prompt information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2. Enclose 10c for handling and mailing each enlargement. Originals returned. We will pay \$100.00 for photo selected bi-monthly to be used in our advertising. Act NOW! U.S.A. only.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-552
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

USE **DERMOIL** TRY IT YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for FREE book on Psoriasis and DERMOL. Send 10c for trial bottle to make our "One Spot Test"

Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. TRY DERMOL. Amazing results reported by many grateful users for 24 years. With DERMOL it is possible that ugly scaly patches on body or scalp may be gradually removed and the annoying itching relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft as the redness is reduced. Many doctors use the non-staining Dermoil formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Sold by leading Drug stores. Write today LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 5304 Box 3925, Strathmoor Station, Detroit 27, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Debbie Reynolds color by Virgil Apger; Tony Curtis color courtesy of U-I ("Operation Petticoat"); Dick Clark by Gene Cook; John Saxon by John Hamilton (Globe); Joanne Woodward by Topix; Elvis Presley by Bruno Waske; Doris Day by Larry Barbier, Jr. (Globe); Hope Lange and Don Murray by Hamilton Millard; Sandra Dee by Gene Trindl.

WOMEN GO PLACES WITH Good Manners

Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book entitled, *Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book* contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are completely familiar with the rules of good manners you immediately lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

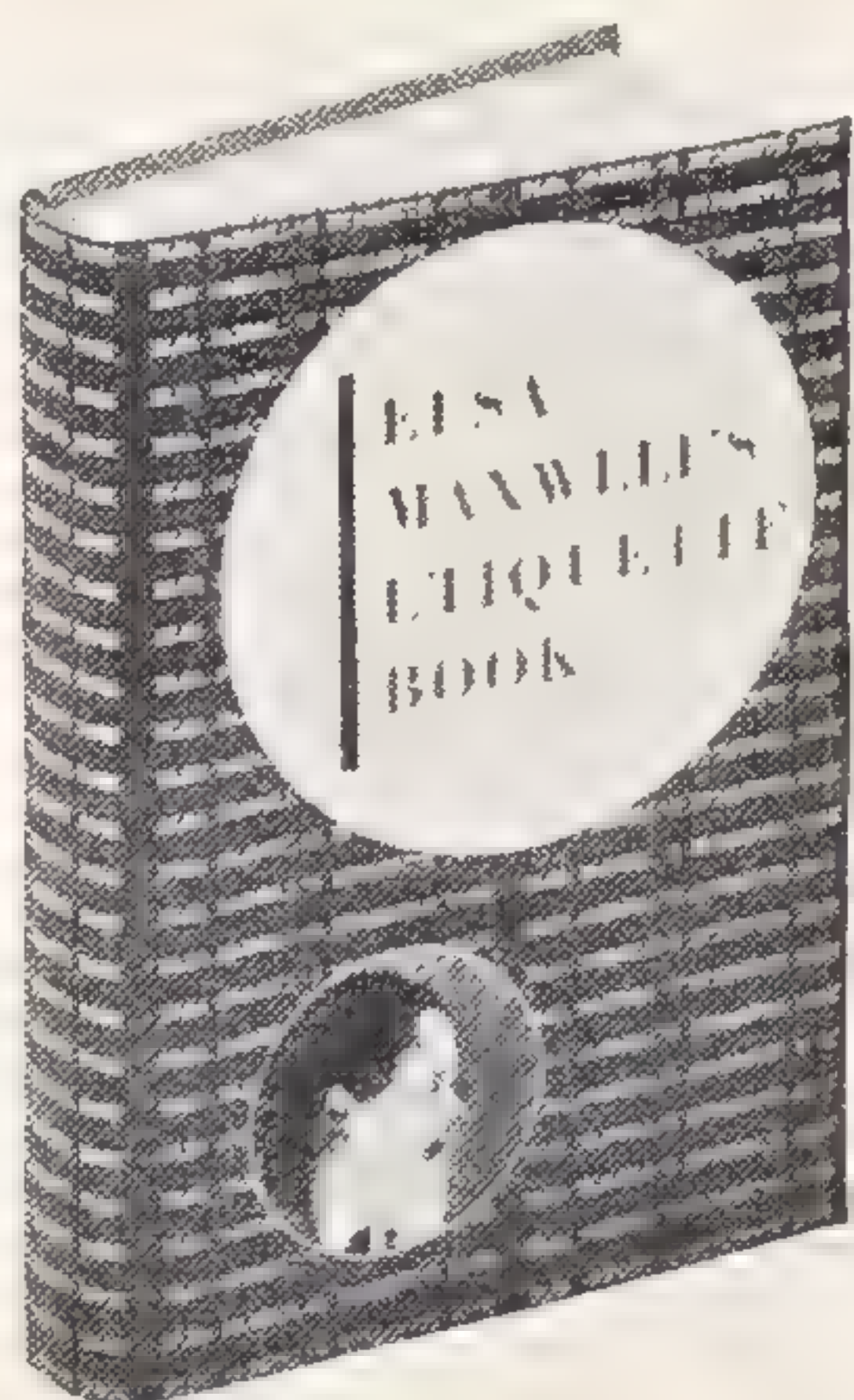
Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Read one chapter in this helpful book in your spare time, and in a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired.

Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome . . . anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

Only \$1.00

The price of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are—and opens the door to achievement and success—costs only \$1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book—TODAY!



.....
BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. WG-359
 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

 Send me postpaid a copy of **ELSA MAXWELL'S ETIQUETTE BOOK**. I enclose \$1.00.

NAME.....
 Please Print

STREET.....

CITY.....**STATE**.....

YOUR FIGURE

Continued from page 69

tape measure around your body under the bust and draw in tightly. Now add five inches to find your bra size. To measure the waist, pull tape firmly without pinching. To measure hips, place tape around hips at widest part. This will vary on different figures; for some, this may be as high as three inches below the waist; for others, it means almost at the thigh line. If your mirror and your measure tell you your figure is somewhat less than perfection, take heart; the proper foundation can do wonders for you. There's one for every figure type—it's just a question of knowing which type you are, and then doing something about it.

WHICH FIGURE TYPE ARE YOU?

The Young Figure: This is the figure which is still developing, and it's likely that your last year's size is strictly out-of-date. Best advice for you is to buy one bra at a time, keeping two bras going constantly, one to wash and one to wear.

The Junior Figure: Smaller than the average figure in scale, if you're a junior you are probably short waisted. Did you know that many models and starlets are a junior figure? This does not mean that these girls don't bother with support. Every young model and starlet owns a wardrobe of bras and girdles! If you want to accent your figure, many of the new bras this season have laminated inserts in the cups which merely add contour without heavy padding. Generally, a lightweight, pull-on panty girdle is enough control for you. But for the best answer, try on your bra and girdle in the fitting room, letting your saleswoman help select the proper style with you.

The Top-Heavy Figure: Do you have a nice bosom but straight narrow hips which measure less than 6" larger than your waist? If you are in this category, choose a bra with support under the bosom and double panels at the side to keep your curves natural. A lightweight girdle is enough for you. If you plan to wear it under slacks or shorts, try the new panty girdles with separate seat panels such as the one pictured on page 68.

The Elongated Torso: You generally have shorter legs compared to your overall body length than the average figure. A garment which puts your figure back in proper proportion (such as the all-in-one shown on page 69) can smooth your midriff while accentuating feminine curves.

The Squashed-down Look: If your figure bulges in the wrong places, if it's thick through the middle, for instance, there's no reason to look dumpy anymore! Try an uplift bra which actually raises your bosom away from your midriff, and buy a girdle with extra waistline control. You can't afford to let those bulges have their way. A bra and girdle such as those shown at the top of page 71 will do the figure-molding work for you.

The Shrinking Violet: Too flat? Too skinny? If you are in your teens, your figure will probably change of its own accord before long. In the meantime, though, you can help it along with a good padded bra (the center one, page 71, can also be worn as a strapless and has a rubberized "grip" band under the bosom so it promises to stay up). Often your trouble below the waistline is a too-round tummy and a sway-backed profile. Good posture

will do a lot to correct this. Practice against a door tucking your hips forward, holding in your tummy, lifting your chest while keeping your shoulders down until you are able to flatten your back completely. Also, wear a girdle specifically designed for tummy and rear control. Wherever you see double panels, you know it means extra control, such as the girdle pictured center on page 71.

The Pear-Shaped Look: This may mean you're wide all over, or it may mean that you're wide through the hips and thighs, but quite small on top. If your hips are 12" larger than your waist and 2" larger than your bust, you belong to the latter type. A contour bra will give you the bustline you want, while a long-line panty girdle, such as the one at the bottom of page 71, will support you firmly through the hips and thighs.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR LINGERIE

All underclothing should be washed daily; otherwise perspiration will rot the elastic. Girdle manufacturers now recommend machine washing with a good soap or detergent in lukewarm water. To dry, hang your girdle upside down by its garters on a wire hanger . . . do not put in automatic dryers. Treat your underthings to the gentle care they deserve. Molly Bee has a final hint: keep a sachet in your lingerie drawer for sweet-smelling daintiness all day long.

WHERE TO BUY

The Photoplay fashions shown on pages 68, 69 and 71 are available at stores listed below, or write manufacturer for store nearest you.

Maidenform embroidered nylon bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
 MIAMI, FLA.....Burdine's
 NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.....John Wanamaker
 or write, Maiden Form Brassiere Co.
 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Formfit's Emilio Pucci panty girdle

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
 or write, Formfit Company
 400 South Peoria, Chicago 7, Ill.

Gossard all-in-one combination

ATLANTA, GA.....Rich's
 or write, H. W. Gossard Co.
 111 N. Canal, Chicago 6, Ill.

Sarong high rise girdle

BALTIMORE, MD.....Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
 NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
 or write, Sarong, Inc.
 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Peter Pan powernet panty

HOUSTON, TEX.....Foley's
 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....May Co.
 NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
 or write, Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.
 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Perma-lift cotton bra

or write, A. Stein & Company
 1149 W. Congress, Chicago 7, Ill.

Hollywood V-ette Vassarette girdle

BALTIMORE, MD.....Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
 RICHMOND, VA.....Miller & Rhoads
 SAN ANTONIO, TEX.....Joske's
 or write, Hollywood V-ette Vassarette, Inc.
 6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Jantzen cotton bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Bullock's
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.....John Wanamaker
 or write, Jantzen, Inc.
 261 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Lovable cotton bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
 or write, Lovable Brassiere Company
 180 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SUSAN HAYWARD

Continued from page 66

the wide lawns, the roomy houses with their ante-bellum pillars and porticos, and the occasional new ranch house with its picture windows glinting in the sunlight. She turned a corner and came out onto the modest shopping street. "Mornin', Mrs. Chalkley," a farmer in overalls called to her and she smiled back at him as she continued on past the haberdashery and shoe stores, past the gleaming front of the new supermarket and the savory smells of the barbecue stand close by it, past the still-shuttered ticket cage of the movie theater. She skirted a pile of cardboard cartons waiting to be carried inside the general-notions store, waved at a man in a white apron who was polishing the word "French" on the window of the dry cleaners', and then came back to where she had left her car, in front of the small brick post office. She'd driven into town to pick up the mail and she had left the stack of letters and magazines on the front seat before starting her walk. Now she slid behind the wheel and drove slowly back through the quiet streets, feeling once again a sense of gratitude for the peace of this little town that had let her come home.

It had been a long road home.

As Susan passed the outskirts of town and turned onto the highway, she gained speed, making the asphalt and the white center stripe appear to be moving ever-faster backward beneath the wheels of her car. And as she watched the stripe, her thoughts turned to a quiet little girl—Edythe Marrener, nicknamed "Mousey"—sitting in the assembly hall of Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn, listening to a lady giving a lecture. Through a monotony of speech the words incentive—drive—personality—lingered in the girl's mind. While Edythe listened to the woman, her eyes rested on the mink coat that the speaker had carelessly tossed over the back of a chair on the stage. Then she looked down at her own faded, mended cotton dress; she owned just one other. And that afternoon she made a promise to herself: "Some day I'll come back here and lecture to the girls, and I'll be wearing furs, too."

She kept the promise. Years later she came back, wearing furs, and she lectured and signed autographs—"Susan Hayward."

She was now earning over \$200,000 a year.

As she guided the car along the highway out of the town of Carrolton, she found herself speaking the words, "You can get razzle-dazzle in Hollywood. You can get rich. And you can get smashed!"

Here in the sunlight, among the peaceful hills of the Georgia countryside, it was hard to remember the night when her life seemed to lie in ruins. But as she turned off, onto the narrow, tree-shadowed road through the pine woods which led to her house, Susan's mind went back to the night of April 25, 1955, in another house, in Sherman Oaks, California. . . .

She was alone in the living room. As she watched the carved hands of the tall grandfather clock relentlessly slip away the minutes, her thoughts circled hopelessly. Her marriage had blown up the year before, blown up in a flare of headlines. Just four days earlier, she had reluctantly met with her ex-husband, who challenged her custody of their twin sons. As she sat on the couch, her head thrown back in utter exhaustion, she could hear his angry voice echoing in her ears. Nothing had been settled; she could foresee no

end to the recriminations and quarrels. Timothy and Gregory were sleeping upstairs, yet at this moment they seemed very far away from her. Kept at the studio for a conference, she had come home after their bedtime and crept up to look in on them, just motionless forms outlined under the covers with only their heads peeping out. In the afternoon, when school was out, the house must have been filled with the shouts and laughter of two husky ten-year-olds. But she had not been there to hear them.

Susan sighed. She looked up again at the clock. How the minutes were dragging. It seemed as though the night would never end. Already she had tried to go to sleep—but sleep would not come. So she had gotten out of bed to come and sit on the couch. Beside her lay the script of "I'll Cry Tomorrow." She picked it up, glanced at a few pages, but could not concentrate. Her mind kept racing on, racing in circles, finding no way out of her personal trap.

Her doctor had prescribed sleeping pills. They didn't do any good. She was still awake, still sitting in her living room, in the dark, alone. She could feel no love around her, no promise of help from anywhere, no vision of morning light to come.

Even now, driving along the winding road through the pine woods, Susan could not clearly bring her mind to remember the rest of that terrible night. She knew only what her mother had told her and what the newspapers had reported.

In the small hours of the morning, Mrs. Ellen Marrener had been awakened in her own house by the ringing of the telephone. The voice over the wire, broken by sobs, said, "Don't worry, Mother. You'll be well taken care of."

Herself close to hysteria, Mrs. Marrener promptly called the police, saying, "My daughter! I'm afraid she's going to commit suicide!"

Speeding through the quiet streets, the squad car screeched to a halt at the house in Sherman Oaks. The policemen rushed across the patio and pounded on the nearest door. From within came a dim voice trying to shape the word "Yes," but managing only "Yeh—yeh." They broke through the door and found Susan Hayward lying unconscious on the floor of her living room. Looking down on her, its face blank and un pitying, the clock that had measured the slow minutes after midnight now showed four o'clock. In Susan's bathroom cupboard upstairs, the police found two bottles of sleeping-tablets—empty.

Susan was rushed to North Hollywood Hospital for emergency treatment, then transferred to Cedars of Lebanon. And there she returned fully to consciousness. The morning had come after all, she thought, its light reaching into the hospital room. She felt weak, but her thoughts were no longer whirling; her mind seemed relaxed and she lay there welcoming the sensation of being alive.

Her mother and her brother, Walter, were waiting to see her. As they walked towards her bed she saw in their faces the love that for a few terrified moments, the night before, she had forgotten. And she felt a spiritual love.

A few days after that, she said: "Don't ever think for one instant in your life that God does not exist. He does. I know." And she did know. Somehow she felt the other evening she had almost come face to face with Him.

Rounding a curve, the car moved out of the shadows of the pine woods and into the afternoon sunlight. Ahead was home, hidden among the gentle hills. Then it came into view, a rambling stone hunting lodge with a white roof. In a way, it had grown out of two hearts, hers and her husband's. Susan had pored over rough



Join the millions of families who shop and save by mail from this bright, colorful catalog. Select from thousands of newest styles and finest home items . . . all priced at America's greatest savings and all guaranteed. Your money back if you are not delighted.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS
Spring & Summer
Catalog
Bargains Galore For
You & Your Family

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS, INC.
247-33 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, the new National Bellas Hess Money-Saving Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

P. O. Box _____ City _____

State _____

BACKACHE SECONDARY TO KIDNEY IRRITATION

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights or Bed Wetting, too frequent, burning or itching urination), Secondary Backache and Nervousness, or Strong Smelling, Cloudy Urine, due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try CYS-TEX for quick help. Safe for young and old. Ask druggist for CYS-TEX. See how fast you improve.



Gray Hair

Brush It Away—Look Years Younger
It's easy with Brownatone. Thousands praise its natural appearing color. Instantly tints dull, faded or gray hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Safe for you and your permanent. Lasting—does not wash out. 75¢ plus tax—

at all druggists—or send for free sample bottle. Mailed in plain wrapper. Mention natural color of your hair. Write—Brownatone, Dept. 212, Covington, Kentucky.



PHOTO SPECIALS

ENLARGED or
REDUCED
From your best Snap-
shot, Photo or Negative

10 POST CARD SIZE
or
4 5x7 ENLARGEMENTS
1 COLORED IN OIL
or
2 8x10 ENLARGEMENTS
1 COLORED IN OIL

EACH
GROUP
ONLY

\$1

For relatives, friends, etc. Luxuriously finished on double-weight paper, fast service, original photo returned unharmed. Order several sets at this low, low price. Send payment with order. We pay postage.

TREASURE PHOTO SERVICE,
INC., Dept. MC-5, 1180 Broad-
way, New York 1, N. Y.



HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY

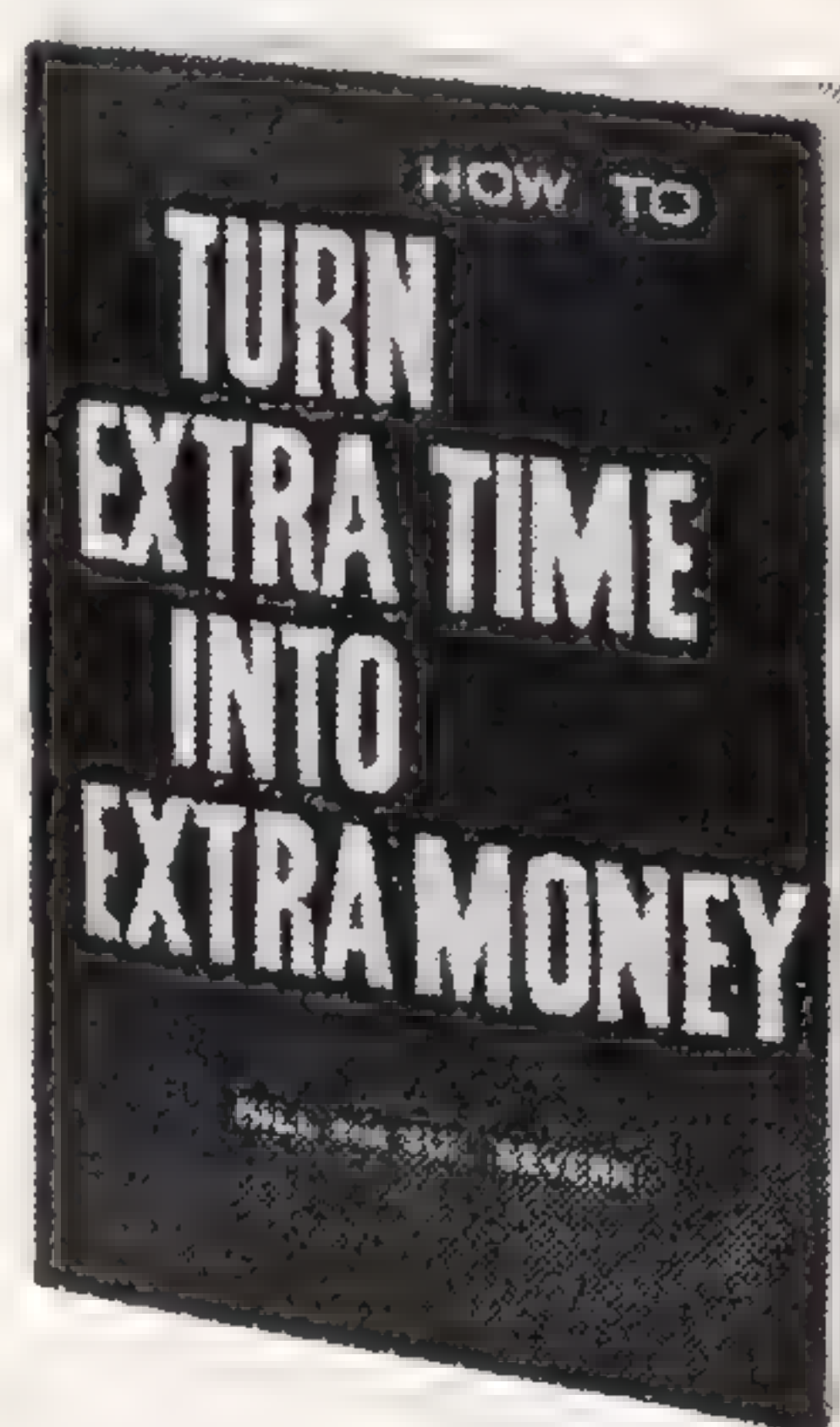
For the woman who can't work at a full time job because of home responsibilities, here is a book that turns dreams into practical earning plans. The authors—Bill and Sue Severn—show you hundreds of ways in which others have made good earnings and found personal satisfaction by turning their limited free hours to profit.

A Small Business Of Your Own

Every type of spare time earning is explored—selling things, starting a small home business or service of your own, cooking, sewing and raising things for profit, mail orders, souvenirs, and the tourist trade. Here you will find out exactly how to start, how to build up a steady income, how to escape some of the pitfalls others have had to discover through costly experience.

Only \$1.00

This exciting and inspiring book may well open up an entirely new world for you. Get your copy now and learn the many ways to put extra money in your pocketbook. Price only \$1.00 for the paperbound edition or \$2.50 for the hardbound edition.



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

**Bartholomew House, Inc., Dept. WG-359
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.**

Send me a copy of **HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY**. I enclose
☐ \$1 paperbound ☐ \$2.50 hardbound.

NAME.....
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

sketches with him and then architects' blueprints. And then almost every day they had walked from the small guest house that was already on the property, to see these drawings turn into solid reality, stone by stone.

Bringing her car to a stop in the garage, Susan switched off the ignition, pulled the key out and sorted the front-door key from the bunch on the ring before she gathered up the mail, a pile of magazines and her purse which lay on the seat beside her. As she went toward the door she smiled wistfully down at the key glinting in the sun. She reached the front door, opened it and went inside to find the living room orderly and spotless. Leaving the mail on the desk, the magazines on the coffee table, Susan went into the kitchen to prepare lunch. The planning of this room had been entirely up to her, and she had tried to make it both efficient and beautiful; all in white and gold. Its airy lightness suited her present mood. As she took lettuce, fresh fruit and cottage cheese from the refrigerator, she began thinking back to a pleasant evening three years before that had turned out to be more than merely pleasant.

It was during Christmastime of 1955, and she had been invited to a party at the home of Vincent Flaherty, sports columnist on a Los Angeles newspaper. The guest list casually mixed movie people and "non-pros," so for Susan there were many unfamiliar faces. Different kinds of shop talk, cheerful chatter, snatches of gossip and laughter echoed around her. Under the red, green, gold and silver of holiday decorations, it was a good-humored group. And then she saw him, "across a crowded room." She noticed him first because he was so tall and for the moment alone, beside the tinsel tree he looked so assured and at ease. Then people, circulating gaily, cut off her view, and she lost him in the crowd.

Flaherty came toward her a while later, always the genial host. "Having a pleasant time, Susan? Like some more punch?"

"This is fine, Vince. Thank you."

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the stranger walk past them. Flaherty caught him by the arm.

"Oh, you two haven't met, have you? Susan, this is Eaton Chalkley."

She looked up at the stranger. He smiled. "Merry Christmas, Miss Hayward."

She caught a soft slowness in the deep-pitched voice. "Is that Dixie I hear?"

"Carrolton, Georgia," Eaton laughed.

"Where's that?"

"Forty miles from Atlanta. It's a small place, but it has been growing the last few years."

"Are you vacationing out here, Mr. Chalkley?" she asked.

"No, it's a business trip. I have a car agency in Carrolton, but my law practice takes most of my time. It brings me to the Coast pretty often. Anti-trust cases, chiefly."

She listened to his shop talk, listened respectfully, with increasing interest. It doesn't matter what a man's work is, she thought, because if he's really absorbed in it, really good at it, he can make it sound fascinating. And gradually the other voices at the party faded, and she could hear only Eaton Chalkley's.

His name was Floyd Eaton Chalkley. He'd once been in the FBI. He'd been divorced twice and was the father of three children. He was forty-six, eight years older than Susan, and he was enjoying his maturity. Susan liked that, for in Hollywood she had seen too many aging "boys," too many "girls" reaching frantically after vanishing youth. Certainly there was no time in her life that she yearned to go back to. Instead, with a sense of awaken-

ing, she found herself eagerly looking forward to the future.

Looking forward to what? Three years ago she could not possibly have pictured herself living contentedly in this house in Georgia. Susan went over to the easel in the corner of the living room and uncovered the painting she had started the day before. Slipping into her smock which she kept on a hook by the easel, Susan took out her palette and brushes and the box filled with tubes of oil paint. Patiently, she began to mix a blue. She was painting the view from the window and the blue was for the shadows under the trees.

The countryside was waiting, awakening, eagerly yet serenely. That was the look Susan wanted to put on canvas. And that had been the feeling in her heart three years earlier.

She had been waiting for something then, not waiting desperately and hungrily, but waiting serenely. Faith had returned to her. She knew happiness was not something to be greedily grasped at. It would come as a precious gift from God, to be accepted humbly and gratefully. And it would come first in small ways, as these buds would unfold on the trees, singly and slowly.

Susan remembered a spring night in 1956. It was the night of the Academy Awards, and she had invited her friends to come to her house afterwards for a "Win or Lose Party." Well, she had lost. She moved through the crush murmuring thanks for words of sympathy, lightly brushing aside words that laid the sympathy on too thick. Her gaiety might have been brittle and false, if there had not been a steady, reassuring influence in her house that night. Eaton Chalkley was among her guests. Each time their eyes met, the little golden statue she hadn't won seemed less and less important.

His standing in his profession was high enough to give him a choice among clients, and Susan smiled as she remembered what an unusual number of Californian cases had drawn his attention that year. When he was in town, they didn't dine at the fashionable see-and-be-seen restaurants. Nor did they haunt the so-called "hide-away" spots, which seem to be favorite hang-outs for columnists' informants. They simply went to dinner parties or informal evenings at friends' homes, or Susan entertained the group at her home. Often, the two of them would drift away to a corner of the room and stay there, quietly talking, absorbed in each other. Their friends must have noticed, Susan thought. If so, friendship was put first. This new romance was not fingered for quality, measured for size, pulled apart and rendered shopworn in the public prints. It remained the private property of Susan Hayward and Eaton Chalkley.

It wasn't first love—swift and sweet and uncaring. That kind is only for the young, never to be recaptured, though it can last and change and become stronger—if the couple are lucky. Susan and Eaton had not been that fortunate in their first loves. But they made a wonderful discovery: With the years, through experience, they had grown, and now their capacity for loving was greater than ever before.

And so they decided quietly to be married. They went to Phoenix, Arizona, for the ceremony. The date—February 8, 1957. The thought of that day brought Susan suddenly back to the present moment. Was their second anniversary really that close? Hmmm . . . that might explain the mysterious package Eaton had whisked out of her sight the other day. Well, she had her secret plans too.

Her wedding bouquet had been a single carnation, pinned to her simple, short-sleeved silk dress. The bridal party had reached Phoenix with no pack of news-

men and lensmen hot on the trail, but after Susan had become Mrs. Floyd Eaton Chalkley the reporters did catch up. Some of their questions made her nervous; it sounded as if they were trying to sensationalize this marriage story by recalling earlier headlines. Then, as Eaton's hand held hers in a firmer grasp, Susan answered straightforwardly: "I don't want to look back. From now on, I'm going to look forward, always."

She was going home, home to Carrolton, Georgia. She remembered a friend saying, "Leave Hollywood? You? You'll change your mind!" But then, they had not known how happy she would be, married to Eaton.

The first time she strolled the streets of Carrolton with her husband, she found gentle people to welcome her. Eaton's friends accepted her as their kind; being one of them gave her a wonderful, comfortable feeling. When the Chalkleys entertained or went calling, Hollywood was mentioned no more often than in any average group anywhere in the country. She had learned to play the accordion, to play simple melodies by ear, and now on many friendly evenings neighbors dropped in to listen to the music.

This evening there would be just the two of them, Susan and Eaton. Evening! With a start, Susan looked up at the clock and noticed it was already five-thirty. She hurried into her dressing room, just off the master bedroom, and began freshening up. There was only one other bedroom, for Timothy and Gregory. No guest rooms and, Susan had resolved, there never would be any. She had been quite firm about that when they planned the house; she wanted to keep it strictly a family unit, small and intimate.

Susan felt warm gratitude as she thought of her boys. Last April, she and Jess Barker had at last reached a legal agreement, and she had been allowed to take Tim and Greg home to Georgia, though Barker was permitted to visit his sons or have them visit him at certain times each year. They were almost fourteen now, both enrolled at Georgia Military Academy nearby. Tomorrow, Susan thought with happy anticipation, they'd be coming home for the weekend. And she would have time, plenty of time, long lazy hours to spend entirely with her sons. They would go tramping through the woods, across the fields of home, talking all the way, and enjoying a greater closeness than they had ever known before.

Soon she would have to go to Hollywood to fill a picture commitment—to make "The Snow Birch." This would be only her third

movie since her marriage. There had been "I Want to Live," then "Thunder in the Sun." On both of these she had found her work as absorbing as ever. But between takes she had felt a new detachment about the whole business of movie-making, almost as if she were a visitor on the set. At those times she found herself thinking, I want to be home. I want to be doing what I like best—making a man happy.

She heard the faint sound of a car approaching along the winding road through the pine woods. It grew louder and then stopped, and she heard the familiar rumble of the garage door closing. Then came the click of a key in the front door. Then the beloved voice: "I'm home!"

"I'm here," she called out.

He was in the doorway, crossing the room, and as he reached her he put his arms around her.

"Did you have a good day, darling?" she whispered.

"Mmm. And did you?"

Susan slipped into the kitchen to prepare their dinner. When she came into the living room she noticed the papers over the neatly-stacked kindling had already caught alight, and Eaton's manly figure was outlined against the blaze. She admired his expertness at laying a fire. The flames, still low, were steady, and there was a cheerful crackling. Eaton had turned on the TV but she didn't pay any attention to it until the announcer gave the title of the feature film which was about to be presented: "Adam Had Four Sons," starring Ingrid Bergman.

"That's an old one," Susan laughed. "I was in it, too," she added, turning to Eaton.

Then the announcer said, "I wonder if Susan Chalkley is watching in Carrolton tonight? This must have been one of her very early movies."

With those words a wonderful realization struck her: She wasn't Susan Hayward any more. All of that was past. She was Susan Chalkley!

"Is she watching?" Eaton asked, as she settled down on the couch next to him.

"Only if you want to. I can run out and put on the steak during a commercial."

Dinner under way, she sat by the warm fire, her husband's arm around her, feeling completely contented. She looked up at Eaton and remarked, "You know, dear, God has been good, very good to me." THE END

ACCORDING TO INSIDERS, U.A.'S "I WANT TO LIVE" IS SURE TO BRING SUSAN HER FIFTH ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION THIS MONTH. SHE WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN PARAMOUNT'S "THUNDER IN THE SUN" AND 20TH'S "THE SNOW BIRCH."



INITIAL and FRIENDSHIP RING

STYLE YOUR OWN RING—order this new, swirling beauty with your own initials . . . OR with **your** initials on one tier and **his** on the other . . . OR with **your** first name and **his** first name.

It's the newest thing in the newest jewelry style! Either gold or silver plate. They're engraved in beautiful script . . . designed to make fingers and hands look gracefully beautiful. Get them for all your friends with their initials. A great gift idea.

Only \$1 per ring (plus 25¢ handling). Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

WORLD WIDE, Dept. ID, OSSINING, New York

FOR YOUR

\$100 Child's Photo \$500

\$100-\$500-MORE PAID

for children's photos, all ages, if selected for advertising, etc. Hundreds used weekly. RUSH 1 small photo for approval. Print child's, mother's name, address on back. Returned promptly. **ADVERTISERS PHOTOS FREE service.** 6000-HC Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HH-64
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

BUNIONS

Doctor's New Fast Relief

A wonderful new relief for Bunions and Enlarged Joints is here—

Dr. Scholl's FOAM-EASE Bunion Shield. Made of soft, cushioning Latex Foam. Loops over toe. Stops painful shoe friction, lifts pressure. Preserves shape of shoe. Flesh color, washable. Sizes, Small, Medium, Large. \$1.50 each. If not obtainable at your Drug, Shoe or Department Store, send \$1.50 with pencil outline of foot.

DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. B-6, Chicago 10, Illinois

'SWAP' PHOTOS

...With all your Friends, Relatives and Classmates

25 for ONLY \$1.

Need more? 60 for \$2.

Send 25¢ for extra Super-speed service

Money Back Guaranteed!

Just send your favorite snapshot or portrait (returned unharmed) and money to

- Beautiful Silk Finish
- Wallet Size 2 1/2" x 3 1/2"
- We Pay Postage

WALLET PHOTO CO.
Box M Hillside, N. J.

TV RADIO MIRROR

SHIRLEY MCLAINE
ERNIE FORD
BESS MYERSON
JOHN DEHNER

RADIO MIRROR news
LIBERACE'S NEW THIN TORSO
LORETTA YOUNG: THE GIANT KILLER

Conquest Marries
L. Lee, Grand Slam

Carol Burnett's
Mystery Gift

Zimbalist Joins
77 Square Sings

Peter Lind Hayes
Man of Many Faces

Don't Miss!

THE EXCITING STORIES AND INTERESTING PICTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE PERSONALITIES

Peter Lind Hayes • Mary Healy
Loretta Young • Liberace
Ernie Ford • Bess Myerson
Zimbalist Jr. • Carol Burnett

all in the March

TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands



FOUND MONEY

If you want to find an easy way to make extra money regularly, mail to the address below today.

We will send you FREE information, showing you how to make \$50, \$60, \$70 regularly, in your spare time, by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It's easy to do. No experience needed. We supply everything you need FREE. Send today for information. There is no obligation. Address:

Photoplay Subscription Sales
205 East 42 St.,
New York 17, N. Y.

MONUMENTS
EASY TERMS

AS LOW AS
\$4.52
DOWN

Monuments—Markers—Direct to you
Satisfaction or money back—Lowest
Prices—Freight Paid. **Free Catalog.**
ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO., Dept. 906, JOLIET, ILL.



Yes, now you can destroy unwanted hair
PERMANENTLY, right in the privacy
of your home! Mahler is
NOT a depilatory!

**NEW BOOKLET TELLS HOW TO
KILL the HAIR ROOT!**

By following our directions, you too, can use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10c today for important new booklet "New Radiant Beauty"

MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 609C, PROVIDENCE 15, R.I.



FREE WEDDING CATALOG

Everything for the Wedding & Reception!
Invitations • Gifts for the bridal party
Table decorations • Trousseau items
Unusual, exciting personalized items.

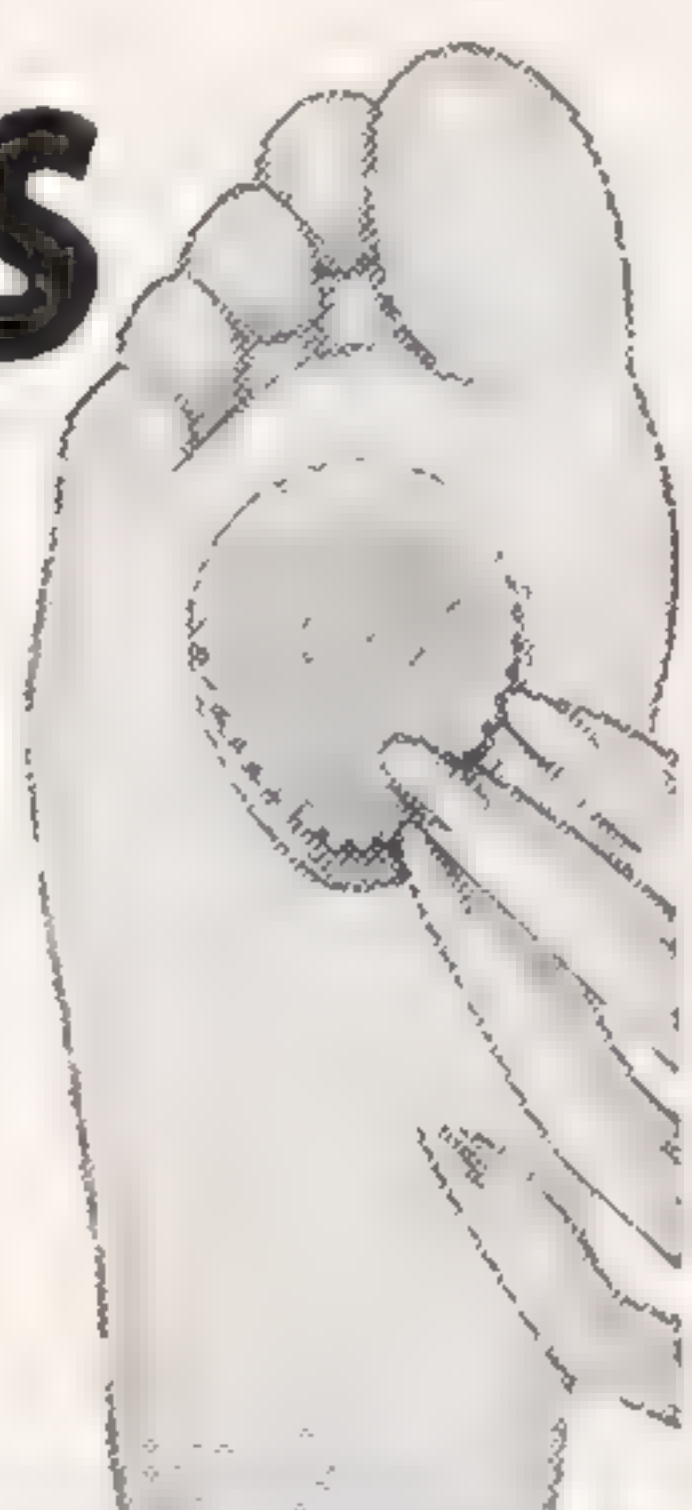
ELAINE CREATIONS
Box 824 Dept. E-195
Chicago 42, Ill.

Write

Callouses

Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT

Continued from page 57

She stood before the silvery looking glass, staring at herself in her yellow slipover sweater and pleated plaid skirt, turning to the right, then to the left.

Her heart thumped loudly. The heartbeats seemed to say you're getting fat, getting fat.

She had gained some weight, she admitted reluctantly to herself. She'd known this already from the way her clothes fit around her waist.

She stooped over and unzipped her boots, pushed them off and then went to her mother's room where she lighted the dressing-table lamp and weighed herself.

There it was, the awful truth, the black and white of her fear. She had gained ten pounds.

"You," she said, staring unflinchingly at the arm's length image before her, "you're going to change. You're going to be different."

And did she ever change! Doris Day laughed. We were walking through Farmer's Market, sniffing at the sausages and cheeses, admiring the bright reds and yellows of the fruits, and then suddenly there we were talking about diets. "That girl was Molly Bee," Doris continued. "Have you seen her lately? She has the cutest figure." (You can see for yourself, in the pictures of Molly Bee on page 68.)

"Molly told me that day changed her whole outlook on life. Why? She began looking after herself.

"Believe me," she said, "it wasn't easy. The hardest thing in the world is to make yourself realize you're ready for a change. It's so much easier going along at the same rutlike pace you've gotten used to. But when something happens that turns your world upside-down—like that senior's remark with her—you begin thinking, 'Oh-oh, something's wrong!'"

"Isn't it terrible that most of the time something upsetting like that has to happen before you begin to look at yourself from a new point of view? But looking at yourself is only the beginning. Then you have to start making the change."

The day after Molly made her big decision to be different she was, she remembers, a total flop in her sudden changeover program.

Molly's mother used to bring home paper bags of little cookies or white boxes of chocolate eclairs or cinnamon buns, and every night Molly would dig in and satisfy that terrible sweet-tooth craving. Later in the evening when she was doing her homework and listening to dance music on the white desk radio in her rose-painted bedroom, she'd nibble on the cookies and drink a couple glasses of soda pop.

The evening after she made her decision to change, Molly decided she wouldn't eat any sweets or have any soda. She didn't even want to look at them. But when her mother arrived after six o'clock with her bag of bake shop cookies, Molly couldn't take her mind off them. Finally, she ended up eating more that night than before because the thought of giving them up made her hunger for them all the more. She drank the soda pop, too.

"Maybe it was just as well," Doris says, "that she did . . . because she felt terrible. When she went to bed she tossed and turned and couldn't sleep. She felt she had broken an important promise to her-

self and she just felt awful, so guilty."

The next morning Molly went to school and during her Home Economics class, along with her classmates, baked a batch of butter cookies under the young Home Ec teacher's supervision.

"I probably looked so miserable the teacher figured something was the matter," Molly remembers. "I kept staring at the cookies on my plate, afraid someone would notice I wasn't eating them. The girl next to me finally said, 'What's the matter? Aren't you hungry? They taste so good.'" And she bit into another one. Molly just shrugged her shoulders. When the teacher came over and said, "Molly, don't you want to try the cookies?" she told her no. She said she'd take the cookies home, that she didn't feel very hungry right then. The teacher seemed to sense that something was wrong and she looked so sympathetic Molly went back to see her after school. She explained how she had gained weight, that she wanted to go on a diet. She couldn't have been nicer. She gave her such encouragement. She agreed that overweight wasn't healthy for anyone, and then she sat down and worked out a food plan with her that Molly's never forgotten—with lots of salads and fresh vegetables and broiled foods.

That was only the beginning, Doris says. The Home Ec teacher warned Molly against some of the diet pitfalls and stumbling blocks she would run into.

"The first thing she had to learn was not to be afraid to say no. This is the hardest thing of all," Doris says. "Of course, she wasn't on a starvation diet, but she had to cut down on starches and sweets and all those in-between snacks at school. Well, after school, a girlfriend would sometimes offer her a candy bar, and she'd say she was dieting. And the friend would say, 'Oh, come on, just this once! One little fudge bar won't hurt you.' After she gave in a couple of times, Molly decided all the worry afterward just wasn't worth it. She decided she'd sooner lose the fun of a couple of bites on a candy bar and say no to her girlfriends rather than torture herself for hours later because she goofed on her food plan."

But losing weight, Doris says, is a slow process and doesn't happen overnight. Anyone who intends to stick to a diet must have a storehouse of patience. Doris also adds that if a girl is more than ten to fifteen pounds overweight, she shouldn't consider a reducing food plan unless it's been approved by her family doctor. In fact, it's a good idea to check with him first in any case.

Gradually, Doris says, as those first results begin to show and the clothes don't fit so tightly around the waist, then the sweet music of compliments makes itself heard and the spirit really takes wings. The effort is worth it.

"When your girlfriend tells you you're beginning to look thin, that you look so much better, it is like listening to a serenade after all those weeks of saying no to chocolate cakes and lemon meringue pies.

"When you cut down on sweets, by the way, this meant cutting down on chocolate of all kinds. Cut out fried foods because of the grease they're cooked in. It's so fattening! And your complexion will begin to look better, clearer. When Molly told her Home Ec teacher all about this, she told her that was only the beginning. Molly didn't know what she meant then, but later on the dawn came!

"With dieting you gain new respect for yourself. Suddenly you become proud of yourself because you've had the daring to become a new you, to be different from the everyday person you've been. Not only do you get slim, but you feel happier, and your personality, I'm convinced, shows

it. After Molly went on that diet, she had no trouble getting dates. She was so peppy! All of a sudden she felt so much more alive!"

Besides dieting, Doris recommends exercise. You can try exercising alone in your bedroom—doing simple stretching exercises selected from the magazines.

"But misery loves company. You just feel so icky and stupid sometimes moving your arms around all by yourself.

"Why not tell your girlfriends about it and ask them if they want to get together and have a daily session. You could take turns at each other's houses, and play pop records and really go to town with the one-two-three-fours," suggests Doris.

"Exercising's a habit I follow to this very day," says Molly. "I told some kids in my neighborhood not too long ago to get a One-Two-Three-Four Club started, and they followed my suggestion. I also suggested they get one of the teachers to give them a diet list. Well, in two months, these gals lost anywhere from seven to fourteen pounds! Isn't that terrific? They said they exercised to some of Doris' records, especially 'Instant Love,' which they like because it's bouncy. But their favorite exercise record, they said, is Elvis' 'All Shook Up.' Sounds like a mighty good one to me."

Just as important as exercise, Doris says, is rest. A good night's sleep nourishes the body. One thing, though, that's been bothering her all these years is the fact that she can't get the hang of catnapping. Everyone she knows seems to be a past master at it. But no matter how hard Doris tries to take a quick nap in the middle of a day those forty winks just won't come.

"I see my mother doze off like that—for five minutes—and get up refreshed, and all I can do is wish I had the knack. Right in the midst of fixing a hem or mending a sock, she'll curl up on the couch and close her eyes, get up a few minutes later and say, 'My, do I feel good—just like a million dollars!' If anyone's got any suggestions, I sure wish they'd pass them along."

On the next page are calorie charts and diet tips for those of you who want to be different, too. Use it as a checklist and tape it to a prominent spot—on your bedroom mirror, desk, in your school notebook. Make yourself the same promise Molly Bee made to herself and just see if, after keeping it for a month, you aren't a little different (and happier!) than the girl you are today.

—LORRAYNE JO GREER

DORIS MADE "TUNNEL OF LOVE" FOR M-G-M AND WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN "THAT JANE FROM MAINE" FOR COLUMBIA, "PILLOW TALK" FOR U-I, AND "ROAR LIKE A DOVE" FOR U.A.

TAKE THESE GIANT STEPS TO A DIFFERENT YOU

● Do you need to diet? Your mirror and your scale will tell you—and so will a tape measure. Ideally, your bust and your hips should measure the same, and your waistline should be ten inches less. Make allowances for a young figure, but don't be too easy on yourself. For some undercover help on those ideal proportions, see Molly Bee's answer to "How Does Your Figure Measure Up?" on page 68.

● Check with your family doctor before starting a diet. Weigh yourself once a week

—your loss won't show from day to day. And don't be discouraged if, one week, you don't show a loss. Lost fat is sometimes replaced temporarily with water in the tissues, a condition which gradually corrects itself as you stick to your diet.

● Be sure to eat a good breakfast, one which supplies from a fourth to a third of your total daily calories. This gives you energy and makes it easier to resist between-meal snacks or too much lunch.

● Eat meals slowly and chew food well. This helps make smaller amounts of food more satisfying.

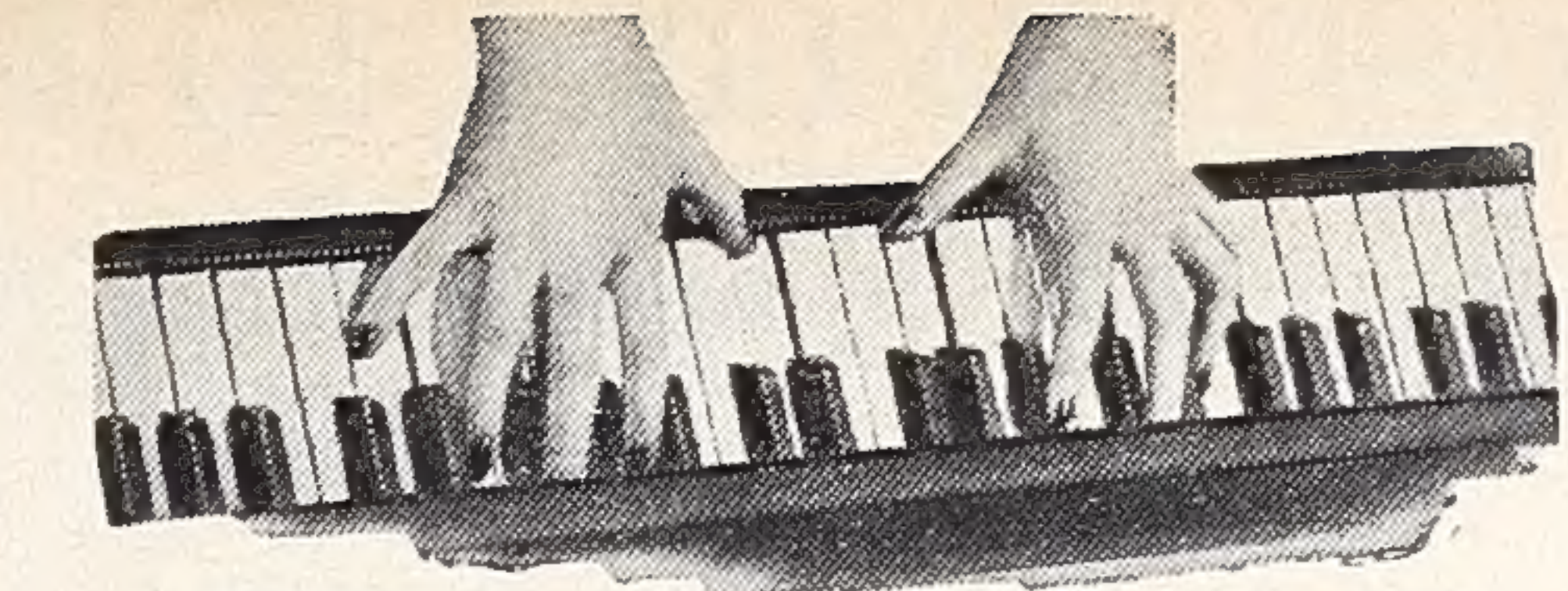
● Avoid hidden calories—extra butter or margarine on vegetables, oil in salad dressing, gravies and sauces. Stick to stewed, roasted, boiled and broiled foods instead of fried ones. Trim the visible fat from meat.

● When you join the gang at the soda fountain, don't be tempted by what the others are ordering. Do remember to count whatever you have then or at other between-meal times in your grand total of calories. If you feel hungry between or before meals, a cup of bouillon or even a glass of water can help.

● Remember that you don't have to permit yourself to suffer from hunger pangs during your dieting. A stalk of celery or even a big raw carrot—any raw vegetable for that matter—will help "fool" your stomach into feeling that it has just had a meal. Try it if you don't believe it! In fact, in private, chew on a stick of gum. This helps that hunger feeling.

● If you eat lunch out, you might find it easier to stick to your diet if you bring your own. Try these: a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 1 ounce lean meat, 1 hard-cooked egg, 1 teaspoon mayonnaise, lettuce; 2 stalks celery, 1 small cucumber, fresh fruit and 1 glass milk. Or, a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 2 ounces chicken or meat chopped and mixed with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped celery and a little chopped onion; a large fresh tomato, 1/2 green pepper, fruit, 1 glass skim milk.

● Take a tip from Doris and invite some friends—and/or your mother—along on your diet and on the exercise program that should go with it. Exercise—that's the vigorous and systematic contraction and relaxation of your muscles—will help measurably. It stimulates circulation, makes you supple, helps to relieve tension and improve posture. As a plus, it reduces your measurements. Well-toned muscles are short, holding the figure firmly in line and helping to mold those new proportions. Try specially designed exercises for those particularly chubby spots.



PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

ANY INSTRUMENT —even if you don't know a single note now!

NOW it's EASY to learn ANY instrument. No boring exercises. Even if you don't know a single note now, we'll have you playing delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY—right from your FIRST lesson! And properly, BY NOTE. Simple as A-B-C. Make amazing progress. No special "talent" needed. Learn at home in spare time, without a teacher. Low cost! 1,000,000 students including TV Star Lawrence Welk. FREE BOOK tells how easily you can learn. Just send this ad, with your name and address filled in below to: U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A203, Port Washington, N.Y. (No obligation, no salesman will call.)



Name..... Address.....

WIN CONTEST CASH

You can win BIG CASH, homes, \$200 a week for life, end of cares. "CONTESTIA" explains all. Winning entries, advice, samples—can help make you BIG WINNER! Send 10c and this ad. GAIN PUBLISHING CO., Dept. D-3, 141 West 17th St., New York 11, N.Y.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. American School, Dept. H353, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

BE AN Air Hostess ROMANCE! TRAVEL! ADVENTURE! You can fly next month. Exciting flight & ground jobs with 35 airlines, starting salary \$3,500 yr. Short, easy course—Home Study or Resident. WRITE TODAY for FREE information—FREE CATALOG! McCONNELL AIRLINE SCHOOL 1030 Nicollet Ave., Rm. P-39, Minneapolis, Minn. Name _____ Age _____ Address _____ Tel. No. _____ City _____ State _____

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO This child's mother received big check. Up to \$500 paid for children's photos when used for advertising. Hundreds selected monthly. Ages 2 mos. to 20 yrs. Rush 1 small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No obligation. Testimonials sent. HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT, Dept. AC 8344 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

ENJOY STEADY PAY EVERY DAY AS A NURSE Enjoy security, independence and freedom from money worries. Earn up to \$65.00 a week in good times or bad as a Practical Nurse. LEARN AT HOME IN ONLY 10 WEEKS Age, education not important—in a few short weeks you should be able to accept your first case. Mail coupon today. POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING Room 9F39—131 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE LESSON AND FACTS

GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT *continued*

Looking for a new self? Clip this page, post it and keep it handy as a daily reminder

THOSE "MUST" FOODS

The following foods should be on your menu every day. No skimping on these.

- 1 quart of milk
- 1 citrus fruit, 1 other fruit
- 2 yellow or leafy green vegetables
- 1 other vegetable (potato, if you like)
- 1 serving of meat, poultry or fish
- 1 egg
- 2 slices bread, whole grain or enriched
- 3 thin pats of butter or margarine
- 1 cereal, whole grain or enriched

HOW MUCH EXERCISE WILL
MAKE UP FOR THAT SNACK?

Here are just a few examples:

- Ice cream soda.....
- an hour and a half of bowling
- 1-inch of fudge.....half-hour walk
- Chocolate bar....two hours of table tennis
- Chocolate cake....two hours of swimming
- Malted milk.....two hours of dancing
- 6 ounces of soft drink.....half-hour walk
- 4 cashew nuts.....half-hour walk

DO YOUR OWN FIGURING

You can lose up to 2 pounds a week on a diet of 1200 to 1500 calories. That's as fast as you can lose and remain alert, healthy. Choose foods for protein, vitamin and mineral content and for their variety. This chart is part of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's booklet, "How To Control Your Weight." A free copy of the booklet may be obtained by writing: Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

YOUR DAILY CALORIE COUNTER

Food	Measures	Calories
Bacon	2-3 long slices, cooked	100
Banana	1 medium, 6 inches long	90
Biscuit, baking powder	2 inches in diameter	100
Breads		
corn (1-egg)	1 2-inch square	120
cracked wheat	1 slice, average	80
light rye	1 slice, 1/2-inch thick	75
white, enriched	1 slice, average	75
white, enriched	1 slice, thin	55
whole wheat, 100%	1 slice, average	75
Brownies	1 piece 2 by 2 by 3/4 inches	140
Butter	1 tablespoon	95
Cake		
angel	1/10 of a large cake	155
chocolate or vanilla, no icing	1 piece 2 by 2 by 2 inches	200
cupcake with chocolate icing	1 medium	250
Chocolate		
milk, sweetened	1 ounce	140
fudge	1 piece 1-inch square by 3/4-inch thick	100
malted milk	fountain size	460
milk with almonds, sweetened	1 ounce	150
syrup	1/4 cup	200
unsweetened	1 square	160
Cola soft drinks	6-ounce bottle	75
Cream		
light	2 tablespoons	65
heavy	2 tablespoons	120
Ginger ale	1 cup	85
Ice cream	1/2 cup	200
Ice-cream soda	fountain size	325
Jellies and jams	1 rounded tablespoon	100
Maple syrup	1 tablespoon	70
Marshmallows	1	20
Milk		
buttermilk	1 cup	85
Peanut butter	1 tablespoon	100
Peanuts, shelled	10	50
Pies	(sectors from 9-inch pies)	
apple	3-inch sector	200
lemon meringue	3-inch sector	300
Potato chips	8-10 large	100
Potato salad with mayonnaise	1/2 cup	200
Potatoes		
mashed	1/2 cup	100
sweet	1/2 medium	100
Salad dressing		
French	1 tablespoon	90
Mayonnaise	1 tablespoon	100
Sugar		
granulated	1 tablespoon	50
Waffles	1 waffle 6 inches in diameter	250



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



8 ounces \$1.00

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Little girls have a beauty all their own. Soft, shining hair adds to this natural beauty. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the natural loveliness of your hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.
■ Red for dry hair ■ Yellow for oily hair ■ Blue for normal hair

Enjoy *Shirley Temple's Storybook* on the ABC-TV Network Monday, Feb. 23rd "The Nightingale"

Copyright 1959 by John H. Breck Inc.



White...floating...pure...
gives skin a clear, fresh look...That Ivory Look

Trusted gentleness to give your skin this silken loveliness. Ivory Soap is white, the color of purity. Has the clean scent of purity. Leaves your face supple with inner moisture after washing—not tight or dry. Simply start using Ivory regularly for softer, fresher, radiant skin. You'll have That Ivory Look!

Doctors' first choice for your complexion



The gentleness you trust for a baby's sensitive skin makes Ivory a very special soap for yours.



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure®
... it floats